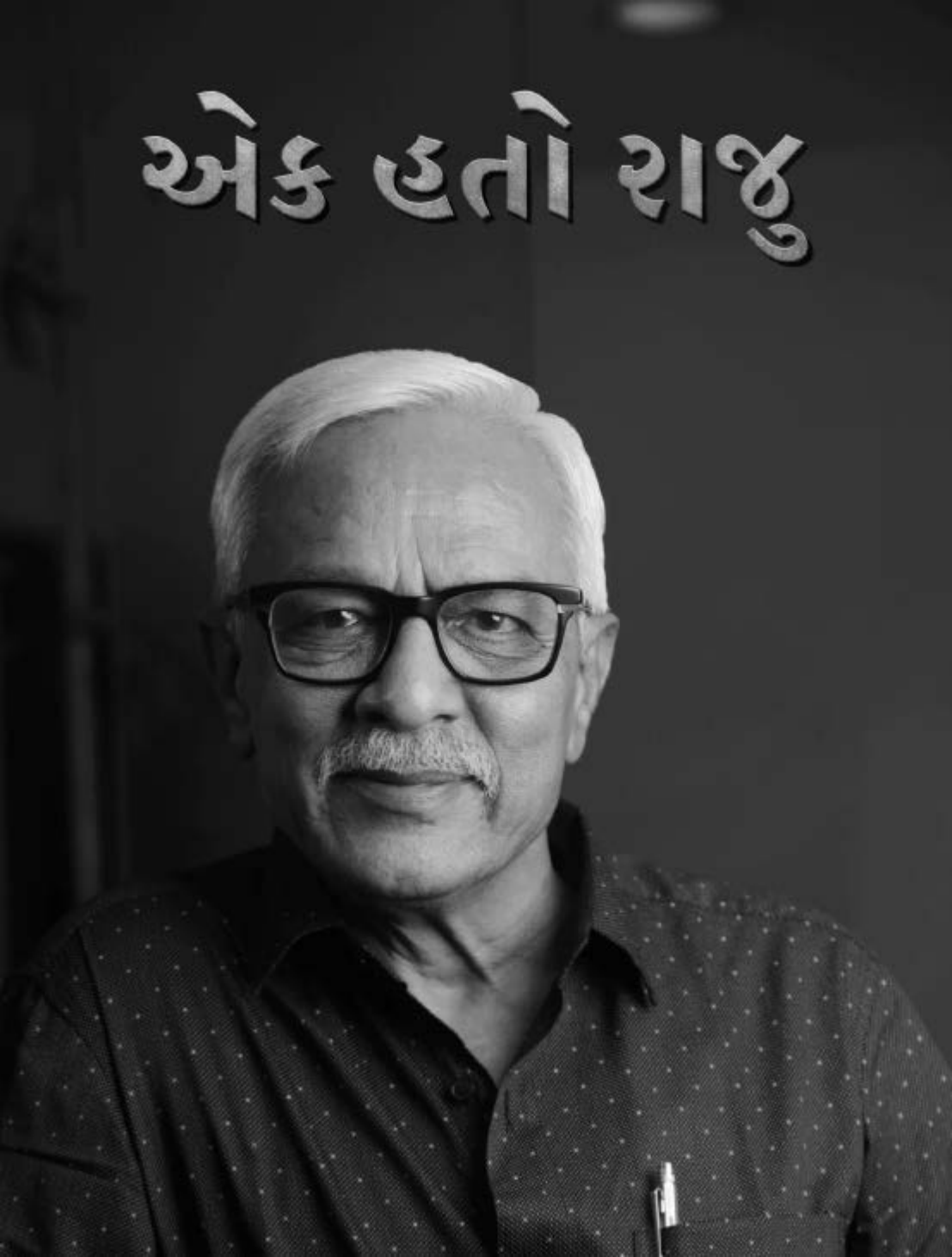
એક હતો રાજુ



My surname was established as Shah. during my tenth-grade education, my surname back to its original form Doshi, through the execution of an affidavit.

Including fetching water from a distant tank since our residence lacked access to Panchayat water. Approximately 700 to 800 meters from our dwelling lay a well, from which I diligently fetched water daily to suffice for all household members. Additionally, accompanying my mother to launder clothes at the riverbank became a customary routine, with me carrying buckets of garments to and fro.

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As I sit here, pen in hand, pondering the odyssey of 61 years, 9 months, and 27 days of existence that has brought me to this juncture, I commence of chronicling my own narrative on 3rd January 2023.

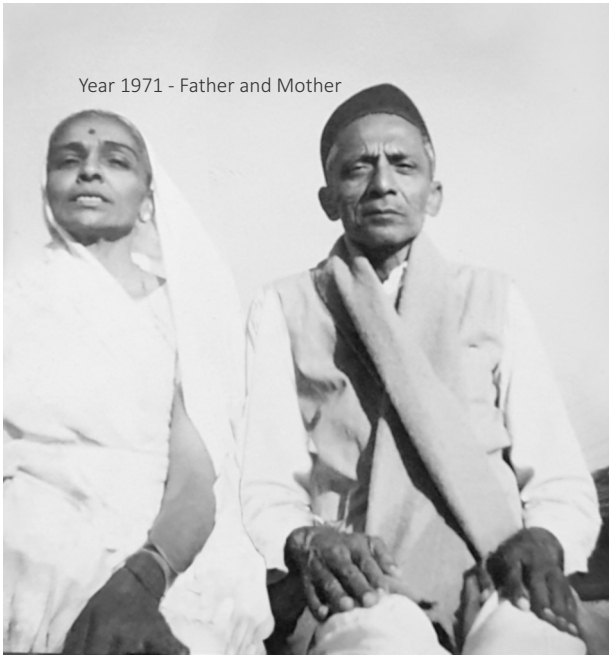
As the dawn broke on March 7, 1961, at the early hour of 3 AM, my birth was marked into this world was solemnly inscribed in the annals of time, within the precincts of Bantva, Manavadar. Countless events undoubtedly unfolded across the globe on this momentous day, some of which I find irresistible to not chronicle. Notably, it marked the passing of Govind Vallabh pant, the inaugural Chief Minister of Uttar Pradesh. Preceding this, on March 6, the Times Group's English newspaper commenced publication in India.

Given the astrological configuration delineated by my birth date and geographical coordinates, the celestial charts unequivocally ordained the zodiacal imprint of Libra upon my being. Consequently, appellations such as Rajoo or Rohit were proffered as fitting monikers. Nevertheless, amidst the discourse and conjecture, a singular designation emerged triumphant: Rajoo, a nomenclature that evoked unanimous resonance and distinction.

Initially, my belief in horoscopes and astrology was scant, scarcely influencing my decisions. However, following the heart-wrenching loss of my beloved 'Jeev' (Rita), my curiosity in delving into horoscopic readings from various astrologers burgeoned, accompanied by a newfound sense of faith. According to the detailed astrological analysis, crafted by the venerable astrologer Mr. Dayaram Anandji Modha of Porbandar, a sombre prediction emerged: the potential loss of my spouse due to grave illnesses between the age of 61 and 70. As fate would have it, precisely at the age of 61 years and one month, I found myself bearing witness to the agonizing departure of my life partner with unknown reason of death. Intriguingly, the same astrological forecast predicts the span of my existence to extend roughly between the age of 71 to 76 years, thereby...

To be believe it may be presumed of having 10 to 15 years of life since I incepted of this narrative. The rest is God's will. Contemplating my spouse's steadfast desire to bid farewell adorned in “Chundadi”, and on the fifth day of the fortnight as per the Hindu lunar calendar, I find contentment in the realization that both of her wishes have been met to satisfaction.

In the year 1961, during my nativity, my familial milieu was ensconced within dire financial straits, bordering on destitution. At that juncture, my progenitors and my two elder siblings, Chandrakantbhai and Kishorbhai, born in 1953 and 1956 respectively, constituted the nucleus of our household. In the immediate antecedence of my arrival, the lamented departure of my paternal grandfather, Shri Hirachandbhai Doshi, cast a



Year 1971 - Father and Mother

shadow of bereavement, depriving me of the affectionate embrace shared by my elder brethren. While conventionally, a father assumes precedence as the primary paternal figure in a son's life, my destiny unfolded in a manner wherein paternal love harmonized seamlessly with the boundless affection bestowed upon me by my esteemed elder siblings.

In the 21st century, it is often said that a father should become his son's friend after a certain age, but this matter is not as simple as it seems. When a father becomes a friend, the son loses the shelter of his father, which does not seem easy to me in terms of family dynamics. My father was a perfect embodiment of paternal nature. He never got angry in life, and he never imposed any pressure on his children for any conversation or thought. My mother also had a loving and caring nature, albeit slightly short-tempered. I have benefited many times from his anger. Today, we are living a very good life with our family because of the unconditional love and nurturing of our parents. It was a daily occurrence for me to bring my father home from the market on my bicycle. Similarly, carrying a bucket of clothes with my mother and going to the river was also a daily occurrence. From my father, grandfather, and all elder brothers, I inherited honesty, integrity, and courage. No matter how mischievous I may have been, sometimes I would have spoken out against my father due to lack of understanding. Even though I was always lazy about going to school, my father never got angry... The meaning of father is so broad that it cannot be defined. Like the shade of a banyan tree, a father provides shade to the family, the roots of which are deeply spread until they expand widely.

Both of my elder siblings exerted considerable effort in coaxing me towards higher education, yet my intrinsic inclination towards scholarly pursuits remained tepid. Despite familial aspirations for me to pursue a medical vocation, I found myself inexorably drawn into the currents of scientific inquiry post my attainment of a bachelor's degree. This divergence notwithstanding, familial expectations prevailed, culminating in my eventual ten-year tenure as a practicing physician. It is my fervent hope that this professional trajectory brings solace to the souls of my parents, elder siblings, and sister-in-law.

Given the junior status of my sisters, the responsibility of their welfare naturally fell upon us. Though the efficacy of our stewardship is shrouded in the mists of memory, I took upon myself the task of adorning the ceremonial pavilion for both of their nuptials.

Should I continue to chronicle the myriad sentimental and cherished memories involving my parents and elder siblings, the narrative could easily span countless pages. However, a significant juncture arose with the birth of my younger sister, Jaybala, in 1963, and youngest sister Shaili in 1970. Heralding the arrival of two sisters amidst a fraternity of three brothers. Subsequently, in 1965, amidst the backdrop of our family's precarious financial circumstances, my father embarked on a business venture to Akola, Maharashtra.

Year 1972 - With My Mother, Chandrakantbhai, Jaybala and Shaili

My father went to Akola to join the workforce at the establishment of our cousin's son, Nalinbhai. There, he commenced his tenure at N M Traders, drawing a monthly salary of rupees 150. After laboring diligently for approximately two and a half years, he eventually returned to our hometown of Manavadar. At the time of his return, I

was merely five and a half years old, while both my elder brothers were engrossed in their studies. It was during this period that my uncle (maasa) facilitated my enrolment in the same school. He inscribed my name as 'Shah Rajesh Nanalal,' adhering to the convention of appending 'Thakkar' for individuals of the Lohana community and 'Shah' for those of the Vaniya lineage. Thus, my surname was henceforth established as Shah.

However, during my tenth-grade education, I undertook the formal procedure of altering my surname back to its original form, Doshi, through the execution of an affidavit.

Upon his return from Akola, my father engaged in trading cotton and groundnut futures within Manavadar's Satta Bazaar. He often frequented a shop within the marketplace, predominantly associated with the firm of Lakshmidas Nathalal.

During the period spanning from 1960 to 1965, two business associates by the names of Shri Shamji Jiva Kansagra and Mansukhlal Premji encountered successive setbacks in their respective ventures, leading to financial losses. Compounded by mounting debts, my father extended hospitality to them intermittently, providing shelter within our abode. Despite facing our own challenges, including food shortages and recurring financial constraints, we dutifully harboured both individuals for extended periods, demonstrating unwavering commitment to the bonds of brotherhood. This anecdote serves to highlight the divergent narratives that have since emerged among their descendants.

Both my elder brothers, Chandrakantbhai and Kishorbhai, exhibited academic prowess and undertook household responsibilities, my inclination towards formal education remained negligible. Reluctantly attending school at the behest of our mother, I invariably gravitated towards my father's presence at the Satta Bazar office within an hour or so. It is noteworthy that despite this recurrent truancy, my father refrained from displaying anger or coercing me to prioritize school attendance.

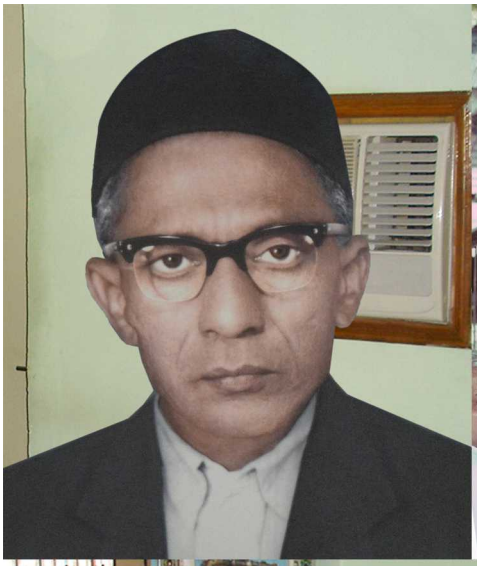
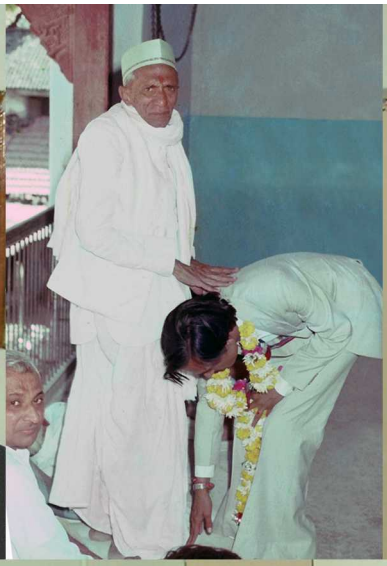
From the first to the fifth grade, Lakshmi Das Bhojani, whom I fondly called Lakho, and I attended school together. Our financial circumstances were equally dire. As next-door neighbors, we embarked on our daily academic journey side by side. Every morning, Ba would bestow upon me a mere five paise, a sum Lakho likewise received from his family.

En route to school, we invariably halted at Ladhabhai’s modest grocery establishment, situated a short distance from our homes. With our meager allowance, we procured a single peppermint confection priced at five paise. However, on occasion, should we clandestinely purloin an additional sweet, it ensured that both of us partook in a modest indulgence. Ladhabhai, a man of remarkable ingenuousness, likely perceived our petty transgressions but, exhibiting boundless forbearance, refrained from reprimanding us.

During school recess, Lakho and I would invariably gravitate toward the solitary soda cart, where a throng of boys gathered to quench their thirst. Employing subtle trickery, we managed to procure two sodas for the cost of one, exploiting the leniency of the vendor, whose moniker, though his real name escapes me, was universally known as "Kattu." Though I am incapable of atoning for the trifling indiscretions of my youth, I now endeavor, with utmost sincerity, to extend my aid to as many individuals as possible.

This pattern persisted until approximately the seventh grade. Concurrently, during my fifth-grade journey homeward from school, an encounter with a stray cow resulted in the unfortunate incident of its leg landing on my own, fracturing

At the time of 10th standard examination in 1975

Resp. Father Nanalalbhai, Chamdrakantbhai taking their father's blessings after their marriage
Resp. Mother Champaben, In the year 2005, on the occasion of Diwali, Manavadar

one of my left toes. Given the scarcity of medical practitioners and financial constraints prevailing at the time, the fractured digit was remedied through traditional home treatments, often involving physical discipline. Figures like Jivarajbhai Kanzaria, Dollar saheb, Jagubhai Shukal saheb, PD Trivedi saheb, among others, epitomized true pedagogical dedication at the urban school of Manavadar. They not only imparted knowledge rigorously but also resorted to disciplinary measures when necessary. This educational milieu was notably robust compared to contemporary standards, characterized by a deep reverence for educators. Such was the regard for teachers that encountering them in public would prompt students to conceal themselves out of respect. Our esteemed Jivaraj saheb employed corporal punishment, often administering blows with a wooden stick upon the palms of errant students. Similarly, PD saheb adopted a similar disciplinary approach. Undeniably, it was through such disciplinary measures that the standard of education was elevated, leaving an indelible mark on our collective memory. Even today, this legacy is upheld steadfastly, serving as a poignant reminder of the imperative to uphold the reverence and respect owed to our educators.

Despite my lack of enthusiasm for academics, I now find myself compelled to abstain from further study due to this disinterest. Nonetheless, I managed to navigate through the seventh standard of primary education without encountering failure, an accomplishment noteworthy considering that only half of the student body attended school regularly.

While my elder siblings balanced their academic pursuits with engaging in modest entrepreneurial ventures to support our family, I predominantly indulged in sporting activities and aimless wandering. Given my sister's tender age, I assumed a greater share of household responsibilities, including fetching water from a distant tank since our residence lacked access to Panchayat water. Approximately 700 to 800 meters from our dwelling lay a well, from which I diligently fetched water daily to suffice for all household members. Additionally, accompanying my mother to launder clothes at the riverbank became a customary routine, with me carrying buckets of garments to and fro.

Four to six-month cotton harvesting season, diligent efforts were invested in the manual ginning, serving to alleviate the financial burdens confronting the family...

Dhumbad cotton was cultivated in the “Ghed” region preceding Manavadar, extending towards Bantwa. Generally, there are three parts of a river from the beginning to the end: the foothills, the plains, and the end. At the end of the river, the speed of the water is slow, so it does not have the power to drag the sediment, so this part of the river is called the “Ghed”. This Dhumbad variety served as a source of income through cotton spinning endeavors. Approximately 30 kilograms of "kaala" (raw cotton) were procured daily. The processing was overseen by Karamashibhai at the Kaala swelling establishment, where individuals would venture to engage in cotton spinning. In cases of thumb and finger injuries resulting in black blisters, appropriate bandaging was administered. Upon completion of the day's cotton processing, the harvested yield was weighed and exchanged for monetary compensation before returning home in the evening.

In times of mill closure, a substantial quantity of 30 kilograms of raw cotton would be transported home, and within a single day, the process of separating the cotton from its seed would commence. Should the yield amount to 22 kilograms of cotton from the initial 30 kilograms of raw material, a nominal remuneration of three rupees would be garnered upon delivery. Throughout the duration of the four to six-month cotton harvesting season, diligent efforts were invested in the ginning process, serving to alleviate the financial burdens confronting the family. Moreover, in periods of water scarcity induced by drought conditions, my elder brother and I would enlist the services of a hawker trolley to transport assorted vessels, traversing a distance of approximately one kilometre to procure water.

In conjunction with his academic pursuits, Kishorbhai concurrently held employment at Deepak Vegetable Oil Industries, a facility specializing in the production of vegetable ghee, where he earned a monthly remuneration of Rs. 70. Following his night shift duties, he diligently attended classes at Junagadh Commerce and Law College in the mornings to further his education.

Upon my advancement to the eighth standard, our household enlisted the services of a tailor to craft two sets of fresh attire. This skilled artisan plied his trade within the confines of our abode, seamlessly transitioning between sewing sessions and brief respites beside his sewing machine. Subsequently, in 1973, I embarked upon my secondary education at high school, where I cherished the intellectual camaraderie fostered among esteemed educators such as Shri Kanubhai Dabhi, Shri Madhusudan Sanghvi, Shri Borisania, Shri Babisaheb, Shri Dalsaniasaheb, Shri Patwarisaheb, Shri Tanksaheb, and Shri Gandhisaheb.

In 1974, Motabhai secured employment at the Manavadar State Bank of Saurashtra. Prior to this, he had a stint as a telephone operator in Porbandar for one year. Subsequently, in 1977, I commenced my higher secondary education, specializing in science, at Swami Vivekananda High School in Junagadh. I enrolled in the Junagadh Jain Boarding with a fee waiver, yet found myself expelled due to mischievous behaviour alongside peers. Following this setback, I completed my twelfth grade while residing at the residence of Shri A B Khetani Saheb, employed at the Bank of Baroda's Manavadar branch. During my boarding tenure, my father would diligently deliver breakfast every Saturday and Sunday, and I frequently traversed between home and boarding due to homesickness. Despite my aversion to boarding life, the pursuit of a twelfth-grade science education necessitated my continued stay, supplemented by mathematics and science tuition from Junagadh's educators.

Despite familial aspirations for my medical career, my proficiency in mathematics was notably lacking.

Despite familial aspirations for my medical career, my proficiency in mathematics was notably lacking. To address this deficit, I sought tutelage under M M Ravalsaheb, supplemented by instruction in chemistry imparted by Shri Lakshmanbhai Ajagiya, a close associate of my elder brother, Shri Chandrakantbhai. My performance in twelfth-grade Science examinations was marginal, culminating in a pass with mere 45% marks. However, cognizant of my strengths and aptitudes, I remained resolute and untroubled by the outcome. Conversely, the disappointment of my family members, who harboured fervent desires for my pursuit of a medical profession, lingered palpably for a brief period.

Subsequently, my only recourse lay in pursuing a Bachelor of Science degree with a specialization in Chemistry.

However, recognizing that a diploma course in engineering could be pursued with a 10th-grade qualification, I, along with my cousin Mukesh Desai, opted to apply for admission to the civil engineering diploma program at a college in Bhavnagar. While Mukesh confirmed my admission, he deceitfully claimed that I had been unsuccessful. In truth, Mukesh's assertion stemmed from his own failure to progress academically, having lagged behind me due to failing in the second standard. Angered by this deception, I chose to conceal the fact of my successful admission.

In 1978, following my completion of twelfth standard, I enrolled in Junagadh Bahauddin College for the First Year Bachelor of Science program, commencing my academic journey as a fee waiver student. Undertaking a daily commute from my residence to Junagadh, I diligently pursued my studies despite the college's low overall attendance. Notably, my attendance in practical sessions remained impeccable. On one occasion, during a laboratory session, a demonstrator jestingly remarked about the notion of outfitting the laboratory with wheels, quipping that if I continued to miss classes, it might be prudent to transport the laboratory to my hometown of Manavadar!

In the annals of 1979, I undertook the mantle of Supervisor at a Taluka School Building for the Class 10 Board Examination. This epoch was characterized by the recruitment of external overseers, who were duly compensated for their services. Despite my inherent aversion to pecuniary gain for such responsibilities, I relented under the weight of compassionate considerations for my acquaintances, Pravin Joshi and Haresh Seth, both grappling with the challenge of passing the 10th standard autonomously. I discharged my supervisory

duties within the confines of the same educational institution and classroom where they were seated, facilitating their success through the illicit method of copying from others.

Then the inspector was N G Sodha psi. They had a problem with us. His son is sitting in the 10th standard exam but I didn't let him steal a paper, Sodha saheb came to me personally.

During that era, Inspector Sodha held the position of Police Sub-Inspector, and an issue arose between us. His son was seated for the 10th standard examination, yet I thwarted any attempts at academic dishonesty. Subsequently, Sodhasaheb approached me personally, expressing a profound plea, "Brother, I prostrate myself at your feet. Please let my son clear the exams."

In the annals of 1975, amidst the Manavadar Nagar Panchayat elections, a pivotal moment transpired during a public gathering convened by the Indian National Congress at Gandhi Chowk. At this juncture, within the precincts of P. C. Patel's discourse, a commotion arose when Shri Prakash Lakhlani, positioned behind me, interjected with a remark directed towards P. C. Patel. This interjection sparked turmoil, culminating in the dispersal of the meeting, wherein suspicions were cast upon me, ultimately leading to physical altercations erupting at the late hour of eight o'clock in the evening. Promptly responding to the escalating situation, Mr. Jayendra Kurani, a contestant in the Nagar Panchayat election, instigated a village-wide closure and promptly summoned Mr. Chimanbhai Shukla from Rajkot for assistance. Subsequently, a sizable public assembly convened in Manavadar at eleven o'clock in the night, resulting in the triumph of Jayendra Kurani's electoral faction.

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Notably, during this electoral campaign, my elder brother, Mr. Chandrakantbhai Doshi, advocated for universal voter participation, orchestrating specialized voting procedures to strategically align votes with Jayendra Kurani's slate. Engaged in the electoral process, I actively participated in the distribution and composition of voting slips, contributing to the outcome of the election.

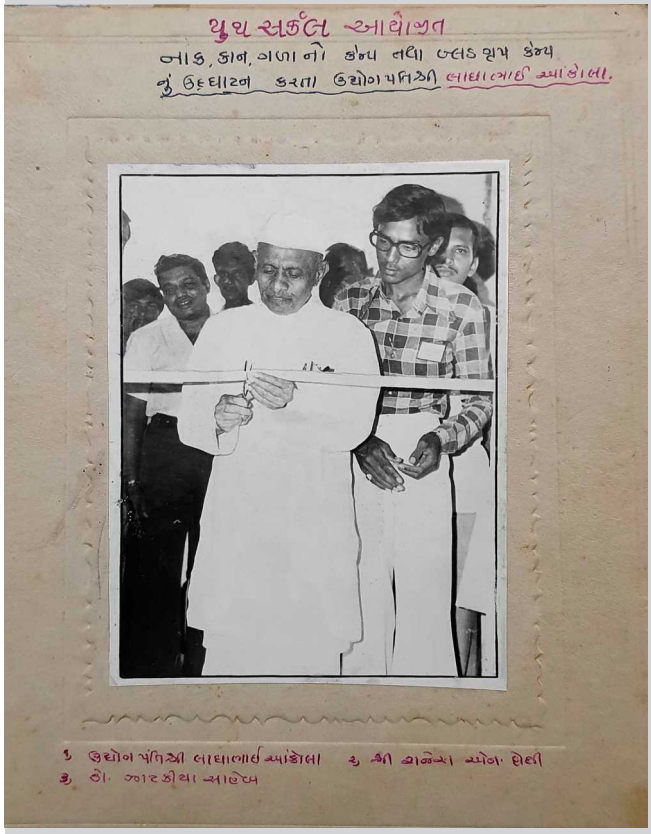
Amidst this altercation, a significant clash ensued with Kantibhai Gohil, employed within the water supply department of the municipal council. Resolution transpired during his nocturnal visitation to our domicile. Post-settlement, an unexpected intimacy blossomed, culminating in Kantibhai Gohil's integration into the Doshi family like fourth son of the family.

In the year 1982, the inception of a benevolent institution named Youth Circle transpired, wherein individuals such as Rasik Dekiwadia, Lalit Mashroo, Arvind Gohil, Kishore Mandaviya, Bharat Maru, Kishor Lathia, and myself were amongst its founding members. The principal endeavour of Youth Circle comprised orchestrating public health diagnostic camps (a practice that initially raised queries about the underlying motives driving doctors' participation in such initiatives. It was contended that social organizations inadvertently perpetuate moral transgressions by facilitating such camps, with many physicians accused of engendering patients under the guise of altruism. Such practices, though commonplace today, were subject to scrutiny at the time) the orchestration of musical events and distributed organic sweets on a 'no profit no loss' basis during Dussehra festivities. Remarkably, the activities of Youth Circle persisted for a span of 13 years, funded entirely by contributions from its members.

During that period, the Lions Club operated under the auspices of Lions International in Manavadar, boasting a membership roster comprising prominent local doctors and dignitaries. Additionally, the Lions Club administered a school, with oversight vested in the administrative board consisting of Lions Club office-bearers including Mr. Dr. L P Savsani Sahib, Dr. V.D. Patel, Dr. Rojiwadia, Advocate Savjibhai Padaliya, and Dr. D G Tanna Saheb. Notably, the school's admission process entailed soliciting donations alongside standard tuition fees. Furthermore, the Lions Club organized initiatives such as eye disease diagnosis camps, during which donations were also solicited.

A district-level “Ras Garba” competition traditionally held during the auspicious occasion of “Sharad Poonam” was tainted by allegations of favoritism, as Lions Club office-bearers purportedly exhibited bias by

In the year 1984, sweets distribution by Youth Circle on the occasion of Dussehra on "No Profit, No Loss" basis



proclaiming their preferred team as the inaugural victors. Dissatisfied with this perceived injustice, members of the Youth Circle took decisive action by pre-emptively announcing their own district-level competition on a preceding "Sharad Poonam". Despite encountering vehement opposition from Lions Club officials, who employed various stratagems including deceit, coercion, and intimidation to obstruct our endeavours, our resolve remained unyielding. With unwavering dedication and resolute determination, we successfully concluded the "Sharad Poonam's" Raas Garba contest, earning accolades and commendation from the community for delivering an impartial and authentic outcome.

During the period in question, I encountered a peculiar symptom of lacking perspiration, prompting me to seek medical consultation in 1984. Upon consulting a physician, the recommendation of a skin biopsy was proffered as a diagnostic measure, oblivious to its usual association with cancer assessment. Subsequently, I presented myself at G. T. Sheth Hospital in Rajkot for the biopsy procedure, whereupon the attending doctor prescribed anaesthesia for the procedure. However, I staunchly declined anaesthesia, opting instead to maintain a stoic posture with outstretched arms during the biopsy. Displaying unwavering resolve, I asserted that any movement on my part would warrant the administration of anaesthesia. Perturbed by my steadfast determination, the doctor acceded to my terms and proceeded with the biopsy sans anaesthesia, extracting skin from my right hand. Curiously, despite undergoing the procedure, I have yet to bring the biopsy report to this day.

Nevertheless, in 1994, with the commencement at Shapar factory, my relocation to Rajkot became imperative, necessitating the cessation of activities pertaining to the 'Youth Circle' organization.

Although I had unequivocally asserted at the outset of this chapter that I place no credence in astrological prognostications, in the year 2004, an inexplicable curiosity impelled me to clandestinely submit an anonymous advertisement in a prominent daily periodical. The notice promised a fitting

recompense to any individual capable of furnishing an accurate horoscope and corresponding predictions. In response to this unorthodox experiment, eleven meticulously drafted horoscopes arrived at the designated post box. Among them, one astoundingly mirrored the celestial chart that my father had painstakingly composed in 1980. Over the years, this peculiar episode had receded into the recesses of my memory. However, fate possesses an uncanny proclivity for steering individuals toward pivotal junctures that compel profound introspection. When my own 'Jeev' met an untimely demise at a location approximately 1401 kilometers from home, an innate compulsion arose within me to meticulously scrutinize both horoscopes anew. To my profound astonishment, a singularly striking congruence emerged—both charts explicitly foretold the inevitable departure of 'Jeev.' Furthermore, they eerily alluded to my own impending tribulations, specifically a severe vehicular calamity and an incident of near-drowning—both of which had already transpired in my life.

In the sultry month of July 1999, a mere three days before the birthdays of Utkarsh and Khushboo, I acquired a Maruti Zen bearing the registration number GJ-11E-6195. At that juncture, I lacked a permanent chauffeur and, more often than not, navigated the vehicle myself. By September, I embarked on a journey to Mendarda to partake in a significant gathering, an event shrouded in the veil of nocturnal obscurity. As dawn unfurled its golden tendrils, I set forth toward Manavadar. However, en route, an inexplicable mishap transpired—the vehicle, as if possessed by an unseen force, veered precipitously and collided with a gargantuan tree. The automobile sustained grievous damage, yet providence ensured that I emerged unscathed.

In August 2003, a group of twenty-two of us—including family, children and close friends—set out on a train journey to Haridwar and Mussoorie. During our time in Mussoorie, Rita, the kids, and I decided to try our hand at river rafting, expecting a fun and thrilling adventure. However, midway through the ride, the raft overturned, throwing Rita and me into the churning waters of the Yamuna River. The alert raft guide quickly pulled Rita to safety, but I, overwhelmed with fear and frantically searching for her, struggled as the raft floated further away. Just when things seemed bleak, the guide threw a rope toward me—which, almost miraculously, landed within my reach. I grabbed it, and he pulled me back to safety.

That same month, I procured a Lancer, designated GJ-14E-9001, and commenced my daily commute between Manavadar and Shapar. A mere six weeks into this routine, calamity loomed. One fateful morning, as Utkarsh and I departed Manavadar, an ominous Bhuj-Junagadh bus emerged abruptly upon our path near Virpur. In that instant, I issued an imperative to our driver, Rafiq, exhorting him to proceed cautiously. Rafiq deftly maneuvered the vehicle off the thoroughfare, only for its left wheel to strike a concealed milestone shrouded in thick foliage. This sudden impact propelled the car rightward, catapulting it back onto the road, where it collided with an oncoming trailer laden with construction timber. The force of the impact sent the vehicle vaulting six feet off the ground before it came to a harrowing halt against a towering neem tree.

Moments prior to this catastrophic collision, Utkarsh had fortuitously repositioned himself in the front seat, while I, in an inadvertent stroke of fortune, sat cross-legged. The sheer force of the crash obliterated the space between the front and rear seats, wrenching apart the deck section. Had our postures been different, both of our lower limbs would have been inexorably severed. Yet, miraculously, none of the three occupants sustained injuries. The specter of catastrophe loomed, for had the truck not intercepted our trajectory, we would have barreled unimpeded into a formidable wall, with dire consequences for Utkarsh and Rafiq. However, fate, in its inscrutable wisdom, intervened favorably.

Egressing from the wreckage, we sought refuge in a neighboring establishment, where serendipity decreed an encounter with the truck's driver. In a gesture of profound gratitude, I summoned him and proffered four thousand rupees, entreating him to abscond lest the authorities detained him. Perplexed, the driver inquired why I sought his departure despite my car's obliteration. I elucidated that his unintended intervention had averted a greater calamity, sparing us from grievous harm. Upon comprehending the profundity of this revelation, the driver was suffused with an ineffable sense of solace. Subsequently, we requisitioned an alternate vehicle from the factory and resumed our journey.

With family on the occasion of Chandni's Simantonayan on 21.01.2024
EK HATO RAJOO 024

Brother and sister wedding pictures

Kishor-Nita Wedding - 18-11-1983

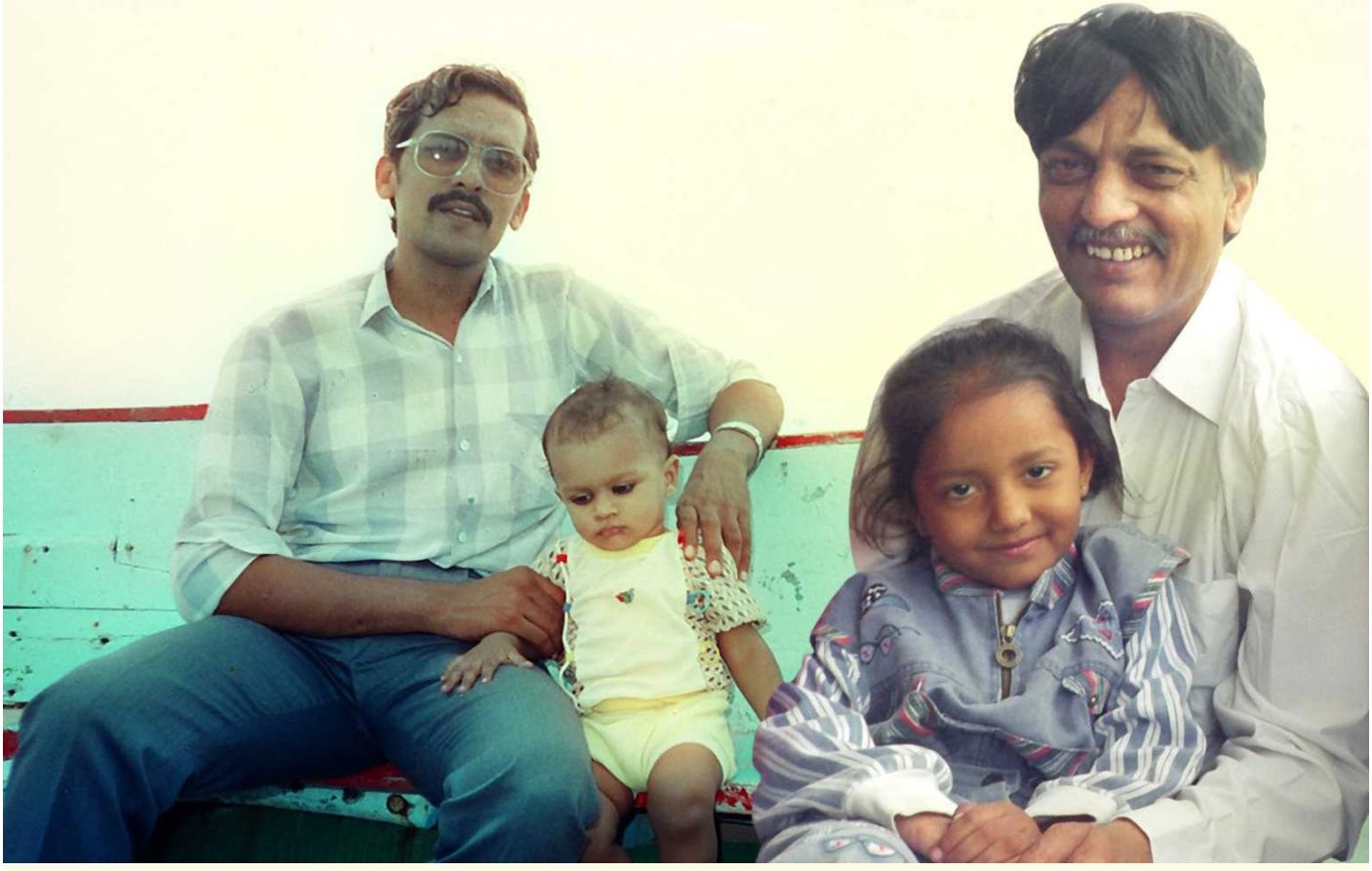
Rajoo-Rita Wedding - 29-11-1985

Chandrakant-Shruti Wedding - 04-12-1980

Jaybala-Anup Wedding - 14-06-1987

Shaili-Hemant Wedding - 18-11-1993

I am filled with show many emotional, sweet memories that I could write countless pages about both my elder brothers



I got very angry and boldly told the professor that, "when you leave for home in the evening, I will stand at he college gate and slap you once..." The professor called my friends and told them this, but my friends were also like me. They said : He is Rana Saheb, he will do what he has said, so late him sit in the exam!

2

Saturday, August 1, 1979.

The temporal designation this date bears paramount significance, encapsulating the Machchhu incident, an event of seminal import. Serendipitously, it marked the denouement of my mercantile endeavors as proprietor of a grocery shop for an interval of eleven months in the township of Manavadar, operating under the appellation of R.R. Brothers.

In the temporal domain of 1978, Shri Valjibhai Bhut, then in the employ of the state bank, was holding a shop opposite to the Bank of Baroda, towards home from Gandhi Chowk in Manavadar. Ratilal, and myself as partners, thereby initiated the trade of grocery provisions at his premises. Ratilal and my paternal progenitor assumed managerial responsibilities during the early hours of the day, whilst I, following the conclusion of my academic pursuits at the collegiate institution, undertook stewardship during the nocturnal hours. Thus, the enterprise endured for a temporal span encompassing 10 to 11 lunar cycles, abruptly culminating upon the fateful occurrence of the "Machchhu" dam rupture, which precipitated a financial deficit amounting to seventy rupees. Within the prevailing zeitgeist of that epoch, such a pecuniary sum was deemed excessive. At this juncture, I was engrossed in the pursuit of scholastic endeavors, enrolled in the second year of the Bachelor of Science program.

Upon being summoned and apprised of my deficient attendance during the second year of my Bachelor of Science program, the decree was issued that I would be barred from partaking in the imminent annual examination. This proclamation ignited a profound sense of perplexity within my psyche. The looming specter of divulgence regarding my daily sojourns to Junagadh, juxtaposed with the quandary of my absenteeism, engendered a palpable sense of trepidation. This trepidation stemmed from the imminent repercussions awaiting me within the confines of my familial abode, where the revelation of my truancy would inevitably incur the wrath of my elder siblings. Both my elder brethren and I nurtured lofty ambitions of academic distinction, aspiring fervently to ascend to the zenith of erudition by attaining the esteemed vocation of medical practitioners.

The persistent longing of my mother and siblings to witness my ascent into the esteemed profession of medicine remained tragically unfulfilled. However, the spectre of potential repercussions stemming from my absenteeism at the college loomed ominously, presenting a formidable challenge to navigate. Determined to avert such dire consequences, I embarked upon a fervent quest to rectify my attendance record. Seeking counsel from my esteemed instructor, I beseeched him for guidance on how to rectify my attendance deficit, pledging to exhaust all conceivable avenues to achieve this end. Under his directive, I endeavoured to compile an experimental journal as a means to augment my attendance. However, fate seemed to conspire against me, as

my attempt to replicate another student's journal metamorphosed into a veritable ordeal. In a moment of inadvertence, I inadvertently left the purloined journal behind on a bus bound for Manavadar, thereby exacerbating my predicament. Undeterred by this setback, I resolved to embark upon a second attempt, diligently transcribing the contents of another student's journal not once, but twice. One copy was intended for the student whose journal I had inadvertently misplaced, while the other was destined for submission to my instructor, albeit fraught with apprehension and uncertainty.

Following the submission of my painstakingly crafted journal to the instructor, my expectations were met with a disillusioning reality. Instead of the anticipated reprieve, his retort was unequivocal: the act of journaling did not warrant a rectification of my attendance deficiency, nor did it guarantee eligibility for examination participation. Enraged by this unexpected setback, I impulsively voiced a threat of physical retribution, brazenly declaring my intent to confront him upon his post-collegiate return to domicile. In response to my outburst, the instructor summoned my comrades and recounted the entirety of the incident. However, to my consternation, my peers mirrored my sentiments, exhibiting solidarity with my cause by saying: He is Ranasaheb, you should must recognize his authority and the likelihood of his actions aligning with his words. Consequently, they advocated for my inclusion in the forthcoming examination, despite the tumultuous circumstances surrounding my attendance.

My adeptness at extracting answers from textbooks not only benefited me but also catalyzed the responses of the remaining 44 candidates.

Owing to my steadfast commitment to vigilance and oversight, I dedicatedly offered my altruistic endeavors during the conduct of secondary and higher secondary board examinations at the Manavadar center. This noble service spanned three consecutive years, commencing from 1979 through 1981. The endeavor was not devoid of discord, as it inevitably entangled with numerous individuals, some of whom illicitly reaped advantages. A confrontation ensued with Mr. Ram Zapda, an educator at Manavadar High School, as he endeavored to impede the tricking activities of his favored student during the examination. During the second year annual examination of 1979-80, a notable incident unfolded. Shri Ram Zapda, accompanied by Shri Viram, the General Secretary of the Science Department at Bahauddin College, made an appearance in my examination hall. Directing his remarks to Virambhai, Zapda saheb explicitly stated that I should not be allowed to engage in any form of cheating. Subsequently, Zapda saheb departed from the scene. Upon inquiry, Virambhai provided elaborate insights into the matter. However, unbeknownst to Zapdasaheb, my acumen extended beyond merely answering questions on my own paper; rather, it encompassed facilitating others' responses as well. In essence, within the confines of that examination room, comprising 45 individuals, my adeptness at extracting answers from textbooks not only benefited me but also catalyzed the responses of the remaining 44 candidates.

Amidst my scholastic sojourn at Bahauddin College, Shri Atul Rawal, Shri Bipin Ruparelia, Shri Ashok Tolia, Shri Bipin Chudasama, Shri Ashok Ramolia, Shri Pansuriya, Shri Mahendra Marthak, Shri Kirit Rawal, and sundry others coalesced into a syncretic brotherhood of camaraderie. Remarkably, this cohort navigated the educational continuum in concert, ultimately ascending to prestigious governmental positions. Notably, the bonds forged amidst their collegiate camaraderie persist unabated to this day, fostering an enduring network of communication and kinship among all constituents.

During my collegiate tenure, a confrontation ensued with Shri Gordhanbhai Chhaniara's progeny, Sandip Channiara, escalating to the brink of physical altercation culminating in a stabbing incident. Subsequently, when Sandipbhai sought me out at Hotel Nilkanth, situated in proximity to Bahauddin College, ostensibly to

confront me regarding affiliations with mutual acquaintances, I acquiesced and presented myself at the designated venue. However, inexplicably, the altercation dissipated without any exchange of words or resolution being reached.

Throughout the three-year span of my collegiate tenure, it was characterized by persistent truancy and tumultuous circumstances. Meanwhile, a matinee screening at Jayashree Talkies in Junagadh showcased the Hindi film 'Premgeet', adapted from a narrative penned by Shashi Bhushan, featuring Raj Babbar and Anita Raj in prominent roles. I recollect attending screenings of this cinematic production for an uninterrupted duration spanning 35 consecutive days.

In the month of June 1981, preceding the disclosure of the B.Sc examination outcomes, the Regional Recruitment Board assumed responsibility for the selection process encompassing eight banks within the State Bank Group. Subsequently, I underwent a written examination for a position within the banking sector, which I successfully navigated without encountering any obstacles. Following this achievement, I was summoned to Rajkot to partake in the oral assessment phase of the recruitment procedure.

Upon my inaugural visit to Rajkot, endeavouring to undertake the oral examination, I found myself directed to the Masonic Hall in close proximity to the Bus Station Road. Upon arrival, the examining official requisitioned my graduation mark sheet, notwithstanding the fact that the results had not yet been divulged, a fact duly annotated in my application. Despite being summoned for the oral assessment subsequent to this disclosure, the examining official adamantly refused to proceed with my interview. In light of this impasse, I petitioned for reimbursement of transportation expenses from Manavadar to Rajkot, a request summarily denied. Undeterred, I sought the counsel of Shri Suryakant Mehta, a part-time journalist affiliated with the 'Fulchhab' Press and concurrently employed at a bank alongside my elder sibling. Upon apprising him of the situation, he promptly disseminated my plight in its entirety, resulting in the cancellation of all interviews conducted amidst the ensuing controversy. Subsequently, a fresh round of interviews was convened approximately a month thereafter, in which I was once again summoned to participate. Upon re-entry into the oral examination hall, when prompted to disclose my identity, I forthrightly asserted my role in precipitating the reevaluation of the interviews, asserting that my name should be familiar owing to this circumstance. Swiftly thereafter, my interview was summarily terminated, and, I was not selected for the position. Nonetheless, I harbored no inclination towards pursuing the job that engendered such treatment towards me.

Dr. Parekh called my house and asked me, “Brother, what is your objection to accepting the Job?”

On the immediate morrow subsequent to the proclamation of my graduation results, the director of the extant SPAN laboratory situated in Upleta personally visited my abode bearing an official appointment missive. SPAN Laboratories, being a pharmaceutical enterprise, gleaned my residential particulars from Bahauddin College, extending an offer to enlist me as a medical representative. At the juncture of the proposition, the company proffered a remuneration package encompassing a monthly stipend of Rs 1100 along with a travel allowance amounting to Rs 2800. However, I regrettably declined the offer, steadfast in my resolve to abstain from conventional employment pursuits.

Upon my declination, the two directors proceeded to convene with Dr. A. B. Parekh, a prominent figure in Manavadar, to apprise him of my refusal to accept the appointment letter. Dr. Parekh, being our longstanding family physician, maintained a cordial rapport with our household. Consequently, Dr. Parekh initiated contact with my domicile, seeking elucidation regarding my reluctance to embrace the offered employment opportunity. In response, I articulated my aversion towards subservience to corporate entities, expressing my disinclination to be tethered to the employ of a singular enterprise.

Upon hearing my response, Dr. A. B. Parekh, given his familial connection as our trusted medical practitioner, was visibly perturbed. He queried, "If not gainful employment, then what avenue shall you pursue?" I articulated my decision, affirming my intention to undertake the operation of a banana lorry as an independent endeavour, but not a conventional employment.

The veracity lay in the absence of familial interrogation regarding my aversion to traditional employment, yet Dr. Parekh Saheb's ire remained palpable, albeit disregarded by my resolve.

Motabhai's tenure as an office bearer within the SBS employee union afforded him the prerogative to facilitate recruitment within the bank for a limited span of 58 days. Leveraging this opportunity, I secured temporary employment at the Bantva branch subsequent to the culmination of my second year graduation examinations. Remarkably, this brief interlude marked the sole instance in my life wherein I assumed the role of a subordinate under another's employ, albeit fleetingly, as my presence evidently proved vexing to the higher echelons. During this stint, presided over by the venerable Shri Chimanani saheb as manager and A. B. Desai as an officer, I was initially assigned to the current account department. However, my performance proved lamentable, beset by a litany of errors within the span of a mere week, prompting a swift reassignment to an alternative department. My responsibilities therein chiefly entailed the meticulous transcription of account balances from the current account ledger, followed by their summation with the day book, a process traditionally undertaken each Friday. Regrettably, my initial attempt at this task proved deficient, as the cumulative sum failed to reconcile with the balances recorded in the ledger. Subsequently, Desai saheb diligently replicated the procedure, successfully rectifying the discrepancies. Noteworthy was Desai saheb's affable demeanor, evident in his thoughtful gesture of bringing home-made juice for the bank staff during his lunch recess, fostering camaraderie and conviviality within the workplace.

You do not require an agency; let someone else assume the mantle. Resigned to this fate, I acquiesced with a subdued acknowledgment : Very well, sir.

Henceforth, it is strictly proscribed to depart from the bank premises during designated working hours. However, owing to the diminutive stature of Bantwa village and the close proximity of the superior's abode, it became customary for him to adjourn for meals at his domicile. And used to offer juice to the fellow workforce in favour to make it undetected.

□ □ □

Life tends to cast a somber hue upon individuals of obstinate or tenacious disposition, a reality which I found myself confronting. Upon embarking on the endeavour of establishing a grocery enterprise for sustenance, regrettably, I was compelled to shutter its operations within a mere ten-month span, incurring a loss amounting to seventy rupees. In the zeitgeist of that era, such a sum was deemed exorbitant, casting a shadow upon my financial prospects.

Subsequently, in the year 1980, I endeavoured to secure an agency for the distribution of cooking gas cylinders. Despite grappling with a debilitating bout of fever on the day of the interview, I steadfastly made my way to Rajkot to fulfil my commitment. To my dismay, the interviewer, a retired high court judge, delivered a disheartening verdict following the exchange. Despite my earnest responses, he deemed my candidacy unwarranted, declaring, "You do not require an agency; let someone else assume the mantle." Resigned to this fate, I acquiesced with a subdued acknowledgment: "Very well, sir."

The procurement of said agency was orchestrated by Mr. Lalitbhai Ghodasara, a denizen of Manavadar whose primary occupation, surpassing even our own, was that of a moneylender. In the era devoid of digitalization, the efficacy of securing opportunities hinged solely upon verbal articulations during interviews. It is conceivable that Mr. Lalitbhai Ghodasara adeptly portrayed his financial plight, thus clinching the agency. Nevertheless, I remained resolute and unwavering in my determination. Each setback only fortified my belief that divine providence had yet to unveil its grand design for me.

Both my elder siblings, once again harbouring the desire for my ingress into gainful employment, diligently facilitated my application process for the GPSC examination. Aware of my perceived limitations in clearing such an endeavour, they astutely maneuverer to ensure our familial representation by submitting examination forms for all three brothers. Leveraging the systemic allocation of seat numbers based on surnames, they strategically arranged for our seat numbers to be contiguous, thereby facilitating their plan. In a concerted effort to ensure my success, both siblings decided to inscribe my seat number on their respective answer sheets, thereby engineering an outcome wherein my passage was assured upon the examination's conclusion. Concurrently, preparations were underway for the establishment of a modest enterprise specializing in plastic processing, under the moniker of Rajoo Plastics.

The commencement of construction was initiated by procuring a lease for a parcel of land spanning

1100 vaar from the government. (However, the acquisition process was marred by bureaucratic obfuscation and stonewalling at the Junagadh Collector's office. For a span of approximately 25 days, I diligently pursued the acquisition, diligently presenting myself at the Collector's office each morning only to return empty-handed by day's end. The Deputy Revenue Officer's continual invocation of various pretexts further compounded my frustration. Faced with mounting exasperation, I reluctantly broached the subject of a clandestine arrangement, seeking expedited resolution through unofficial channels. However, even this avenue proved futile, leaving my patience strained to its limits. In a moment of desperation, I orchestrated a confrontation with the Deputy Revenue Officer under the pretext of discussing tea. Upon his arrival, I impulsively administered a rebuke in the form of a slap upon the stairs of the Collector's office in Junagadh, compelling him to expedite the pending paperwork. Remarkably, the taciturnity that ensued prompted the Deputy Revenue Officer to promptly attend to the paperwork, resulting in the expeditious arrival of the necessary order the following day.)

Coincidentally, on the auspicious day earmarked for the GPSC examination, none among the trio of brothers deigned to undertake the scheduled examination, for the imminent arrival of machinery crucial for Rajoo Plastics beckoned urgent attention in Manavadar. Had I ventured forth to partake in the examination, conjecture suggests a fortuitous outcome in the written component, yet an adverse fate likely awaited in the oral assessment, thereby underscoring the inscrutable designs of divine providence.

Had I secured employment, it is conceivable that I would have found myself ill-suited for a Class-II position, given our staunch aversion to engaging in or condoning corrupt practices. In a milieu where survival hinges upon the perpetuation of corruption, our family ethos adamantly prohibits such misconduct. When Kishorbhai received the appointment as a police inspector, our father, upon being presented with the order, promptly tore it asunder, imparting a solemn admonition to Kishorbhai: "We must eschew involvement in law enforcement endeavors."

Upon the inauguration of Rajoo Plastics, the installation of machinery ensued, accompanied by the arrival of engineers dispatched by the machine vendor to initiate operations. Despite their collective efforts, the machinery remained inert, prompting a revolving door of five engineers who, one by one, attempted and failed to rectify the malfunction. Given the absence of lodging facilities in Manavadar, the engineers were compelled to partake of hospitality within our domicile. When queried by my father regarding the machinery's recalcitrance, the engineers were unable to provide a satisfactory explanation. Subsequently, embarking upon an arduous endeavor spanning nineteen consecutive days, I assumed the mantle of rectifying the machinery's malfunction single-handedly. Enduring nocturnal

Rajoo Plastic inauguration

Family present at the inauguration of Rajoo Plastic

Female members of the Rajoo family

vigils within the confines of the factory, I dedicated myself to resolving the mechanical impasse. Finally, after painstaking efforts, the machinery was restored to operational status, heralding the onset of plastic production at a commendable rate of eight kilograms per hour.

From the outset, my aversion to marketing was unequivocal, thus channeling my focus entirely towards production endeavors. In this venture, my partner, Shri Shashimama, assumed responsibility for sales initiatives. To fund the project, my elder brother orchestrated arrangements whereby five thousand rupees were procured from nine separate individuals, necessitating a considerable borrowing effort. Noteworthy contributors included our maternal uncle, Shri Shashibhai, alongside Kalyanjibhai Tilva and Rajubhai Vaja, who were vested as partners in the enterprise. My elder brother, Chandrakantbhai, exhibited remarkable resourcefulness by undertaking Kalyanjibhai Tilwa's Secondary School Certificate (SSC) examination, as well as the requisite written and oral examinations for a telecom operator position. Furthermore, Rajubhai Vaja, a confidant of Chandrakantbhai's and former banking colleague, demonstrated unwavering commitment by arriving at the factory premises at the break of dawn, diligently conducting audits of the “beedi” stubs and subsequently relaying disparaging remarks to my elder brother.

Following the establishment of Rajoo Plastics, my father adopted a quarterly visitation regimen to the factory premises, wherein he entrusted me with the responsibility of engaging with all employees. This entailed conducting comprehensive discussions to ascertain the timely disbursement of wages and the provision of amenities such as breakfast. Should any employee voice grievances, my father would occasionally reprimand me in response.

Within the span of approximately a year subsequent to the inception of the factory, I acquired a Suzuki motorcycle. The conspicuous display of this acquisition elicited a perception among the residents of Manavadar that the plastic factory's profitability was burgeoning. Such a conspicuous transition, from lacking even a bicycle to traversing the streets aboard a Suzuki motorcycle, did not go unnoticed. Navigating the roads with alacrity atop my Suzuki Fast, my presence drew the attention of acquaintances like Kalyanjibhai, who promptly relayed complaints to my father, admonishing me to exercise caution while operating the motorcycle. Concurrently, my mother's disapproval manifested in daily rebukes, indicative of her concerns regarding safety and responsibility.
At that juncture, the landscape of Saurashtra boasted solely two plastic processing facilities, one situated in Rajkot and the another one in Manavadar. Operating for a duration of approximately one and a half months, the factory encountered an unfortunate incident - a catastrophic fracture of the extruder screw.

Normally, after heating the extruder machine, the machine has to be turned on after the plastic granules have melted, but then the technique was not developed to know that the machine has reached the right temperature. But at that time there was a native method. In the prevailing era, the conventional method for gauging the readiness of the extruder machine involved a rudimentary technique - sprinkling water to infer attainment of the requisite temperature for melting plastic granules. However, this method lacked precision, as it relied solely on estimations rather than concrete temperature readings. On the fateful day in question, we surmised that the machine had been heated for a duration deemed adequate for temperature attainment. Unfortunately, a malfunction in one of the temperature-monitoring switches obscured the true state of readiness. Consequently, despite our assumption of temperature sufficiency, the machine was set into operation prematurely, precipitating the catastrophic failure of the extruder screw.

When the order showed to bapuji, he tore it up and told my brother : we don’t want to do job in police department

Upon contacting the company (competitor in today’s time) from which the machine was procured, the response received was disheartening: a demand for a payment of 15,000 rupees in exchange for the replacement screw, with an estimated delivery timeframe of a month and a half. However, our financial constraints were insurmountable, as even a meager fifteen rupees remained beyond our means. The gravity of the situation weighed heavily upon both my brother and me, prompting an outpouring of despair manifested in tears shed within the confines of our home. Fate, however, interceded in the form of Shri Tapubhai Jhalawadia, the esteemed individual who presided over the inauguration of Raju Plastics. Learning of our distress, Shri Jhalawadia swiftly took action, arriving at our residence without delay. He imparted a sage counsel: enlist the services of Khimjibhai for the requisite repairs, thereby offering a glimmer of hope

amidst our dire circumstances.

Motabhai, through his intervention, facilitated the approval of a loan for Khimjibhai from SBS, aimed at procuring a lathe machine, thereby forging a preexisting acquaintance between the two individuals. Subsequently, our expedition led us to Khimjibhai's workshop, where Raju Plastics endeavored to salvage and mend the fragmented segments of the broken screw. Despite the concerted efforts exerted in this restoration endeavor, regrettably, the outcome proved fruitless, as the screw remained impervious to repair, thus rendering it irreparable. In the course of the repair endeavor, Khimjibhai's paternal figure issued a prudent warning against the application of welding to the component, underscoring its formidable nature. He accentuated that the material, characterized by its robust constitution, rendered it unsuitable for welding procedures. Despite these sagacious admonitions, Khimjibhai persisted in his resolve to proceed with the welding procedure. Regrettably, his persistence was met with the realization of his father's foresight, as the welded region succumbed to fracture once more, thereby underscoring the inadequacy of welding methods for such resilient steel compositions.

Upon deliberation, the decision to forge a new screw surfaced, accompanied by the pressing question of sourcing resilient steel for its construction. However, Khimjibhai's paternal guidance offered a pragmatic solution: repurpose the sturdy steel axle from an antiquated Ford automobile. Armed with this insight, we scoured scrapyards until procuring a suitable axle, from which a new screw was meticulously crafted using a lathe machine. This endeavor demanded an exhaustive expenditure of 50 labor-intensive hours, during we both brothers remained steadfastly ensconced in Khimjibhai's abode. Following the fabrication process, the newly minted screw was seamlessly integrated into the machinery, catalyzing its resumption of operations. Subsequently, we departed for our respective homes, leaving behind a tangible testament to resourcefulness and ingenuity. Remarkably, while the Coalsite company quoted a staggering Rs 15,000 for a replacement screw, our innovative approach yielded a comparable product for a mere Rs 2,500, inclusive of both material and labor costs. This seminal episode served as a catalyst for Motabhai, fostering a profound appreciation for the lucrative prospects inherent in the machinery business, a testament to his astute acumen and discerning foresight.

As Rajoo Plastics flourished, the notion of expansion beckoned in 1984. However, c onfronted with a deficit in extruder manufacturing capabilities, I sought recourse to Mr. Gandalalbhai from Ahmedabad, securing machinery for this purpose. Bolstered by the burgeoning potential of the machinery industry, I resolved to diversify our endeavors by venturing into the production of cutting sealing machines. In alignment with this vision, an order was placed with Shree Dilip Engineers for two such machines, one intended for Nutan Plastics for the fabrication of PVC bags, and the other earmarked for Rajoo Plastics. While Nutan Plastics successfully acquired their designated machine for internal utilization, our aspirations were thwarted as our machine failed to meet operational requirements. Consequently, we relinquished the initial deposit of Rs 5,000 and annulled our order, marking an aborted attempt at expansion.

Rs. 15,000 for a replacement screw, our innovative approach yielded a comparable product for a mere Rs. 2,500, inclusive of both material and labor costs.

From the outset, we were endowed with a machine sourced from Kumeria Industries, hailing from the industrial precincts of Ludhiana. Devoting four hours daily to its meticulous maintenance regimen, we endeavored to ensure its operational integrity. Following a c umulative duration of twenty hours, we embarked on our inaugural foray into manufacturing by ingeniously repurposing this machine to fabricate a cutting sealing apparatus.

Our meticulously crafted machine, assembled at a cost of Rs 59,000, proved to be both financially viable and operationally efficient. Encouraged by its success, we commenced production of similar machines at Khimjibhai's workshop, whereupon two to three units were fabricated and subsequently sold, all of which garnered acclaim for their superior performance. Buoyed by this positive reception, a momentous decision was made on May 20, 1986, to divest ownership of the unit to Dr. L. P. Savsani's son, Anil Savsani. In a collaborative effort with Khimjibhai, we established a new enterprise christened 'Rajoo Engineers,' dedicated to the manufacturing of machinery. The partnership agreement was meticulously drafted by my elder brother Chandrakantbhai, within the familiar confines of our familial abode known as 'Vatsalya.'

The liquidation of Raju Plastics yielded a sum of 1,35,000 rupees, constituting the primary financial infusion into the venture. Our capital contribution stood alongside Khimjibhai's investment, represented by two

lathe machines. Notably, these machines were acquired through loan arrangements, with the liabilities duly discharged by Rajoo Engineers. Subsequently, the enterprise pivoted towards the production and commercialization of machinery, marking the initiation of manufacturing operations.

In the annals of Raju Plastics, the integration of machinery sourced from Kolsite Industry was facilitated by the intermediary entity Celplast Corporation. Notably, the erstwhile Kolsite company has undergone a rebranding exercise and now operates under the banner of Kabra Extrusion Limited. Presently, Kabra Extrusion Limited stands as a formidable competitor within the contemporary industrial landscape.

During my stewardship of Raju Plastics spanning the years from 1981 to 1986, the exigency for printed bags necessitated the establishment of a treadle printing machine. This endeavor entailed the conception, operation, and management of the printing press by our own hands. Moreover, I assumed personal responsibility for the proficient operation of all the machinery, both minor and major, housed within the precincts of Rajoo Plastics.

Upon the inception of Raju Engineers, a conspicuous dearth of skilled draftsmen in Manavadar prompted me to embark upon the journey of learning engineering drawing. This endeavor extended to crafting intricate machine drawings, a pursuit that not only served as a personal avocation but also proved indispensable given the exigencies of the time. From overseeing the installation of machines to undertaking servicing duties in the event of malfunctions, I found profound gratification in executing these tasks swiftly and efficiently. On January 1, 1987, Raju Engineers Pvt. Ltd. commenced its operations by erecting essential infrastructure, including factory edifices, storage facilities, and a dedicated design department, all situated on land procured within the confines of Manavadar itself.

The foremeost extrusion line, meticulously crafted for Shree Raymond Plastics of Junagadh, heralded a new era in our enterprise. This pioneering machine, designed for the processing of polypropylene, commanded a purchase price of Rs 1,50,000 upon its initial sale. Remarkably, twenty-eight years hence, in 2015, we commemorated this milestone by repurchasing the same machine for Rs 1,60,000, a testament to its enduring legacy.

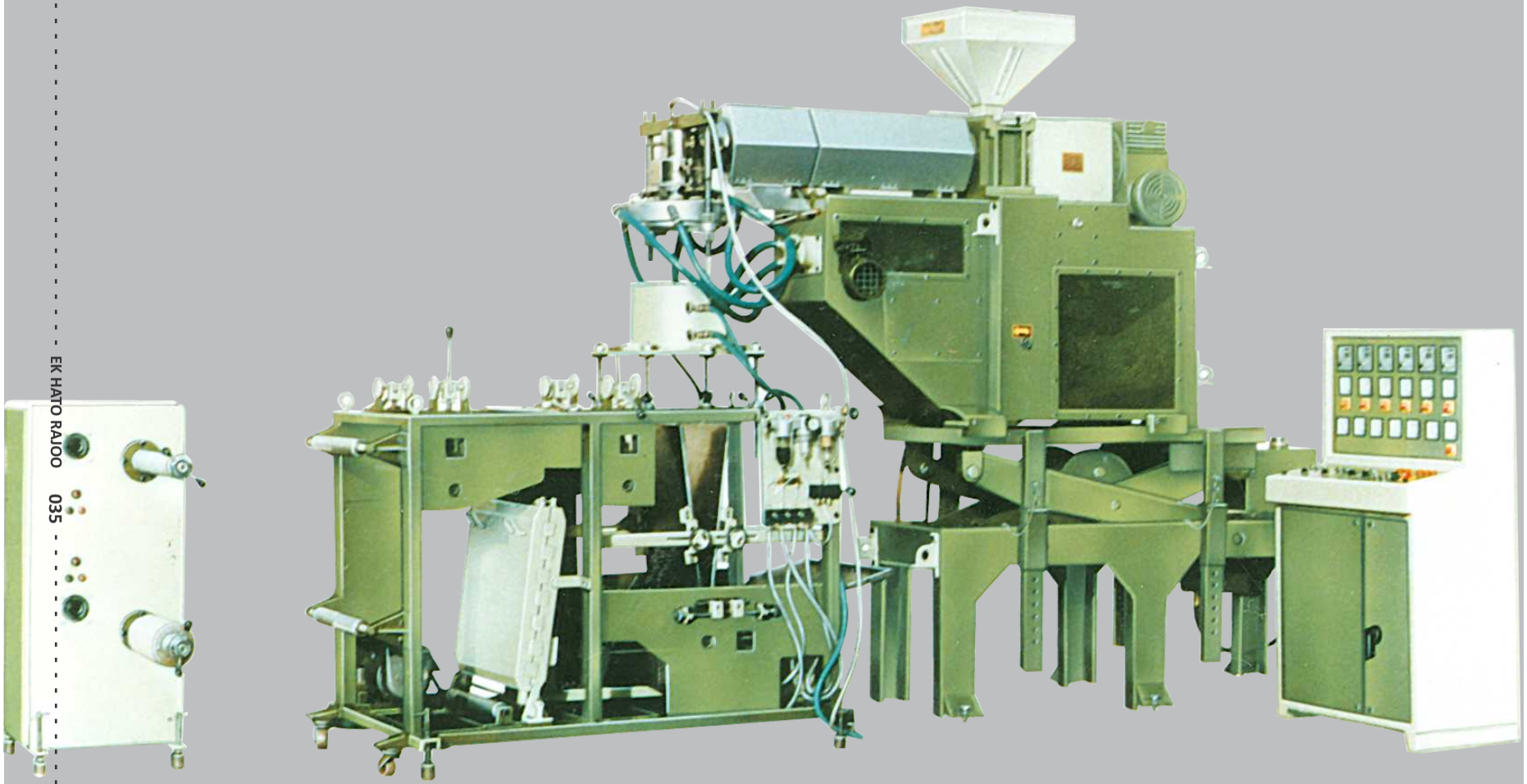
Today, this venerable apparatus continues to operate within the confines of our factory, serving as a poignant reminder of our journey and achievements.

During those days, a vivid recollection persists within my memory. I embarked upon a twenty-two-day sojourn in Mumbai, tasked with the procurement of essential components and materials requisite for the fabrication of our inaugural extrusion machine. Among these necessities were filters, lubricators, and regulators indispensable for facilitating the transmission of compressed air to the apparatus. These particular items hailed from a Mumbai-based enterprise known as Shavonorgren, whose distribution network encompassed dealerships across the region. Venturing forth, I directed my steps towards one such dealership situated in Mulund, helmed by the esteemed Shri Dongre. Upon articulating the precise specifications of my requirement, Shri Dongre forthrightly disclosed a valuation of Rs 975 for the desired equipment. However, I found this quotation to be egregiously inflated, prompting a query into the apparent incongruence of pricing.

In a display of apparent fortitude, Shri Dongre produced his billing ledger, proffering an invoice detailing the procurement of identical units by the esteemed Indian Defense Department. To my utter astonishment, the selfsame models, possessing identical dimensions and specifications, were tendered to the Defense Department at a princely sum of Rs 99,750, whereas a mere pittance of Rs 975 was extended to me for an analogous offering.

This revelatory encounter serves as a poignant testament to the pervasive corruption endemic within the defense sector, unveiling the extent to which malfeasance permeates such spheres of governance.

The first bag making machine was made in 1984



The first downward extrusion blown film line for making polypropylene tube, built in 1988

he remarked that if my indulgence did not exceed two or three bidis per day, it would not be entirely intolerable. Caught off guard by his composure, I impulsively blurted out, “I smoke only two or three.”

During the years 1979 - 1980, a young girl who was a classmate of my sister, Jayu, developed a deep infatuation with me. Her attachment was so intense that she began to pursue me with the fervor of someone utterly bewitched. When I commenced employment at a factory in 1981, this young lady-belonging to the Lohana community-would frequently visit me at my workplace under the pretense of delivering rice to the adjoining agriculture farm, always accompanied by her confidante. This clandestine acquaintance endured for approximately three to four months. Eventually, in an attempt to probe the depth and authenticity of her affection, I composed a letter to her in which I deceitfully claimed to be suffering from a terminal brain tumor !

3

I intend to initiate a discourse concerning the Rajoo Cotex & Raju Plastics, albeit commencing with a retrospective exploration of my infantile phase. From approximately the age of eight until the completion of my Secondary School Certificate, I exhibited a notably timid disposition. I was so fainthearted that venturing alone into the darkness was beyond my capacity. However, an extraordinary transformation ensued, wherein I evolved into an individual of considerable fortitude and fearlessness-though the precise catalyst for this metamorphosis escapes my recollection. During that period, our residence was situated on Mahadeviya Road, directly opposite the abode of Dr. Prafulbhai Vaidya, our esteemed family physician. Frequenting his home for recreational purposes and procuring soda for their household became an intrinsic part of our quotidian routine. Until I reached the ninth grade, the entirety of the household responsibilities fell upon my shoulders, and I fulfilled them diligently. Tasks such as meticulously cleaning the kerosene lanterns and illuminating them at dusk, as well as gathering bovine dung to fuel the traditional kitchen stove following the dispersal of the buffalo herd after school hours, were all carried out by me with a sense of wholehearted contentment and unwavering enthusiasm.

I received my education in Manavadar, and thus, it was only natural that my early companions included Ramesh Ekalwa-the son of our neighbor-along with Raju Secretary, Raju Jinjuwadia, and Raju Gandecha. Our financial circumstances were largely comparable, reflecting a modest, middle-class existence. My maternal uncle was engaged in the production of beedis under the brand name "Puranbeedi" in Sambalpur, Orissa. His associate in this enterprise was my uncle Shashikant, who eventually transported two large cartons filled with “beedi” samples to Manavadar, with the intention of initiating a retail operation in the locality. He proposed to my father that he consider entering the “beedi” trade. However, those sample boxes remained untouched, gradually collecting dust.

An unintended consequence of this was that Ramesh and I, driven by youthful curiosity and mischief, developed a nascent addiction to beedi smoking. We would discreetly extract beedis from the cartons and ascend to the terrace of our home, where we indulged in smoking away from inquisitive eyes.

… And then-the inevitable occurred.

Our secret indulgence was exposed when Shri Bhagwanjibhai Koradia, a schoolteacher residing directly opposite our house, caught sight of us in the act. Without delay, he reported the matter to my mother, informing him that her son had taken to smoking beedis. Enraged by the revelation, my father confronted me and responded with a few resounding slaps. That evening, with a mixture of disappointment and restraint, he called me to sit beside him and, in a grave tone, inquired, “Tell me truthfully-have you been smoking beedis?”

I said, "No, absolutely not!"

Although I was unequivocally lying, it seemed as though my father had already discerned the truth. As though attempting to soften the confrontation, he remarked that if my indulgence did not exceed two or three bidis per day, it would not be entirely intolerable. Caught off guard by his composure, I impulsively blurted out, “I smoke only two or three.” Following this unexpected confession, he refrained from harsh punishment; instead, he offered a gentle reprimand accompanied by some earnest counsel-and that marked the end of my brief dalliance with beedi smoking. It is an undeniable fact that, during my formative years, I harbored no genuine inclination toward academics or intellectual pursuits. Until the tenth standard, I was far more invested in street games such as street marble smash hit, Gilli Danda matches, cricket, and the like-engaging in them enthusiastically whenever time permitted. It was only in the eleventh and twelfth standards that I began to approach my studies with a semblance of seriousness. However, this sense of academic gravity existed solely within me; none of my family members recognized or acknowledged this change in attitude. Nonetheless, I managed to secure a second-class result in final years. In retrospect, I am consumed by profound regret for not having applied myself to my studies with diligence and focus. Yet I am acutely aware that time, once lost, is irretrievable. The sting of that missed opportunity remains ever-present. Even today, I feel an earnest desire to immerse myself in a variety of subjects. I begin with enthusiasm, but a persistent lack of concentration derails any sustained effort. Interestingly, this mental inconsistency was never a hindrance when it came to matters of business-where dedication, focus, and relentless effort came to me effortlessly.

She reported the matter to her maternal cousin, who then confronted me, brandishing a knife and accusing me of harassing his sister.

During the years 1979 - 1980, a young woman who was a classmate of my sister, Jayu, developed a deep infatuation with me. Her attachment was so intense that she began to pursue me with the fervor of someone utterly bewitched. When I commenced employment at a factory in 1981, this young lady-belonging to the Lohana community-would frequently visit me at my workplace under the pretense of delivering rice to the adjoining garden, always accompanied by her confidante. This clandestine acquaintance endured for approximately three to four months. Eventually, in an attempt to probe the depth and authenticity of her affection, I composed a letter to her in which I deceitfully claimed to be suffering from a terminal brain tumor. I elaborated that the prognosis was grim and that I had merely four to six months left to live.

Upon reading this fabricated confession, she abruptly severed all contact and ceased any further communication. My sole intention had been to test the nature and intensity of her emotions-nothing more. However, the outcome was rather dramatic: she reported the matter to her maternal cousin, who then confronted me, brandishing a knife and accusing me of harassing his sister. A brief altercation ensued, yet it did not escalate beyond a heated exchange of words and thus, the matter came to a definitive close.

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After my elder brother secured employment at a bank, we resided in a rented house in Manavadar that featured a bifurcated structure - one section with a traditional clay - tiled roof and the other with a cemented terrace. Motivated by aspirations of modest home improvement, we resolved to replace the earthen roof with a cemented slab. For technical guidance, we sought the counsel of Mr. Tidabapa, a seasoned mason who resided in our immediate vicinity. He advised that the area would first require excavation, which would then be filled with a composite of crushed stone (metal), lime, and sand, followed by the laying of cement.

Regrettably, we failed to inquire about the specific depth of excavation required, and he too neglected to provide this critical detail. Consequently, the three of us brothers embarked upon the task independently, laboring through the nights. Over the course of eight days, we excavated nearly six feet of soil from the designated area. Once the digging was complete, we summoned Mr. Tidabapa for the next phase. Upon inspection, he was taken aback and informed us that only a depth of approximately one to one-and-a-half feet

The one room Doshi family's home and the entrance the home (Deli) in Manavadar in 1978

was necessary.

Realizing our error, we were left with no alternative but to refill the entire cavity with the soil we had painstakingly removed. We then allowed the ground to settle and sprayed it regularly for eight days to stabilize it. Thereafter, under Mr. Tidabapa's supervision, the cemented slab was finally laid. The satisfaction of inhabiting that room - with its newly constructed concrete roof-was unparalleled and deeply gratifying.

In 1989, we ventured into industrial entrepreneurship by establishing a processing unit under the name Essen Polymers. That very year, an unfortunate medical emergency occurred involving our business partner, Mr. Khimjibhai. His wife experienced an ectopic pregnancy-wherein the fertilized egg had become lodged in the fallopian tube. Approximately six weeks into the gestation, she began to suffer from acute abdominal pain. Our trusted family physician, Dr. A. B. Parekh, was summoned to their residence for immediate evaluation. Upon clinical examination and diagnosis, it became evident that emergency surgical intervention was imperative. Any delay in operative treatment could have led to life-threatening complications.

Without delay, I, along with Khimjibhai, his wife, and Dr. Parekh, proceeded to Junagadh in response to the medical emergency. As per Dr. Parekh's instructions, I accompanied him to consult with Dr. Dilip Mehta and Dr. Patoliya regarding the patient's critical condition. Dr. Parekh apprised Dr. Mehta of the situation, explaining t he urgency and severity. Dr. Mehta responded that the surgical procedure would incur a cost of ₹10,000 and further stipulated that a written declaration must be signed, accepting full responsibility in the event of any complications or fatality during the operation. Adhering to the stipulated conditions, we arranged for the required payment and formalities. Dr. Mehta administered an analgesic injection to alleviate the patient's pain. However, after nearly an hour had elapsed, he abruptly withdrew from the case, stating his inability to perform the surgery and advised us to seek alternative medical intervention.

When I tendered the amount and asked for a formal receipt, he outright refused. So I slapped the doctor twice and said, why did you do this...

Aware of a competent surgeon named Dr. Sukhanandi, Dr. Parekh contacted him promptly. Owing to their professional rapport, Dr. Sukhanandi agreed to undertake the case without delay and summoned us to Janana Hospital. We arrived there expeditiously, and he conducted the surgical procedure with precision and success.

Subsequently, I revisited Dr. Dilip Mehta-not only to remit the payment for the injection previously administered but also to confront him regarding his unprofessional conduct. Upon inquiring about the amount due, he requested ₹250. When I tendered the amount and asked for a formal receipt, he outright refused. Enraged by this lack of accountability, I struck him twice and demanded an explanation for his unethical behavior. He remained silent. We departed from the premises without further escalation.

However, fearing reprisal, Dr. Mehta reached out to my acquaintance, Dr. Rajesh C. Doshi, pleading for intervention. Dr. Rajesh C. Doshi contacted me and advised against pursuing the matter further. Heeding his counsel, I refrained from taking any additional action. Yet, soon thereafter, a separate issue arose within the family sphere.

I have two maternal uncles-Shashikant Mama (the elder one) and Kirit Mama (the younger one). Shashikant Mama was my business associate in our former venture, Raju Plastics. Following the sale of Raju Plastics in 1986, he established and independently managed a plastic manufacturing unit in Bantwa. Meanwhile, Kirit Mama operated a wholesale tea distribution enterprise on Kewdawadi Main Road in Rajkot. Both uncles had thriving businesses. The elder was of a reserved disposition, committed to his work with quiet diligence, whereas the younger, Kirit Mama, not only handled the tea business but was also actively involved in multiple V.C. (Voluntary Contribution) schemes from 1985 to 1989. A (V.C., or committee, is a financial arrangement involving twenty participants, each contributing a predetermined amount. The pooled sum is periodically allocated to one member based on need, with interest rates ranging between 18% and 30% per annum.)

During the period when Kiritmama became excessively entangled in high-stakes gambling, he accrued

an insurmountable debt, rendering his continued residence in Rajkot untenable. Consequently, he, along with his immediate family, relocated to the village of Vasai. Regrettably, my elder maternal uncle, despite having no culpability in the matter, accompanied them without hesitation. As a significant sum belonging to local merchants-specifically goldsmiths, dairymen, and rice traders-had been misappropriated or remained unpaid, the family discreetly absconded without informing any acquaintances or creditors.

Coincidentally, the daughter of one such aggrieved gold merchant was married to a Muslim gentleman residing in Kandivali. This individual had affiliations with the associates of a local strongman, Hitendra Thakur, in Vasai. Upon learning of the uncle's flight, he informed Thakur's operatives, alleging that the family in question had misappropriated his relative's finances and evaded accountability.

Acting swiftly on this intelligence, Thakur's men located my elder uncle in Vasai and forcibly confiscated whatever remaining gold and liquid assets were in his possession. Shattered by this ordeal and overwhelmed by despair, Kiritmama consumed poison in a suicide attempt and had to be hospitalized urgently in Surat. The news reached us via an alarming phone call.

Immediately upon receiving the call, my elder brother procured a vehicle and brought nine members of the distressed family to Manavadar. After they had temporarily settled, it became imperative to retrieve household possessions still located in the rented residence in Rajkot. The rent of the Rajkot house had also accumulated and was overdue.

Accompanied by trusted friends and approximately 15–17 factory workers, I traveled by Ambassador car and a truck to Rajkot in the dead of night to recover the belongings. Given the hostility of unpaid creditors, the operation entailed considerable personal risk. No sooner had we arrived than the landlord, who resided upstairs, descended and demanded that the pending rent be settled before we could proceed. Once the payment was made, we began loading the possessions, but the landlord had secretly alerted one of the creditors, who promptly arrived and attempted to engage us in a confrontation.

To diffuse the situation, we deployed a clever ruse: we had enlisted an individual dressed in a police uniform, who had also been equipped with an air gun to enhance the illusion of law enforcement presence. When the creditor witnessed the uniformed man and the gun's barrel, he assumed the presence of official authority and backed down. Within 50 minutes, we had secured the belongings and departed for Manavadar.

Roughly a fortnight later, a man named Sherkhan from Mumbai arrived at our Manavadar factory, accompanied by Govindbhai Dangar from Vanthali and Ismailbhai Hokli, a locally influential figure. Sherkhan summoned me from my office and attempted to intimidate me by displaying a firearm and a cache of ammunition, demanding that we produce Kiritmama immediately.

We attempted to reason with him, warning him that threats issued within our territory could have unforeseen consequences. Sherkhan responded ominously, stating that my cousin's son, who operated a shop in Vasai, had already been under surveillance for two days. If anything were to happen to him here, the cousin would be held accountable. Upon verifying the veracity of his claim, we realized the severity of the situation and sought to pacify him. We offered him ₹20,000 to abandon his pursuit and return to Vasai, relaying that Kiritmama was not in Manavadar.

Sherkhan agreed to the proposal. I instructed the group to return to Vanthali while I arranged the sum. That evening, when I visited Ismailbhai Hokli's residence with the money, he had thoughtfully stocked my Ambassador car with bananas, coconuts, and other fruits-an act meant to offer moral support and bolster my spirit.

The subsequent days were riddled with anxiety and mental strain. However, in due time, matters began to stabilize. Three or four months later, I personally escorted my uncle to Rajkot to reconcile with the creditors. We held numerous deliberative sessions and reached amicable resolutions through careful negotiation. One such settlement involved a parcel of land in Bhaktinagar that my uncle had pledged to a certain Mohanbhai for ₹80,000 as security. The fair market value of the plot was ₹4,50,000. If we could retrieve the documentation, the

net value after returning the deposit would be ₹3,70,000-an amount sufficient to repay several creditors.

I visited Mohanbhai's office on Gondal Road and discussed our intent to reclaim the documents. He insisted either on full documentation or a return of the deposit. However, to delay proceedings, he repeatedly invoked impending court action, clearly an attempt to intimidate us. Eventually, we countered his tactic by threatening to approach him at his residence should further delays occur. Realizing our determination, he agreed to the terms, and we successfully concluded the transaction.

I have chosen to document this account not merely as a chronicle of events, but as an expression of profound disillusionment. Despite risking my own safety and going to great lengths to rehabilitate my uncle's standing-clearing his debts, resolving confrontations, and protecting his family-he now conducts himself as though no familial bond ever existed. The emotional pain of this betrayal is what compels me to preserve this story in writing.

My elder brother and I rigorously adhered to an 18-hour work schedule daily from 1981 to 2009 spanning a remarkable 25 - year epoch.

The enterprise of manufacturing plastic processing machinery is inherently laden with immense psychological and operational stress, primarily due to the rapidly evolving nature of polymer technologies. Approximately every six months, a novel polymer variant emerges, each characterized by distinct processing parameters and technical idiosyncrasies. Consequently, the pursuit of excellence in this field necessitates relentless diligence and perpetual intellectual engagement. My elder brother and I rigorously adhered to an 18-hour work schedule daily from 1981 to 2009-spanning a remarkable 25 - year epoch. With unwavering commitment, we tackled new technical anomalies and operational conundrums as part of our quotidian routine.

Our entrepreneurial philosophy was grounded in seizing every viable opportunity without hesitation. The mantra that guided our decision-making was: "Never say no to an opportunity." In alignment with this ethos, following the establishment of a processing unit in Manavadar, we embarked upon the development of a novel product-foam plastic sheets. For this initiative, we procured specialized additives from the United States and commenced experimental trials. To communicate trial feedback to our overseas supplier, I would frequently traverse to Junagadh on a scooter to make international telephone calls-an endeavor that we repeated multiple times to refine the formulation in accordance with their guidance. After several months of rigorous experimentation and uncertainty, we succeeded in manufacturing a commercially viable foam film. Subsequently, the machinery for this product achieved widespread dissemination across India, with 'Raju' being the sole domestic manufacturer of such technology at that juncture.

The Genesis of the Three-Layer Line - 1994 :

Our foray into the domain of international industrial exhibitions commenced in 1991 when we participated in Plast India, hosted at Pragati Maidan in Delhi. At that point, we constructed a mono-layer blown film machine and, being oblivious to exhibition protocols and logistical requirements, transported the equipment using two trucks. Upon arrival, we discovered that crane services for unloading had to be requisitioned in advance. Lacking such arrangements, we were compelled to manually offload the heavy machinery ourselves.

When the exhibition commenced, the disparity between our modest presentation and the sophisticated, professionally curated stalls of other exhibitors instilled a sense of inferiority in me. However, despite this emotional setback, a silver lining emerged when Mr. Ravi Mittal of Avantika Packaging purchased our machine. While the sale brought a degree of satisfaction, it also underscored our lack of preparedness and market positioning. Plast India exhibitions are held triennially, and the next iteration was scheduled for 1994.

Roughly 50 days prior to the 1994 exhibition, my elder brother was in Mumbai attending to business affairs. There, he learned that our principal competitors-Windsor Machine Ltd. and Kabra Extrusiontechnik-were preparing to unveil three-layer blown film machines at the forthcoming event. Recognizing the implications of being technologically eclipsed, he immediately contacted me and expressed concern that exhibiting a mono-

layer system amidst such advancements would tarnish our market reputation. Without hesitation, I concurred with his assessment and resolved to match the technological leap by showcasing a three - layer line.

However, the challenge remained formidable. Neither of us possessed prior experience or technical blueprints for constructing such a machine. Despite this, we convened a general assembly of our 60 factory employees and declared our intent to engineer a three-layer line within a stringent 40-day window. To our gratification, the workforce responded with remarkable enthusiasm and collective determination. Design schematics and production began in tandem, with teams working around the clock to fabricate components, execute precision machining, and conduct assemblies.

Although the machine was eventually constructed, we lacked adequate electrical infrastructure to conduct a comprehensive trial. Therefore, after conducting segmented trials on individual assemblies, we transported the entire system via truck to Delhi. This time, leveraging prior experience, we designed a visually appealing, meticulously organized exhibition stall to showcase our creation.

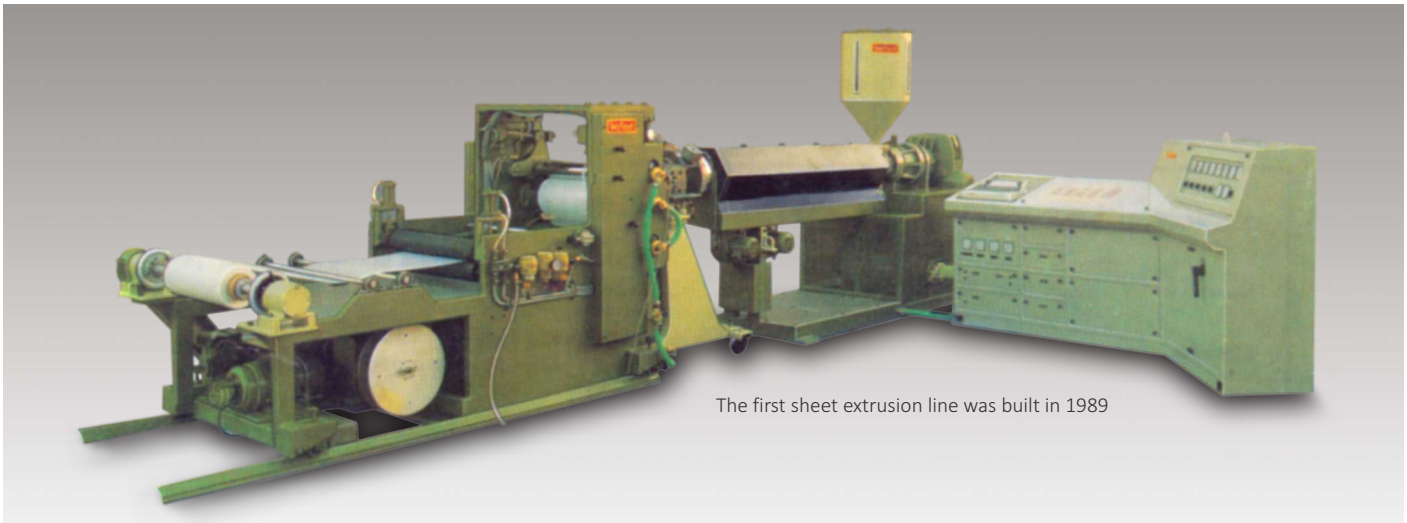
The machine was activated for the first time at the exhibition itself, astonishing spectators with its operational finesse. That a relatively nascent company-merely eight years into existence - had engineered such a cutting-edge solution left an indelible impression. Notably, while both Windsor and Kabra, with legacies spanning 30–40 years, also exhibited three-layer machines, their systems incorporated obsolete rotating platforms. In contrast, our system featured a state-of-the-art rotating haul-off unit-a significant innovation in thickness randomizing technology.

Design schematics and production began in tandem, with teams working around the clock to fabricate components, execute precision machining and conduct assemblies.

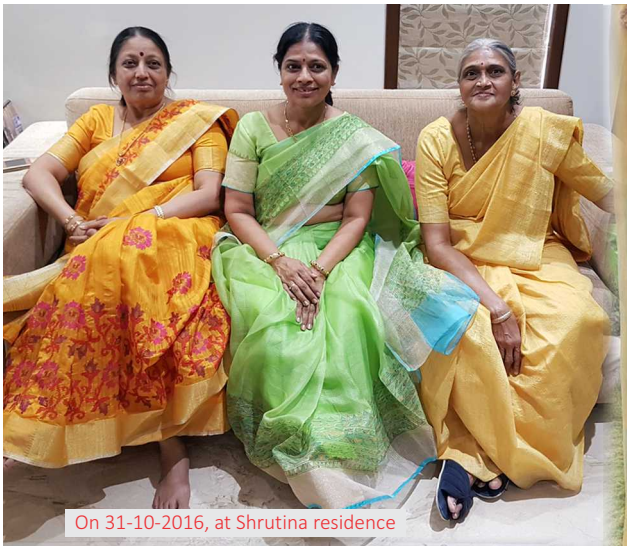
The rotating haul-off randomize gauge variation in the film roll, eliminating the need for a rotating platform. At that time, the haul-off configuration was considered the epitome of technological advancement, and our firm, 'Rajoo', was the pioneer in implementing it within India.

This technological superiority garnered significant attention. Unlike our competitors, our machine stood out for its engineering novelty and contemporary relevance. Same three layer was sold directly from the exhibition to Multifilms in Chiplun, Maharashtra. Mr. Sudhir Bandiwadekar, who was already operating a five-layer Barmag machine imported from Germany, expressed great interest in our indigenous solution. Following deliberations, a deal was concluded for Indian Rupees Twenty-Three and Half lakhs. Both parties were immensely satisfied.

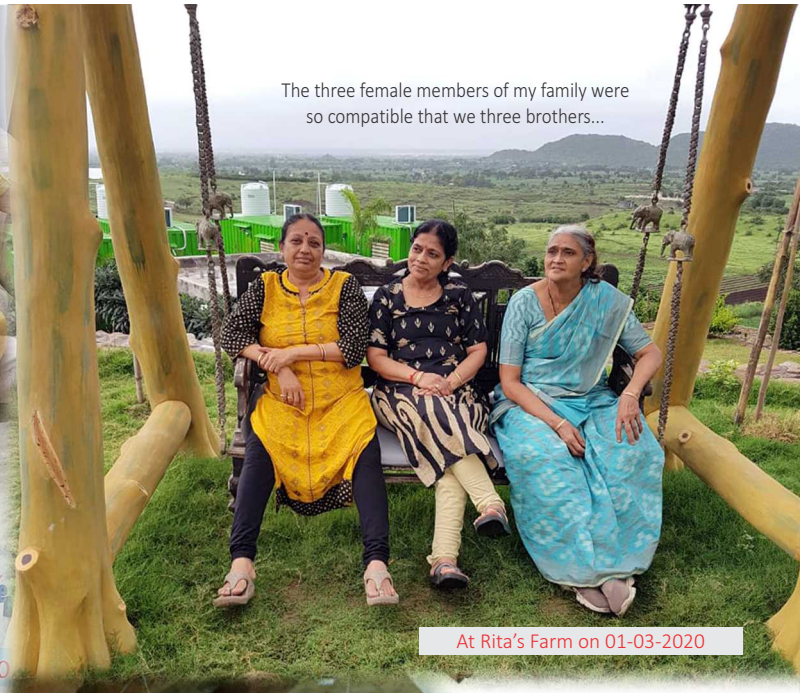
Subsequently, I, accompanied by our skilled technician Mr. Natubhai Vyas, traveled to Chiplun to install and commission the machine. The two of us remained on-site for approximately one month to ensure flawless integration and optimal performance before returning.



The first sheet extrusion line was built in 1989



On 31-10-2016, at Shrutina residence



At Rita's Farm on 01-03-2020

On 24-12-2017, the Kuldevi temple of the Doshi Family, Mengani

On the occasion of karishma's engagement on 05-12-2021

On Kishorbhai's birthday on 16-04-2016

I acquiesced to drafting an apology-despite the absence of any culpability on my part. I bore this indignity for the greater good, as my conscience could not reconcile with plunging an entire city into darkness over a matter of personal principle. Nevertheless, Mr. Bhadarka, leveraging the clout of his office, proceeded to file a legal case against me. However, the judiciary dismissed the charges during the initial hearing itself on the grounds of double jeopardy-arguing that the submission of an apology constituted a de facto punitive measure, thereby precluding any subsequent punishment for the same act.

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In the year 1993, we contemplated establishing a manufacturing facility in the Shapar industrial belt near Rajkot. Acting on this vision, Mr. Kishorbhai embarked upon a reconnaissance mission to identify suitable land parcels in the vicinity and subsequently presented his findings to my elder brother. A particular tract of land in Shapar caught our collective interest. As the designated plot was categorized as non-arable land and was priced at a modest ₹60 per square meter, we promptly resolved to acquire it.

Concurrently, we initiated a public offering amounting to Rupees Ninety lakhs, which garnered an overwhelmingly enthusiastic response from the investing public. The issue was oversubscribed by a staggering 24.5 times-a testament to the credibility we had cultivated. One incident from that time, which has remained indelibly etched in my memory even after three decades, is worth recounting. During the procedural phase of the public issue in 1993, our factory in Manavadar was functioning via a diesel-powered generator due to the erratic and often unreliable electricity supply in the region. On a particular morning in early 1993, the Electrical Inspector, Mr. Hudka, arrived at our facility around 10 a.m. to conduct a formal inspection. However, he declared that he had not brought his requisite diagnostic instruments and requested the use of ours.

As a manufacturer of precision machinery, we possessed a comprehensive suite of electrical testing apparatus, which we readily made available. After utilizing our equipment to carry out the inspection, Mr. Hudka departed, expressing satisfaction with the findings.

Surprisingly, he returned at 5 p.m. the same day with his own instruments, once again halting the electricity supply to re-conduct his inspection. At that very moment, a critical internal meeting was underway. My elder brother, Shri Chandrakantbhai, questioned why the generator had not been activated amidst the blackout. Upon learning that the inspector had returned for a second round of testing, he was incensed. In a moment of unrestrained emotion, he confronted Mr. Hudka and physically struck him, exclaiming, "No further inspection-leave immediately." The inspector, visibly shaken, fled the premises and refrained from initiating any formal complaint or legal recourse.

In preparation for the 1994 public issue of Rupees Ninety lakhs, we had pre-allocated promoter shares, which were acquired by our close associates and relatives in denominations ranging from 500 to 5,000 shares, each valued at ₹10. At the time, Mr. V. N. Bhadarka, the Divisional Head of the Gujarat Electricity Board in Manavadar, was offered 1,000 shares, which we had set aside specifically for him. Though I was hesitant to solicit payment, fearing it might affront his sense of official superiority, we eventually requested the dues as his tenure neared its conclusion. He remitted the funds and accepted delivery of the shares. Yet, I suspected that in his mind, he harbored the belief that, owing to his stature, such shares should have been conferred gratuitously.

Shortly thereafter, a fortuitous incident occurred: during routine maintenance on a utility pole, workers from the Gujarat Electricity Board suffered minor injuries due to a short-circuit. Despite the fact that our factory was situated nearly a kilometer from the site and a petrol pump generator lay between the affected area and our facility, Mr. Bhadarka attributed the accident to "reverse power" emanating from Rajoo Engineers' generator.

It became evident that his grievance over the share payment had embittered him, prompting a vindictive response. Alongside the aforementioned electrical inspector Mr. Hudka-who had his own unresolved resentment-Mr. Bhadarka launched a coordinated campaign of administrative harassment. A formal police complaint was lodged against me. In a display of unrestrained power, Mr. Bhadarka ordered a complete blackout in Manavadar and vowed that electricity would not be restored until I was placed under arrest.

Consequently, I discreetly vacated Manavadar and took temporary refuge in my ancestral village of Galvav. At the time, the local police inspector at the Manavadar station was Mr. M. D. Jadeja. When my elder brother Kishorbhai approached him for negotiation, the officer hinted at the necessity of a financial incentive. However, the Member of Legislative Assembly, Shri Jawaharbhai Chavda-a close confidante of my elder brother-intervened. He directly contacted Mr. Jadeja, firmly instructing him to refrain from executing an arrest. Instead, he advised the resolution of the matter through a formal letter of apology and the immediate restoration of the city's electricity.

Yet, I suspected that in his mind, he harbored the belief that, owing to his stature, such shares should have been conferred gratuitously.

At midnight, Shri Jawaharbhai summoned both Mr. Bhadarka and Mr. Jadeja to his office. Under his mediation, the city's electricity was reinstated, and I acquiesced to drafting an apology-despite the absence of any culpability on my part. I bore this indignity for the greater good, as my conscience could not reconcile with plunging an entire city into darkness over a matter of personal principle. Nevertheless, Mr. Bhadarka, leveraging the clout of his office, proceeded to file a legal case against me. However, the judiciary dismissed the charges during the initial hearing itself on the grounds of double jeopardy-arguing that the submission of an apology constituted a de facto punitive measure, thereby precluding any subsequent punishment for the same act.

Viewed objectively, this entire episode was nothing more than punitive retaliation for the audacity of demanding lawful payment for allocated shares. Yet despite these tribulations, the public issue of Rupees Ninety lakhs in 1994 was oversubscribed 24.5 times. Since that landmark moment, we have consistently disbursed dividends in the range of 10% to 35%, without interruption. Remarkably, the majority of those allocated promoter shares have retained their holdings to this day.

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In November 1994, I inaugurated the Shapar facility after successfully acquiring the land and having it formally declassified from agricultural use-an endeavor overseen by my elder brother. The architectural and construction responsibilities were entrusted to Junagadh-based civil engineer Mr. Suresh Badrakia. Under an accelerated, almost militaristic schedule, the construction was completed with unprecedented urgency. Subsequently, we transitioned our manufacturing operations from Manavadar to Shapar, although production at the Manavadar unit continued concurrently to safeguard employment for the local workforce.

The commencement of operations at the Shapar facility marked a significant milestone. The inaugural three-layer blown film extrusion machine fabricated at this newly established unit was commissioned for Mr. Suresh Tanna, a distinguished client from General Printers Limited, Nairobi. In acknowledgment of his patronage and longstanding association, Mr. Tanna was accorded the honor of inaugurating the Shapar manufacturing plant. Additionally, upon the courteous invitation of my elder brother, Shri Chandrakantbhai, the Managing Director of the State Bank of Saurashtra, Mr. Dilip Shanbag, graced the occasion with his esteemed presence.

Given the necessity of conducting a comprehensive performance trial prior to the ceremonial inauguration - scheduled for the 28th of November - the factory remained operational non-stop on the 25th, 26th, and 27th, spanning a continuous 72-hour cycle. These relentless efforts culminated in the successful

activation of the three-layer machine precisely on the day of the inauguration, thereby allowing distinguished guests to witness the machine in live demonstration, fully operational and technically sound.

Between 1981 and 2006, I personally engaged in approximately fifty such continuous 72-hour work cycles, foregoing sleep entirely, to oversee the trial runs, technical troubleshooting, and calibration of various extrusion lines and related machinery. Throughout this 25-year epoch, personal commemorations such as birthdays, anniversaries, and festive celebrations were relegated to insignificance. The singular focus that governed my existence was unadulterated commitment to professional endeavors. I executed this labor with wholehearted dedication and an unwaveringly sound mental constitution. My elder brother, Shri Chandrakantbhai, likewise exemplified indefatigable diligence, consistently laboring for eighteen hours a day, rarely allowing social or familial obligations to interfere with his responsibilities.

Shri Kishorbhai, meanwhile, remained preoccupied with his obligations as a public servant, while simultaneously assuming stewardship over the extended family's domestic affairs. The modest income derived from his government position sustained a joint family comprising thirteen members, inclusive of all three brothers. Remarkably, throughout this period, neither I nor my elder brother received any remuneration, honorarium, or financial dividends from Rajoo Engineers till fiscal year 2006. Conversely, the Aghera brothers-our partners - received monthly salaries. By the time they disassociated from Rajoo Engineers, the collective remuneration and ancillary expenses attributed to the five brothers amounted to an annual outlay of approximately Rupees Ninety lakhs.

Even prior to the establishment of the Shapar facility in 1994, five children belonging to the three families had been residing in Rajkot under the guardianship of Shri Kishorbhai for educational purposes. Despite the overwhelming demands of my professional schedule, I undertook the responsibility of meticulously preparing academic projects for these children. Each assignment was diligently completed and dispatched to Rajkot punctually, underscoring my enduring commitment to familial duty amidst relentless industrial responsibilities.

An extraordinary concord prevailed among the three female pillars of our household, which provided the foundational domestic stability enabling the three of us brothers to discharge our respective duties with unencumbered focus. While the eldest, Shri Chandrakantbhai, and I remained wholly engrossed in commercial pursuits, it was our middle brother, Shri Kishorbhai, who shouldered the most vital responsibility-meticulously overseeing the multifaceted needs of the joint family. From ensuring the scholastic engagement of all the children, coordinating their academic logistics, orchestrating family excursions, to attending to minute details such as procuring stationery or escorting them to and from school, every such obligation rested squarely upon his capable shoulders. It is not an exaggeration to assert that the trajectory of our enterprise would have faltered had it not been for the unwavering and selfless dedication of Kishorbhai. The evolution and prosperity we enjoy today

is, in no uncertain terms, deeply indebted to his quiet sacrifices.

The inaugural three-layer extrusion line, commissioned in 1994, performed commendably. Subsequently, in our earnestness to innovate, we introduced certain design modifications to overcome latent technical limitations. However, unbeknownst to us, these experimental alterations inadvertently introduced critical inefficiencies. Regrettably, we implemented these changes simultaneously across six machines ordered by various clients-without isolating and validating the modifications through controlled, incremental experimentation. Consequently, these subsequent units failed to replicate the performance of the original prototype, resulting in a palpable erosion of the market's confidence in our three-layer technology. In retrospect, we gleaned a valuable lesson: all technological experimentation must be executed in a single, monitored instance and only after its empirical validation should it be replicated in serial production.

None among us brothers possessed formal technical education, nor were we schooled in conventional business methodologies. Our growth and sustenance were achieved entirely through autodidactic effort, relentless perseverance, and an unwavering commitment to ethical labor. It was this unalloyed sincerity that underpinned our progress. I must also disclose a salient aspect of my personality-since childhood, I have harbored an innate resistance to external influence. I have never idolized anyone, followed any spiritual guru, or revered any celebrity figure. This trait-this ideological independence-is common across our entire familial lineage and remains unadulterated in our children as well. We have consciously insulated ourselves from hero-worship and superficial charisma.

In 1994, we embarked on a managerial restructuring by appointing, for the first time, a senior professional to the role of General Manager. Despite bestowing him with executive responsibility, our innate predisposition toward direct involvement led to friction. Frustrated, the GM candidly declared, "If I am to remain here, I require operational autonomy." In deference to this request, my elder brother and I intentionally disengaged from routine affairs for a span of six months. Unfortunately, this experiment proved fiscally detrimental-the company accrued expenses amounting to Rupees Twenty-Two lakhs while generating a meager Rupees Eleven lakhs in revenue.

Despite having a healthy order book, operational inefficiency stifled output. Eventually, we informed the General Manager that he was now accountable for the performance. Recognizing the stagnation, we resumed active control. Within the subsequent six months, we dispatched machinery worth Rupees Six and a Half crores-output that could have easily scaled to Rupees Ten to twelve crores under optimal execution. The underperforming executive was respectfully relieved, and Mr. Rashmikant Khamar assumed the position. Though the company's liquidity had weakened due to diminished turnover and persistent overheads, providence intervened in the form of Mr. J. T. Thanawala of K.M. Enterprises. His substantial order for a three-layer machine, valued at approximately Rupees One crore Thirty-Eight Lakhs, served as a financial lifeline, reinvigorating the enterprise and restoring its fiscal buoyancy.

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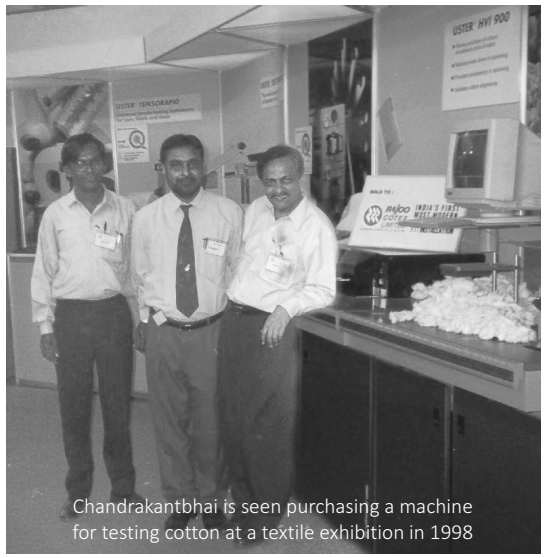
Towards the close of 1996, Mr. Deepak Takwani, Mr. Jayantilal Jhalawadia, and Mr. Premjibhai - hailing from Manavadar-approached us with a business proposal for a new venture to be established at our Shapar facility. Following protracted deliberations, it was resolved to proceed with the initiative. When I was asked whether I wished to spearhead this enterprise, I unequivocally stated that I would assume responsibility only if the venture were located in Manavadar, as I harbored an inherent aversion to residing in Rajkot. The prospect of this new endeavor offered me a welcome opportunity to return to my native town. That evening, I discussed the proposal with my brother Kishorbhai, informing him of my intention to invest in a ginning and pressing enterprise alongside Mr. Deepak Takwani. Upon learning this, Kishorbhai immediately expressed his vehement disapproval, cautioning me against partnering with Deepak, whom he regarded as wholly unreliable. Echoing his sentiments, several close confidants and stakeholders also strongly advised against associating with Deepak. Nevertheless, our elder brother, Mr. J.T. Jhalawadia, and Mr. Premjibhai placed their faith in Deepak's capabilities and, despite widespread objections, chose to advance the business collaboration.

By 1997, construction commenced on a parcel of 11.5 acre of land near Manavadar, marking the genesis of Rajoo Cotex Limited. Within a remarkably short span, approximately 150,000 square feet of state-of-the-art infrastructure was erected, establishing what would soon be recognized as the most modern ginning facility in India.

Senior representatives from the Central Institute for Research on Cotton Technology (CIRCOT), a division under the aegis of the Government of India, visited the site for a comprehensive assessment. Upon close inspection, they certified Rajoo Cotex Limited as the most technologically advanced ginning factory in the nation.



Chandrakantbhai is seen purchasing a machine for testing cotton at a textile exhibition in 1998

The foundational philosophy of Rajoo Cotex was to prioritize the production of impeccably clean cotton. Unlike conventional ginning facilities, where cotton typically incurs a weight loss of about 1.5% during the ginning and pressing process, our facility achieved a weight reduction ranging from 5% to 5.5%. This additional elimination of impurities-approximately 3.5% beyond the norm-yielded ultra-clean cotton that facilitated the production of seamless, superior-grade yarn in the spinning sector.

The factory quickly garnered acclaim. A visit by senior executives from Khimji Washram & Company opened the door to international trade, with Rajoo Cotex becoming the first Indian entity to export cotton to Germany. Prior to 1997, India had never exported cotton to any European nation. In its inaugural year, Rajoo Cotex exported an unprecedented consignment of 4,500 bales to Germany. The foreign buyers were highly impressed, and there was widespread optimism that we were poised to become a dominant force in the ginning industry with prospects for exponential growth.

As the final stages of construction concluded, numerous visitors came to inspect the facility and offered enthusiastic praise. However, a few skeptics remained.

On one particular afternoon around noon, as I was departing the premises, an elderly cotton buyer from Shri Morarji Gokuldas Mills, seated in an Ambassador car, halted near the factory gate. Upon inquiring about the ownership and learning that I was its proprietor, he curtly remarked, "Brother, this factory will not succeed." Though incensed by his unsolicited prophecy, I refrained from responding out of respect for his age and returned home in silence. Even prior to the establishment of the factory, Kishorbhai and several well-wishers had urged our elder brother not to involve Deepak in the venture. Yet, as destiny would have it, their counsel was disregarded, and the factory commenced operations.

Ironically, despite our integrity and transparency, success remained elusive-though, before elaborating on the reasons behind our eventual difficulties, I must recount an incident that left an indelible impression on my conscience. A young patel man from the village of Galvav was employed to stitch silk sheeting required for the cotton storage warehouses at Rajoo Cotex. His appointment had been facilitated by the recommendation of the village sarpanch, Shri Maganbhai. However, the young man was later discovered to be pilfering silk fabric in collusion with a security guard stationed at the factory's gate. Another vigilant guard uncovered the theft, leading to a confrontation. When the accused youth refused to admit his wrongdoing, he was physically assaulted and left in a disheveled, semi-conscious state-a reaction fueled by the prevailing emotion of the moment, although it must be acknowledged that vigilantism is never justifiable. In a display meant to shame him, half of his hair was shaved before he was handed over to the local police. Sub-Inspector N.G. Sayyed, a close friend of mine, personally arrived to apprehend the youth and administered a few slaps before escorting him to the station. Soon after, Sarpanch Maganbhai arrived and pleaded on behalf of the youth, citing his impoverished background. At his request, I contacted Mr. Sayyed and urged him to release the boy, which he graciously did. However, within

RAJOO
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LIMITED
White Gold
QUALITY POLICY
RECEPTION

three hours, six political opportunists from Manavadar taluka-maliciously intent on tarnishing my image-mobilized the young man and presented the episode to the Deputy Superintendent of Police in Junagadh as a case of criminal brutality. They enlisted the services of Junagadh's prominent legal advocate, Shri Lalwani, to draft an exaggerated three-page complaint accusing me of vigilantism and thuggery. I distinctly recall two of these six conspirators: Mr. Lakhman Master and Mr. Arvind Ladani-both men known for engaging in such unscrupulous endeavors.

Upon receipt of the formal complaint by the Deputy Superintendent of Police (DSP) in Junagadh, the matter was delegated to the Police Inspector of Manavadar for investigation. Shortly thereafter, the inspector contacted me to inform me that an inquiry was being initiated against me. I requested that the matter be discreetly deferred for four or five days, during which I would endeavor to resolve the situation through appropriate channels. However, no progress transpired, much to the chagrin of the Sarpanch of Galvav and the politically envious individuals aligned with him. They were dismayed that, despite escalating the matter to the level of the DSP, no formal action had been instigated.

In retaliation, they orchestrated a media campaign by enlisting Mr. Dhiru Purohit, the Junagadh correspondent of the Sandesh newspaper. They collaborated with him to draft an exaggerated half-page exposé, which they distributed to four prominent dailies. I succeeded in thwarting this dissemination. Undeterred, they escalated the matter to the Human Rights Commission, alleging that the youth had suffered permanent hearing loss due to the physical assault. Acting upon the Commission's advisory, the youth was admitted to the Junagadh Civil Hospital for evaluation. Simultaneously, a constable from the Junagadh 'B' Division Police Station was deputed to record his official statement. Upon learning of this development, I engaged directly with the constable and apprised him of the factual sequence of events. The constable, exhibiting a commendable sense of fairness, reassured me not to be alarmed. He then drafted the statement in a manner consistent with the truth, obtained the youth's signature, and subsequently forwarded the report to the Manavadar Police Station.

Despite the malicious intentions of these conspirators, they failed to secure any legal action against me. In a final act of coercion, three of the individuals approached me directly and demanded a sum of ₹50,000 in exchange for retracting all complaints. They alleged that the youth was prepared to forgive the incident, contingent upon my financial settlement.

Sensing their duplicity, I strategically deflected the extortion attempt by claiming that the other three members of their group had already extracted Rupees Fifty Thousand from me under similar pretenses. This misinformation catalyzed a rift among the six, fracturing their unity and isolating the young man.

I subsequently reached out to the now-estranged youth and offered financial assistance, should he be in genuine need. He acquiesced and accompanied me to the office of the Mamlatdar, where the Executive Magistrate and Deputy Mamlatdar, Shri Muchhalasaheb, were present. In their esteemed presence, the youth voluntarily executed a notarized affidavit-on a ₹10 non-judicial stamp paper-confessing to the theft and affirming the veracity of the incident. I personally ensured that the affidavit was duly attested and submitted to the appropriate law enforcement authority.

This decisive document conclusively terminated the investigation. The nefarious group of six, rendered powerless and discredited, were left in a state of stunned disbelief. Ironically, one among them later ascended to public office as an elected Member of the Legislative Assembly representing the Indian National Congress in the 2022 elections.

I must reflect candidly: while the Indian judicial system is famously tardy-delivering dates more reliably than justice-I was compelled to operate outside its formal structure out of sheer necessity. The psychological toll of that episode was profound. Despite my integrity and the absence of any moral transgression, I bore the weight of immense stress for a mistake that stemmed from reactive judgment in an emotionally charged moment.

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Since 1987, we have been diligently managing engineering and processing units, during which we have consistently received a multitude of recommendations-both formal and informal-from close relatives,

acquaintances, and even political figures, all vouching for the employment of their progeny or the offspring of their associates within our establishments. A number of these individuals continue to remain in our employment to this day.

Altruism and a proclivity for aiding those within our immediate circle are deeply embedded in the ethos of our family. Furthermore, once an individual has been incorporated into our workforce, it has been our unwavering policy not to dismiss them unless incontrovertible evidence of dishonesty or egregious misconduct comes to light. Even in cases of underperformance or lethargy, we refrain from termination. Presently, our units collectively employ approximately 1,800 personnel, and such is the unpredictability of fortune that we refrain from taking lightly the presence of any single individual-lest we unknowingly sever the very thread sustaining our enterprises.

I pen this segment to elucidate a series of deeply disillusioning experiences.

On one occasion, a sexagenarian from the Patel community of Manavadar appeared before us, emotionally distraught, beseeching employment for his son. He was visibly in tears, and the elder brother, moved by compassion, acquiesced to his request. Regrettably, after gaining employment, the son displayed insolence and began to create discord among his colleagues. When his father was confronted with the situation and asked to intervene, he responded with a singularly disheartening remark: “He does not heed my words.” What more could be said?

Numerous such instances abound-fathers, relatives, or guardians presenting their wards with solemn assurances: “From this day forward, this child is yours. Assign him any work, reprimand him if needed. Even if you withhold his wages, he shall remain obedient.” Yet, these very individuals, after being trained and nurtured over the span of a year or so, tender their resignations the moment they acquire a modicum of experience. They then secure employment elsewhere, often for a marginal increase in compensation. When we confront their guardians, reminding them of their previous entreaties, they conveniently deflect with: “I didn’t push them that hard.” Thus, the time, effort, and financial resources we invested in shaping their careers are rendered futile-cast to the winds.

Those who arrive with visible modesty and supplication often demonstrate the greatest impudence and ingratitude once placed in a position. Politicians, too, frequently draft letters of recommendation laden with unambiguous directives: “Please employ the bearer of this letter.” Yet, to date, such letters have never influenced our hiring decisions.

A particularly striking episode involved a female corporator from Ward No. 14 in Rajkot. She provided a letter advocating employment for an individual, plainly stating: “From this day, employ the brother who has come.” I responded on the same letter, indicating that due to the absence of any current vacancies, employment could not be extended and requested her forgiveness. Upon receiving this reply, the individual returned to her with the annotated letter. She promptly called me and brusquely inquired, “Do you know who I am?” I replied with equanimity, “No, kindly introduce yourself.” She continued, “I’m the corporator from Ward No. 14, and I do not live at your charity!” I responded, “That is perfectly fine. Please proceed as you deem appropriate, but I regret that I cannot offer employment.” To this day, the matter rests there.

In another instance, I received a call from the personal assistant of the District Superintendent of Police, requesting that I provide employment to two young men from the officer’s native village. I agreed, suggesting they be placed in helper positions. Within the hour, both reported to our unit and were accordingly assigned. However, after merely eight days, they ceased reporting for duty. When I informed the assistant of their absenteeism, he responded with a peculiar justification: “You should have assigned them to a less demanding role.” I explained, “This is an engineering facility-there is no concept of ‘light work’ here.” Eventually, those individuals were presumably accommodated elsewhere.

One particularly egregious case involved a youth from Keshod. His father had received financial support from me over several years for his son’s engineering education. Upon graduating, the son worked briefly in our unit before securing a more lucrative posting elsewhere. When confronted, his father callously remarked, “I

cannot control his actions."

Even now, such individuals continue to leave their sons in our care with lofty assurances. And despite repeated betrayals and widespread ingratitude, we continue to extend opportunities, holding onto the hope that not every new entrant will emulate the shamelessness and opportunism of those who preceded them. Sadly, the proportion of such individuals remains disappointingly high, but we remain resolute in our commitment to doing what is right.

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Advance Against Procurement of Machinery

Circa 2006–2007, approximately fifteen representatives from Bapu Nana Sahakari Mandali, a cooperative association hailing from a village in Maharashtra, visited our Rajkot-based manufacturing unit with the intent to place an order for a technologically advanced three-layer blown film extrusion plant.

Upon thorough evaluation and comprehension of the machine's technical intricacies, they proceeded to formalize an order for equipment valued at approximately Rupees Eighty-Five lakhs. Within a week's span, they remitted an advance payment of Rupees Fifteen lakh. Subsequently, over the course of four months, the fabrication and assembly of the machinery were completed to precise specifications.

Once the system was ready for commissioning, a contingent of 10 - 12 individuals from the same cooperative returned to witness and approve the trial run. The demonstration proved entirely successful, culminating in a formal acceptance of the machinery, duly documented through signed acknowledgments. At that juncture, it was mutually agreed that the remaining balance would be transferred within a week's time, following which the equipment would be dispatched.

However, by 2015-despite the lapse of nearly eight years-no further correspondence or payment was received from their end.

Unexpectedly, one day, I received a telephone call from an individual claiming to be the personal aide of Shri Purushottam Solanki, erstwhile Minister in the Government of Gujarat. The aide conveyed that Shri Solanki had instructed the reimbursement of the aforementioned Rupees Fifteen lakh advance paid by Bapu Nana Mandali.

In response, I explained the substantial financial loss we had incurred: the machine was retained in storage for nearly two years, during which the warranties on numerous electrical components had lapsed, resulting in an estimated depreciation of Rupees Thirty-Five lakh. I asserted that if Shri Solanki was prepared to compensate at least Rupees Twenty lakh of this loss, I would reconsider. The aide, however, issued a veiled threat, stating that Shri Solanki himself would call me that evening-yet, unsurprisingly, no such call was ever received.

A similar episode transpired during the tenure of Shri Gopinath Munde as the Chief Minister of Maharashtra. His son-in-law, Shri Amit Palve, required a five-layer blown film plant for the manufacture of packaging film used in milk distribution. He visited our facility in Rajkot, studied the technical parameters, placed an order, and provided an advance of Rupees Twenty lakh.

After the machine was built, he returned for the trial phase, which concluded satisfactorily. He assured us that he would return to Mumbai and remit the remaining payment to facilitate the machine's delivery. However, before the transaction could be finalized, Shri Munde's administration was unseated, which resulted in the abrupt cessation of Shri Palve's milk bag (film) supply operations. Consequently, he reneged on the procurement and declined to collect the machine-nor did he consent to a refund of the advance.

Approximately six to eight months later, Shri Gopinath Munde contacted Shri Vajubhai Vala of Rajkot, apprising him of the Rupees Twenty lakh advance paid to "Rajoo Engineer." Subsequently, Shri Vala personally visited my elder brother and, invoking moral persuasion, stated, "Chandubhai, return the funds. You will find profit elsewhere." Out of sheer respect and unwillingness to escalate matters further, Rupees Twenty lakh was returned to Shri Vala, who then forwarded the sum to Shri Munde.

There have been numerous such disheartening experiences over the years-so many, in fact, that detailing each incident would serve little purpose beyond redundancy.

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Subsequently, certain officials from Gujkot confided in me, revealing that they had routinely misappropriated between ₹70 to ₹90 lakh per season from other ginning enterprises in Manavadar where they are processing cotton on job work basis. Of the illicit proceeds, 40 percent were ostensibly distributed to the gin proprietors, while the officials retained the remaining 60 percent. They proposed a revised arrangement wherein I would receive 50 percent of the embezzled sum, contingent upon my acquiescence to their fraudulent activities.

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When we inaugurated Raju Cotex in Manavadar, the prevailing interest rates on institutional loans were an exorbitant 22.5 percent. The operational process entailed an inherent weight attrition of approximately 3.5 percent. At the inception of our manufacturing facility, we harbored the optimistic expectation that the remuneration received for the net rupee would be commensurate with our projections. Preliminary consultations with several spinning industry professionals yielded assurances that remitting net rupees would ensure just compensation.

However, these anticipations were starkly contradicted by the eventual reality. The procurement of cotton was executed at inflated rates, the anticipated net prices did not materialize, and the oppressive interest burden compounded our financial duress. The convergence of these adverse factors culminated in a substantial financial debacle, inflicting a cumulative loss nearing ₹10 crore. We exhausted every conceivable measure in an attempt to mitigate these losses and, ultimately, were compelled to cease operations before the conclusion of 1999. Upon the closure of operations, we were inevitably reminded of the skeptics who had previously voiced their pessimism. Nevertheless, we bore the entirety of the financial burden ourselves, ensuring that neither Mr. Jentibhai Jhalawadia nor Mr. Premjibhai-our esteemed associates-suffered any pecuniary detriment.

Given the absence of profitability in speculative cotton trading, I engaged with the representatives of Gujkot (Gujarat State Co-operative Cotton Federation Limited) and presented to them the infrastructure of our facility. Consequently, contractual job work commenced under their aegis. Gujkot, which traditionally outsourced ginning operations to multiple facilities within Manavadar and across 22 additional locations in Gujarat, centralized part of its operations at Raju Cotex. During the inaugural ginning season, a deviation from standard procedure occurred wherein the machinery allocated for the production of clean cotton was bypassed. This anomaly inadvertently resulted in Raju Cotex registering the lowest weight depreciation across the state. As a corollary, Gujkot secured cotton at a discount of approximately 2 percent compared to its previous procurement costs.

Whereas most centers were generated yield of 33 percent, Raju Cotex was distinguished by an enhanced yield rate of 35 percent, attributable to superior cotton quality and an uncompromising stance on operational integrity. The elimination of corrupt practices among Gujkot officials was a contributing factor to this enhanced efficiency.

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proprietors, while the officials retained the remaining 60 percent. They proposed a revised arrangement wherein I would receive 50 percent of the embezzled sum, contingent upon my acquiescence to their fraudulent activities.

I categorically declined the offer and ensured that no such malfeasance was permitted under our purview. As a direct result of this principled stance, weight loss during processing significantly diminished. Thus, despite enduring a monumental loss of ₹10 crore, we steadfastly adhered to our ethical convictions and upheld unwavering honesty throughout.

Given the prerequisite of a cooperative society to facilitate cotton procurement and sales operations with Gujkot, I established the Shri Saurashtra Cotton and Cotton Sale-Purchase Cooperative Society. Subsequent to its formation, transactions with Gujkot could be conducted seamlessly, wherein Gujkot procured its requisite quantities of cotton directly through this society.

During this period, I maintained continuous liaison with the then Managing Director of Gujkot, Shri N. M. Sharma, as well as Chairman Shri Bhagwandasbhai and the procurement officials-Shri Sharad Pandya, Shri Vorasaheb, and Shri Prashant Vora. Impressed by the unwavering integrity with which we conducted in our dealings, Shri Sharma encouraged me to pursue a directorial position within Gujkot. He apprised me that e ligibility for this position necessitated affiliation with a district-level cooperative union of commodity-trading societies, particularly those engaged in the procurement and sale of agricultural produce such as rice.

Upon approaching Shri Jawaharbhai with this request, he unequivocally declined to issue the requisite NOC.

Motivated by this counsel, I undertook the task of forming such a district union. I had already constituted one society; to augment this, I collaborated with agriculturists from six additional villages within the Junagadh district to establish six more cooperative societies. This strategic consolidation paved the way for the conceptualization of a district-level union.

At the time, a district cooperative union was being managed by Shri Jawaharbhai Chavda. Institutional protocol required that in order to establish a parallel district union, a No Objection Certificate (NOC) must be secured from the existing union. Upon approaching Shri Jawaharbhai with this request, he unequivocally declined to issue the requisite NOC.

However, my resolute disposition rendered his refusal ineffectual. The following day, I proceeded to the Office of the Registrar of Cooperative Societies in Junagadh, where Mr. Vachhanibhai of Sardargarh was stationed. I engaged him in conversation and succeeded in establishing rapport. At the time, Mr. Kaushik Joshi held the post of District Registrar. I conveyed to Mr. Vachhani my intent to establish a district union. Upon hearing this, he inquired whether I could provide a sample constitution of such a union. He then permitted me to review the file of the existing union overseen by Shri Jawaharbhai.

From this file, I gleaned the names of the working president and secretary of the existing union, as well as observed their signatures-both of which were rudimentary and easily replicable. Upon exiting the Registrar's office, I commissioned the creation of rubber stamps bearing the names of these officials, designed a letterhead, and fabricated an NOC in accordance with the colloquial idiom of Dala Tarwadi: "Take two to three brinjals, or take eight to ten."

After compiling a voluminous dossier for the Junagadh District Cotton Purchase and Sale Union, I annexed the fabricated NOC and presented the file to Mr. Kaushik Joshi. Upon meticulous examination, he compiled his official report and formally acknowledged and validated my union, expressly referencing the attached NOC.

Two to three days later, I revisited the Registrar's Office and inquired with Mr. Vachhani regarding the status of the file. He confirmed that everything was in order and handed me the documentation for submission to the Extension Officer at the Manavadar Taluka Development Office. As the Extension Officer in question happened to be Shri Jawaharbhai Chavda himself, I considered the delivery of said papers to be redundant and potentially contentious. Consequently, I discarded the documents into a waste bin upon exiting the office and

redirected my attention to more productive endeavors.

After the statutory period of ninety days elapsed, the name of my district union was officially published in the Gujarat Government Gazette, thereby granting it complete legitimacy and recognition. On the same day, I returned to the Registrar's Office and requested to examine the office copy of my union's file. As I feigned perusal of the documents, I discreetly extracted the original fabricated NOC from the file, secured it in my pocket, and courteously returned the file to Mr. Vachhani.

Upon the publication of the union's name in the Gujarat Government Gazette, Shri Jawaharbhai Chavda became apprised of the development. In a state of consternation, he immediately telephoned Shri Kaushik Joshi, the District Registrar, and inquired, "How did you proceed with registration in the absence of my No Objection Certificate?" Shri Joshi responded authoritatively, asserting that the certificate had been received from Jawaharbhai's own office and had been personally verified as part of the documentation on which the registration had been duly sanctioned.

Determined to validate the claim, Shri Jawaharbhai proceeded to the Registrar's office to physically scrutinize the records. Despite meticulously examining the contents of the file multiple times-no fewer than eight to ten thorough reviews-the No Objection Certificate was conspicuously absent. A contentious altercation ensued between the two officials, during which Shri Jawaharbhai, leveraging his political influence, orchestrated the transfer of Shri Joshi from his post. Nonetheless, he was unsuccessful in nullifying or revoking the registration of my union.

Following the successful registration, the next procedural step required me to acquire a membership certificate from the Junagadh District Cooperative Bank, which was essential for obtaining a directorial seat at Gujkot. I formally submitted an application for institutional membership on behalf of my newly registered union. At that juncture, Shri Jethabhai Panera presided as the Chairman of the District Cooperative Bank. In an act of calculated inertia, he refrained from acknowledging or acting upon my application for an extended period of approximately eight months.

Their deliberate inaction was driven by political apprehension. They feared that if I were to be admitted as a member, I would become eligible to contest the forthcoming bank elections-a prospect they found intimidating, given their belief that my candidacy would result in a decisive electoral victory, thereby disrupting their entrenched power dynamics.

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However, their strategic oversight cost them dearly. During this same interval, the bank election schedule was announced. I promptly approached the Manavadar Civil Court and secured an interim stay order, effectively suspending the election process until such time as my membership application was resolved. This judicial intervention created significant turbulence among the incumbent leadership.

In the aftermath of the stay order, five prominent figures-Shri Jethabhai Panera, Shri Jethabhai Jora, Shri Punjabhai Vansh, Shri Veerabhai Wala, and Shri Leelabhai Khunti-sought to initiate dialogue with me. They reached out through various channels and eventually summoned me to a confidential meeting at a guesthouse in Junagadh. The tenor of the discussion was diplomatic yet anxious. They conveyed that should I choose to contest the election, Shri Veerabhai's position would be imperiled, as my union held seven eligible votes while he possessed only six in the same electoral category.

I offered them reassurance, explaining that I had no aspirations of contesting the bank elections. My sole objective was to obtain membership, as it was a statutory prerequisite for securing a directorial post at Gujkot. Following this clarification, my membership was immediately processed and approved without further resistance.

When Rajoo Cotex commenced ginning and pressing operations for Gujkot, a strategic consolidation ensued, whereby ginning operations-previously distributed across four to five separate units in Manavadar-were centralized under Rajoo Cotex. This move disrupted the vested interests of existing ginners, who had been illicitly profiting through systematic pilferage and manipulation. They not only misappropriated cotton but also

defrauded Gujkot by supplying substandard lint at inflated prices, under the guise of legitimate trade.

One of the aggrieved parties, Shri Ratibhai Vikani, proprietor of Patel Cotton, leveraged his political alliances and persuaded the then Member of Legislative Assembly for Manavadar, Shri Ratibhai, to intercede on his behalf. Accompanied by Nitinbhai Patel-who would later serve as Deputy Chief Minister in 2022 - he approached Gujkot officials with a proposal to exclude Rajoo Cotex from future ginning assignments. However, owing to the credibility of my transparent and upright business practices, their petition was summarily dismissed, and they returned without garnering any support.

Shri Ratibhai Sureja as an MLA, he always issued specific instructions to his cadre at a public gathering, stating unequivocally: “Engage in any pursuit you wish, but never obstruct or interfere with Shri Rajubhai Doshi.”

At this juncture, I am compelled to recount an anecdote that continues to resonate with me. During the tenure of Shri Ratibhai Sureja as an MLA, he once issued specific instructions to his cadre at a public gathering, stating unequivocally: “Engage in any pursuit you wish, but never obstruct or interfere with Shri Rajubhai Doshi.” His rationale was not that I was feared for being obstinate or domineering, but rather that my reputation for unwavering integrity preceded me. I was known to be uncompromising in matters of ethical conduct, and if anyone sought to impede my path, I possessed both the intellectual acumen and moral fortitude to dismantle their arguments with precision and principle.

During my residence in Manavadar from 1997 to 2010, it gradually evolved into an unspoken protocol-beginning around 1998-that every newly appointed Police Sub - Inspector would, almost as a matter of custom, make an introductory visit to either my factory premises or my residence shortly after assuming office. This tacit tradition became so ingrained that throughout the aforementioned period, without exception, each officer made it a point to seek an audience with me.

It is often opined-and remains so-that one must neither cultivate camaraderie with the police nor provoke enmity; yet I defied both extremes and paradoxically reaped benefits from each. The rationale was simple: although cordiality was extended, I never exploited these relationships to solicit unlawful favors nor did I ever resort to bribery or inducements. Suffice it to say, the tale of Lena Devi aptly encapsulates the dynamic-it was about what was taken, never what was given.

As part of its procurement strategy, Rajoo Cotex regularly acquired cotton from farmers across Bhayavadar, Dhoraji, Upleta, Surendranagar, and other regional marketing yards. As per protocol, each yard levied cess charges-commonly referred to as "residue." However, the Manavadar Marketing Yard, under the stewardship of Shri Jawaharbhai Chavda, imposed a redundant cess on every trader, despite the dues having already been remitted in the originating yard. The enforcer of this arbitrary practice was one Shri Rajabhai Kangad, an obstinate and overbearing official. Notwithstanding this, Rajoo Cotex had lawfully settled its obligations in a singular comprehensive payment-making it the only facility in the entire taluka to achieve such regulatory compliance in residue payments.

In due course, unscrupulous traders operating in the Kalavad region began exploiting the goodwill of Rajoo Cotex by falsely listing our name as the purchaser of their cotton consignments. Owing to Rajoo Cotex’s sterling reputation, the Kalavad yard personnel waived payment requirements and permitted shipments to proceed unimpeded. The deceit continued unnoticed for two years, culminating in a legal summons issued by the Kalavad Market Yard for non-payment of dues. An arrest warrant was dispatched to the Manavadar Police Station in my name.

Upon receiving a call from the station apprising me of the warrant, I responded unflinchingly, “I am at the factory-proceed with the arrest.” However, I was informed that no such action would be taken and was advised instead to seek quashing of the warrant in the Kalavad Court for a nominal penalty. Conscious of my public stature and unwilling to subject myself to the ignominy of court appearance, I enlisted the assistance of my close confidant, Shri Praveenbhai Joshi, instructing him to impersonate me and have the matter resolved.

Without hesitation or objection, he travelled to Kalavad, presented himself before the magistrate as Rajesh Doshi, tendered the minimal fine, and returned discreetly. Concurrently, during 1998–99, adverse climatic conditions-namely erratic monsoons-led to cotton yield deficits, resulting in weight discrepancies of up

to 3.5%. Coupled with 22.5% interest rates on bank loans, the cumulative impact plunged the company into financial distress. Consequently, Rajoo Cotex Ltd. was declared a "sick unit" by the Board for Industrial and Financial Reconstruction (BIFR), a central regulatory body.

Subsequent to exhaustive negotiations with financial institutions and governmental entities, we remitted the entirety of the principal loan amount-amounting to ₹10 crore-without interest. Following this, Rajoo Cotex Limited ceased operations.

By 2000, both Rajoo Cotex and our Ayurvedic subsidiary had accrued aggregate losses totaling ₹11 crore. Rajoo Cotex was temporarily leased out for an annual rent of ₹22 lakh, but the tenant vacated within a year, leading once again to its abandonment. In 2007, a conspiracy unfolded wherein the land-measuring 1.5 lakh square feet and originally classified as non-agricultural and mortgaged for the aforementioned loans-was fraudulently converted back into cultivable land. This subversion was executed by the then “Talati” and the original landowner, who jointly orchestrated the manipulation of revenue records and illicitly secured an agricultural loan of ₹20 lakh.

The modus operandi of this fraudulent transaction remained obscure until 2010, when we became cognizant of the irregularity. We promptly approached the Collector’s Office but, encountering bureaucratic apathy, were compelled to escalate the matter to the High Court. The verdict, delivered in 2023, unequivocally annulled the Collector’s order and decreed that ownership of the land be restored to Rajoo Cotex.

Execution of this judicial mandate was assigned to the Mamlatdar of Manavadar, Shri Khimabhai. J. Maru, who audaciously demanded a bribe in exchange for compliance. We once again petitioned the High Court, informing them that the officer was flouting their directive. The court summoned and reprimanded Shri Khimabhai. J. Maru, who, under pressure, fabricated a delay but ultimately proceeded with the land transfer-albeit after receiving the demanded gratification. Subsequently, the land was sold to administrators of the Indian Navy College.

In a later development, Rajabhai Kangad approached me with a proposal to revive operations under Rajoo Cotex. Our agreement stipulated that he would invest the capital, while ownership of the land, infrastructure, and net profit would be equally shared. The venture recommenced and functioned for approximately two years, during which it generated ₹1.25 crore in revenue. Of this, ₹60 lakh was disbursed to us, following which the enterprise was again shuttered.

To prevent the property from deteriorating through neglect, I permitted Shri Vinubhai Darania to utilize the premises rent-free. However, within a year it became apparent that unauthorized subletting had taken place, and the premises were being used for businesses unrelated to ginning. I was left with no alternative but to issue an immediate eviction order and reclaim possession of the property.

During the course of this unit’s construction, numerous onlookers and visitors prognosticated its inevitable failure-an assertion that, in retrospect, proved to be entirely accurate.

The period was marked by immense adversity and formidable challenges. Yet, the three brothers, through unwavering solidarity and an unyielding spirit of cooperation, persevered with remarkable fortitude and collectively emerged from those profoundly arduous circumstances.

☐ ☐ ☐

I would also like to recount an episode that exemplifies the unwavering integrity, principled upbringing, and moral rectitude that characterize the Doshi family.

In 1977, when the government led by Prime Minister Shri Morarjibhai implemented amendments to the Foreign Exchange Regulation Act, the Coca-Cola Company was compelled to diminish its equity shareholding in India. Unable to comply with the revised statutory requirements, the company withdrew from the Indian market, thereby halting the circulation of what was perceived by many as a deleterious beverage. Years later, during the tenure of Shri P. V. Narasimha Rao, the ninth Prime Minister of India (1991–1996), Coca-Cola once again initiated discussions with the Government of India, endeavoring to reestablish its commercial presence.

At that juncture, Shri Rajubhai Parmar, a Rajya Sabha member representing Gujarat and affiliated with the Indian National Congress, held a significant position on the Central Industrial Committee. He had previously

served as an employee at the State Bank of Saurashtra alongside my elder brother, Shri Chandrakantbhai, with whom he shared a longstanding and selfless friendship. During the course of negotiations between Coca-Cola and the Indian government, Shri Parmar-entrusted with influencing key decisions regarding the beverage giant's reentry-visited Manavadar in late 1992 or early 1993 and earnestly urged my elder brother to accept the exclusive distributorship for Coca-Cola across India. Owing to the sincerity of their friendship, the proposition could not be dismissed abruptly.

At the time, I was approximately 32 years old and actively involved in overseeing production operations. I too was present at this pivotal meeting. In a manner that preserved the sanctity of their relationship, my elder brother gently declined the offer, saying, “Raju, we do not consume Coca-Cola or Pepsi, as we do not deem them fit for consumption. How, then, can we ethically commit to distributing such products? Please consider extending this opportunity to another of your acquaintances.”

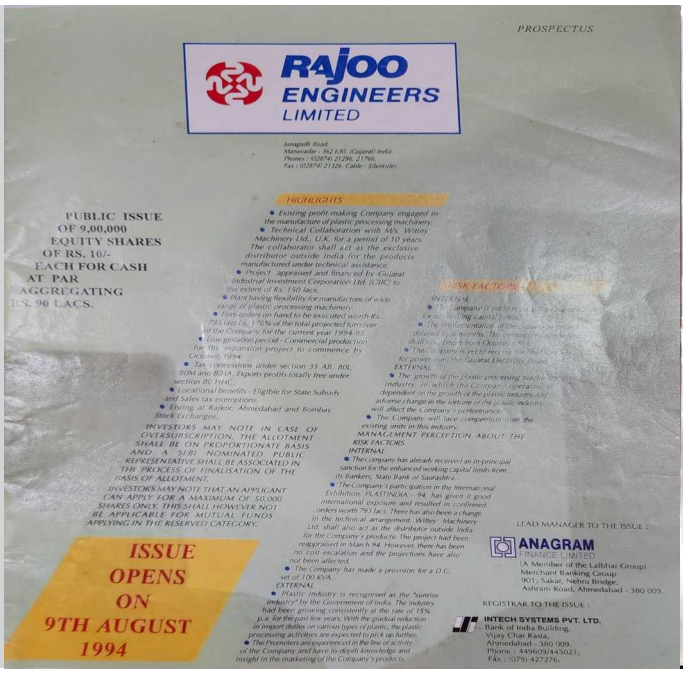
And thus, I renounced the opportunity to manage Coca-Cola’s nationwide sales network without a hint of regret, choosing instead to honor our values. To this day, I have refrained from consuming beverages such as Coca-Cola or Pepsi. While I do not object to non-aerated soft drinks in general, I have steadfastly maintained the habit-adopted in 1985-of avoiding food prepared outside my home.

In earlier years, I might have partaken in meals served at weddings, but wherever possible, I preferred to abstain from eating at public functions or commercial establishments. I have always found solace in home-cooked meals. During my own wedding, my in-laws were informed in advance to serve me a simple meal comprising homemade rotis, dal, and rice-an instruction that was duly honored.

I vividly recollect an occasion when I visited my sister’s in-laws in Porbandar to extend a formal invitation for her nuptials. As the bride’s brother, social conventions dictated that a celebratory confection or elaborate fare be presented in my honor. However, upon being seated for the meal, I courteously requested a humble portion of dal and rice, clarifying that I refrained from partaking in fried delicacies. When my brother-in-law inquired further, I impulsively quipped, “I have a brain tumor,” a declaration that precipitated considerable alarm and consternation.

Subsequent to my departure, my sister, Shaili, received a distressed phone call from her in-laws, fraught with concern regarding my health. With her signature poise and unflappable demeanor, Shaili reassured them, saying, “Had you insisted on serving him fried food, he would indeed have walked away with a brain tumor as an excuse!”

Amusing anecdote notwithstanding, my commitment to dietary austerity has remained unwavering. For nearly seven years, I have adhered to an ascetic regimen-consuming identical, unembellished meals twice daily, morning and evening, with commendable consistency approximately 95% of the time.


PROSPECTUS

RAJOO ENGINEERS LIMITED

Junagadh Road,
Manavadar - 362 630 (Gujarat) India.
Phones : (02874) 21236, 21760.
Fax : (02874) 21126. Cable : Silentsile.

PUBLIC ISSUE OF 9,00,000 EQUITY SHARES OF RS. 10/- EACH FOR CASH AT PAR AGGREGATING RS. 90 LACS.

HIGHLIGHTS

• Existing profit making Company engaged in the manufacture of plastic processing machinery.
• Technical Collaboration with M/s. Wittey Machinery Ltd., U.K. for a period of 10 years. The collaborator shall act as the exclusive distributor outside India for the products manufactured under technical assistance.
• Project appraised and financed by Gujarat Industrial Investment Corporation Ltd. (GIIC) to the extent of Rs. 150 lacs.
• Plant having flexibility for manufacture of wide range of plastic processing machinery.
• Firm orders on hand to be executed worth Rs. 753 lacs i.e. 17.5% of the total projected turnover of the Company for the current year 1994-95.
• Low gestation period - Commercial production for the expansion project to commence by October, 1994.
• Tax concessions under section 35 AB, 80L, 80M and 80IA. Exports profits tax free under section 80 HHC.
• Locational benefits - Eligible for State Subsidy and Sales tax exemptions.
• Listing at Rajkot, Ahmedabad and Bombay Stock Exchanges.

INVESTORS MAY NOTE IN CASE OF OVERSUBSCRIPTION, THE ALLOTMENT SHALL BE ON PROPORTIONATE BASIS AND A SEBI NOMINATED PUBLIC REPRESENTATIVE SHALL BE ASSOCIATED IN THE PROCESS OF FINALISATION OF THE BASIS OF ALLOTMENT.

INVESTORS MAY NOTE THAT AN APPLICANT CAN APPLY FOR A MAXIMUM OF 50,000 SHARES ONLY. THIS SHALL HOWEVER NOT BE APPLICABLE FOR MUTUAL FUNDS APPLYING IN THE RESERVED CATEGORY.

ISSUE OPENS ON 9TH AUGUST 1994

RISK FACTORS

INTERNAL

• The Company is yet to [illegible] working capital loans.
• The implementation of the [illegible] delayed by [illegible] months. The [illegible] during [illegible] from October, 1994.
• The Company is yet to receive the [illegible] for power from the Gujarat Electricity [illegible].

EXTERNAL

• The growth of the plastic processing machinery industry, in which the Company operates, is dependent on the growth of the plastic industry. An adverse change in the fortune of the plastic industry will affect the company's performance.
• The Company will face competition from the existing units in this industry.

MANAGEMENT PERCEPTION ABOUT THE RISK FACTORS

INTERNAL

• The Company has already received an in-principal sanction for the enhanced working capital limits from its Bankers, State Bank of Saurashtra.
• The Company's participation in the international Exhibition, PLASTINDIA - '94, has given it good international exposure and resulted in confirmed orders worth 793 lacs. There has also been a change in the technical arrangement. Wittey Machinery Ltd. shall also act as the distributor outside India for the Company's products. The project had been reappraised in March '94. However, there has been no cost escalation and the projections have also not been affected.
• The Company has made a provision for a D.G. set of 100 KVA.

EXTERNAL

• Plastic Industry is recognised as the 'sunrise industry' by the Government of India. The industry had been growing consistently at the rate of 15% p.a. for the past few years. With the gradual reduction in import duties on various types of plastic, the plastic processing activities are expected to pick up further.
• The Promoters are experienced in the line of activity of the Company and have in-depth knowledge and insight in the marketing of the Company's product.

LEAD MANAGER TO THE ISSUE :

ANAGRAM FINANCE LIMITED
(A Member of the Lalbhai Group)
Merchant Banking Group,
901, Sakar, Nehru Bridge,
Ashram Road, Ahmedabad - 380 009.

REGISTRAR TO THE ISSUE :

INTECH SYSTEMS PVT. LTD.
Bank of India Building,
Vijay Char Rasta,
Ahmedabad - 380 009.
Phone : 449609/445021,
Fax : (079) 427276.

ESSEN SPECIALITY FILMS PVT LTD

ESSEN SPECIALITY FILMS LIMITED

OUR PROMOTERS: PALLAV KISHORBHAI DOSHI, KHUSHBOO CHANDRAKANT DOSHI AND KARISHMA RAJESH DOSHI

THE ISSUE

• QIB PORTION: NOT MORE THAN 50.00% OF THE NET ISSUE
• RETAIL PORTION: NOT LESS THAN 35.00% OF THE NET ISSUE
• NON-INSTITUTIONAL PORTION: NOT LESS THAN 15.00% OF THE NET ISSUE
• MARKET MAKER PORTION: UP TO 3,10,800 EQUITY SHARES OR 5.01% OF THE ISSUE

PRICE BAND: RS. 101 TO RS. 107 PER EQUITY SHARE OF FACE VALUE RS. 10/- EACH.
THE FLOOR PRICE IS 10.1 TIMES OF THE FACE VALUE AND
THE CAP PRICE IS 10.7 TIMES OF THE FACE VALUE OF THE EQUITY SHARES.
BIDS CAN BE MADE FOR A MINIMUM OF 1,200 EQUITY SHARES AND IN MULTIPLES OF 1,200 EQUITY SHARES THEREAFTER.

Risks to Investors:

- Our Company has adopted an integrated business model and our commercial success is largely dependent upon our ability to develop innovative specialized plastic products suitable to the needs of our customers. Our inability to effectively utilize and manage our PPD and Design Divisions to develop innovative products would impact our integrated business model, thereby affecting the utility of our products resultantly impacting our revenue and profitability.
- The Merchant Banker associated with the Issue has handled 13 public issues in the past two years out of which no issues closed below the Issue Price on Listing date
- Average cost of acquisition of Equity Shares held by the Promoter Mr. Pallav Kishorbhai Doshi, Ms. Khushboo Chandrakant Doshi and Ms. Karishma Rajesh Doshi is Rs. 0.62, Rs.0.12 and Rs.0.44 and by promoter group Devyaniben Chandrakant Doshi and Nita Kishor Doshi is Rs.0.435 and 0.387 respectively per Equity Share and the Issue Price at the upper end of the Price Band is Rs. 107 per Equity Share.
- The Price/ Earnings ratio based on Diluted EPS for yr ended March 31, 2023 for the company at the upper end of the Price Band is 12.80.
- Weighted Average Return on Net worth for Fiscals 2023, 2022 and 2021 is 12.46%

BID/ ISSUE PROGRAM	
	ANCHOR INVESTOR BIDDING DATE*: THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 2023
	BID/ ISSUE OPENS ON*: FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 2023
	BID/ ISSUE CLOSES ON: TUESDAY, JUNE 27, 2023

ASBA*

BOOK RUNNING LEAD MANAGER TO THE ISSUE

REGISTRAR TO THE ISSUE

COMPANY SECRETARY AND COMPLIANCE OFFICER

ISO 9001 SGS

Go for the Gold

White Gold

India's Most Modern & First ISO 9002 Certified Ginnery Having HVI Installation.

RAJOO COTEX LIMITED

Redefining Cotton

LEADING EXPORTERS AND IMPORTERS OF COTTON

Junagadh Road,
Village : Sanosara,
Manavadar - 362 630.
Gujarat - India.

Phone : 0091 (2874) 22301-2-3.
Fax : 0091 (2274) 21991.
E-mail : whitgold@ad1.vsnl.net.in

ADMIRACLE-RGL 9002

Neither I, nor any member of my family, was willing to soil our conscience for commercial success. Consequently, within a mere ten months of operation, we made the painful decision to cease production. This ethical stand resulted in a financial setback of approximately ₹1 crore, yet our integrity remained intact...

6

I handed over the receiver to Shri Gadhvi, who was then subjected to direct intimidation. The DSP, under clear political coercion, threatened Gadhvi Saheb in unambiguous terms, warning him that should the accused not be released, punitive action would follow, including the stripping of his official uniform. At that point, Gadhvi Saheb, who was nearing superannuation with only a year of service remaining, was visibly shaken by the threat. In his anxiety, he expressed his intent to release the accused, fearing retribution. I, however, responded with calm authority: "If you release the accused, I shall relieve you of your uniform-so in either case, the outcome remains unchanged. Therefore, proceed as advised.

I am yet to recount the intriguing and eventful experiences involving Rajoo Cotex.

During 1994, while Premjibhai was engaged in the trade of rubber bales, a substantial sum of ₹12,50,000 remained unsettled with the son of a sitting Member of the Legislative Assembly (MLA) from Dharmapuri, Tamil Nadu. Owing to his political lineage, the individual in question blatantly ignored all attempts at communication. Premjibhai, resigned to his fate, internalized the loss as embezzlement. However, during the years 1998–1999, I succeeded in recovering funds ensnared by Rajoo Cotex from two proprietors of spinning mills based in Coimbatore. Impressed by the outcome, Rajoo approached me with the details of Premjibhai's grievance.

I provided him with strategic counsel, pursuant to which an arrest warrant under Section 70 of the Code of Criminal Procedure (CrPC) was expediently secured from the Manavadar court in the name of the MLA's son. The issuance of the warrant instantaneously demoted the MLA's son to the son of a former MLA, as the ramifications began to unfold. Intriguingly, the ex-MLA, the then Principal Secretary to the Chief Minister of Tamil Nadu, and the Inspector General of Police (IGP) of Gujarat all hailed from the same municipality and shared the same caste lineage. The warrant gained notoriety when the arrest was executed at the former MLA's residence around 11 PM.

Without the cooperation of the Tamil Nadu Police, the Manavadar Sub-Inspector (SI), Shri Gadhvi Saheb, and the accompanying PSI, Shri N. G. Sayyad Saheb-a close associate of mine-accompanied me to serve the warrant. We maintained vigil for approximately two hours outside the accused's residence until we confirmed his return. Upon verifying his presence, we presented the warrant, secured his compliance, and immediately commenced our journey towards Coimbatore by automobile.

At approximately 1 AM, we were intercepted at a highway checkpoint by the Tamil Nadu Police, who cordoned off our vehicle and instructed us to establish communication with the Deputy Superintendent of Police (DySP) of Dharmapuri, Shri Tamil Selvam. Unfortunately, both police officers with me had limited proficiency in Hindi, necessitating my intervention. Via wireless transmission, I conveyed the lawful basis of the apprehension under CrPC-70. Mr. Tamil Selvam instructed us to proceed directly to his residence.

While attempting to exit the checkpoint, a cohort of individuals affiliated with the former MLA forcibly liberated the accused from our custody. Fortunately, the DySP himself arrived shortly thereafter. We presented all official documentation, reiterating our legal claim over the accused, and managed to reassert control over the situation. Acting under Mr. Tamil Selvam's advisement, we escorted the accused to the local police station, where we ensured his confinement. As a precautionary measure, we retained the key and entered the details in the station's diary, per standard protocol.

Later that night, as we sought rest at a local hotel, we were besieged by a violent mob brandishing sticks, hockey bats, and swords. We immediately alerted the DySP, who deployed rapid police support to ensure our safety. Procedurally, as per CrPC norms, permission must be sought from the jurisdictional magistrate within 24 hours of arrest for any interstate transfer. Faced with the need for expeditious transit, we opted to secure the necessary permissions en route rather than delay proceedings.

We removed the accused from lockup the following morning and visited the residence of a First Class Magistrate. Upon arrival, the magistrate expressed indignation at my civilian attire. I clarified my presence as a linguistic intermediary, which restored his composure. I explained the legal basis for the arrest and our intention to obtain judicial authorization for further travel. He consulted the Public Prosecutor, who, after perusing a legal reference, confirmed his authority to grant permission.

However, individuals representing the accused attempted to sway the magistrate in Tamil, prompting him to ask that we present the matter before a formal court session. Anticipating manipulation, I grew wary-if the defense counsel pleaded ill-health, our officers would be detained in hospital alongside the accused.

As a pre-emptive measure, we approached the local Collector's residence and submitted a written application for transfer clearance. I personally drafted the appeal, as neither of the officers was adept in Hindi formalities. The Deputy Collector endorsed our request by annotating “Allowed.” In parallel, the defense lawyer filed a petition citing alleged cardiac distress on behalf of the accused. As feared, the annotation was amended to “Allowed after medical treatment.” In response, we promptly retrieved and destroyed the compromised authorization document.

I immediately relayed the entire situation to the DSP telephonically and requested renewed clearance. Upon arrival at his office, we encountered the Public Prosecutor again, who reviewed the applicable statute and concurred with our rationale. The DSP then dictated a fresh approval note, which I transcribed and he duly signed. He further arranged for police escort up to the Karnataka border to ensure our safe passage.

Despite the immense hostility and procedural hurdles, we remained humane toward the accused-who was barefoot-by purchasing new footwear for him. Upon reaching Karnataka, we boarded a flight from Bangalore to Mumbai, and from there to Rajkot. After a brief respite and refreshments at my Rajkot residence, we proceeded to Manavadar, arriving around 5 PM. The PSI and the accused were temporarily accommodated at my factory premises, pending their presentation before the local magistrate later that evening at 8 PM.

Conversely, the former Member of the Legislative Assembly (MLA) from Dharmapuri responded to the apprehension of his son with overt hostility. In a fit of political indignation, he utilized his extensive network and reached out to the then Principal Secretary and the Inspector General of Police (IGP) of Gujarat, thereby channeling his influence through the District Superintendent of Police (DSP) of Junagadh, Shri Patadia, who subsequently made contact with me.

While we were engaged in deliberations at the premises of Rajoo Cotex, Shri Patadia placed a telephone call. He inquired whether Shri Gadhvi was present. Upon confirmation, I handed over the receiver to Shri Gadhvi, who was then subjected to direct intimidation. The DSP, under clear political coercion, threatened Gadhvi Saheb in unambiguous terms, warning him that should the accused not be released, punitive action would follow, including the stripping of his official uniform.

Upon arrival, the magistrate expressed indignation at my civilian attire. I clarified my presence as a linguistic intermediary, which restored his composure.

At that point, Gadhvi Saheb, who was nearing superannuation with only a year of service remaining, was visibly shaken by the threat. In his anxiety, he expressed his intent to release the accused, fearing retribution. I, however, responded with calm authority: “If you release the accused, I shall relieve you of your uniform-so in either case, the outcome remains unchanged. Therefore, proceed as advised. Present the accused before the magistrate at 8 PM. I shall secure the remand; let the DSP then act as he wishes.”

With no viable alternative, Shri Gadhvi acquiesced. At the scheduled hour, we presented the accused before the magistrate and successfully obtained a remand of ten days.

By that evening, we made representations to MLA Shri Ratilal Sureja, requesting that he intercede with the DSP to expedite the recovery of the embezzled ₹12.5 lakh belonging to the Manavadar businessman. His

response, however, was flippant and laced with political apathy: "If he's so eager to recover the money, let him hand it over to the DSP directly."

Perturbed by this indifference, I immediately contacted Shri Gordhanbhai Javia, Member of Parliament representing the Porbandar constituency, and briefed him extensively. I appealed to him to raise the matter with the Home Minister, as it had become evident that the IGP of Gujarat was undermining our legitimate enforcement efforts for reasons disproportionate to the nature of the case. Approximately thirty minutes later, Shri Gordhanbhai informed me that he had spoken to the Home Minister, but the Minister lamented that the IGP no longer respected his authority. Infuriated, I retorted with exasperation, "Then you and your Home Minister should collectively drown yourselves in a bowl of water."

if you release the accused, I shall relieve you of your uniform-so in either case

Under continued extrajudicial pressure from DSP Patadia, we pondered our next steps. Upon consulting with legal counsel, we were advised that if a petition to vacate the remand was filed in the Junagadh court, the accused would be released. Therefore, at approximately 10 PM, we approached the eminent advocate Shri Kalubhai Patel in Junagadh and presented the entire case. The advocate, visibly astounded, stated that such matters were highly irregular, and few would be willing to intervene. Nevertheless, he agreed to help ensure the remand would not be prematurely revoked.

Kalubhai made a telephone call to a lady judge of influence and requested an urgent audience. Owing to his reputation, she consented. Kalubhai then mentioned, discreetly, that the judge had two young daughters, and it would be appropriate to bring along two dresses and a token monetary offering.

That night, I reopened the garment store of Shri Lakhu Bhojani, my childhood acquaintance in Junagadh, and procured the dresses. Upon meeting the judge, I conveyed the entirety of our predicament and earnestly requested that, should a remand - vacating petition be submitted, the hearing be deferred by at least eight days to safeguard the integrity of our efforts. The judge agreed.

Subsequently, I contacted Shri Suryakant Mehta of Gujarat Samachar-a family friend and respected journalist based in Rajkot-and narrated the full episode. He promptly telephoned DSP Patadia and warned him that if any coercive release of the accused occurred, and if there were evidence of bribe-induced interference, it would feature as the lead story in the next day's edition.

This revelation triggered an immediate panic in Shri Patadia, who, metaphorically speaking, suffered a bout of diarrhoea. He telephoned me in a conciliatory tone and expressed willingness to negotiate a resolution on our terms. He requested that I intervene and persuade the editor not to proceed with the publication of the story.

The very next day, the accused's family members were transported to Junagadh in a Tata Sumo vehicle-ironically, at the expense of the IGP of Gujarat himself. Following extensive dialogue, we managed to secure partial restitution: ₹4.5 lakhs in cash and the remaining ₹8 lakhs in the form of post-dated cheques.

This arduous but ultimately successful mission was accomplished solely through resolute courage and strategic acumen. It underscored an unsettling reality: the police officials in Tamil Nadu had extended commendable support in upholding the law and protecting the commercial interests of a Gujarati trader. In stark contrast, the political and police apparatus within Gujarat was complicit in obstructing justice, actively undermining our lawful pursuit-as the saying goes, "they were the bones thrown into the sacred fire."

☐ ☐ ☐

From as early as 1984, I harbored a deep fascination for Ayurveda and traditional medicine. This latent interest culminated in the establishment of a pharmacy under the name Ayurveda Incorporation by Rajoo Cotex in the year 2000. The unit was set up in an unused wing of the Cotex premises. The initiative aimed at producing high-quality Ayurvedic formulations, strictly in accordance with ancient canonical texts and time-honored practices.

In June 2000, the Government of India promulgated a Gazette Notification (GSR No. 560(E)) introducing Schedule 'T' under the Good Manufacturing Practices (GMP) guidelines. This regulatory shift mandated a designated facility for manufacturing compliant Ayurvedic medicines in line with Schedule 'T' requirements.

The Rajoo Cotex premises, already structurally sound, were accordingly modified to meet the prescribed standards. Thereafter, the Gujarat Food and Drug Control Administration (FDCA) granted formal licensure for the production of Ayurvedic medicines under the new regulatory regime, thus paving the way for legitimate and standardized operations.

Subsequent to the establishment of our Ayurvedic pharmaceutical manufacturing unit, I procured an official license to operate an Ayurvedic Formulation Testing Laboratory, sanctioned by the Department of AYUSH under the aegis of the Central Government. Following the inauguration of this laboratory, it became an indispensable regulatory checkpoint for any Ayurvedic pharmaceutical enterprise within Gujarat. Without the issuance of a certified analysis report from our facility, no Ayurvedic formulation could obtain the requisite approval from the Gujarat State Authority for commercial release.

Upon operationalization, our laboratory began the manufacture of twenty-nine distinct therapeutic formulations across six principal dosage forms-namely powders (churna), tablets (vati), capsules, medicated oils (taila), ointments (lep), and syrups (asava/arishta). In order to ensure optimal market penetration and maintain operational efficiency, we recruited specialized pharmacists and marketing professionals, each possessing domain expertise in their respective product categories. Even prior to initiating direct sales, our team undertook a systematic outreach initiative across various regions of Gujarat, engaging with reputed practitioners-particularly those with Bachelor of Ayurvedic Medicine and Surgery (BAMS) and postgraduate qualifications (MD Ayurveda) - to sensitize them about our therapeutic offerings and the rigorously maintained production standards underpinning our brand.

The final products, of indisputably superior pharmacological quality, were meticulously packaged and distributed via a network of regional distributors. Clinical efficacy trials for the majority of our formulations were conducted in collaboration with prominent Ayurvedic research hospitals across India. Although we persisted in establishing consistent professional rapport with physicians, the anticipated prescription uptake remained conspicuously absent.

Despite sharing clinical trial data and empirical case studies, a disconcerting inertia prevailed among the practitioners. Further investigation-via distributors and retail pharmacists-unearthed an unsettling truth: prescriptions would be written only upon the provision of substantial financial inducements or non-monetary incentives to the prescribing doctors.

This revelation was both disillusioning and ethically jarring. Nevertheless, in an effort to comprehend the underlying rationale, we initiated candid discussions with multiple Ayurvedic doctors. The responses we received were alarmingly transactional:

One senior MD Ayurvedic practitioner, operating a two-decade-old clinic, stipulated a 65% margin on the Maximum Retail Price (MRP) in exchange for consistent prescription of our formulations.

A recent graduate demanded that we finance his clinic's rent for an entire year, promising to prescribe our medications thereafter, with commission negotiations to follow.

Another experienced BAMS doctor, managing a high-volume practice of 50–60 patients per day, insisted upon two all-expenses-paid international vacations per year for his family of four as a prerequisite for collaboration.

Ayurvedic medicine manufacturing unit - 1999-2000

Yet another freshly minted MD requested complete furnishing and digitization of his newly constructed hospital, estimating the expenditure at ₹3 lakh. Only post-completion, he claimed, would he consider prescribing our products, alongside a 20% commission.

Such avaricious and ethically compromised demands were deeply disheartening. How could those entrusted with the sacred role of vaidya-healers considered divine intermediaries in Indian tradition-reduce their professional integrity to such blatant mercenary conduct?

On one occasion, a senior Ayurvedic doctor from Bhuj, holding a postgraduate degree, publicly disparaged our medical representative, accusing our company of misrepresenting plant identities. He asserted that in our STONEX formulation-designed for the treatment of renal calculi-we had erroneously listed two distinct botanical entities, Parmotrema Perlatum (Pattharfodi) and Bergenia Ligulata (Pashanbhed), which, he claimed, were in fact identical.

Upon receiving this feedback from my representative, I immediately telephoned the concerned physician to clarify the matter. I informed him that he was misinformed and that Parmotrema Perlatum (Pattharfodi) and Bergenia Ligulata (Pashanbhed) are, in fact, distinct species with different phytochemical profiles and pharmacological actions. Upon his request, I transmitted scholarly pharmacognosy documentation via facsimile to his neighboring STDPC office. The materials were reviewed by him promptly, and upon subsequent discussion, he acknowledged his error. Yet despite this correction, he too solicited financial compensation in exchange for prescription support.

prescriptions would be written only upon the provision of substantial financial inducements or non - monetary incentives to the prescribing doctors.

The proposition of incentivizing doctors with monetary or material benefits was antithetical to our foundational values. I was acutely aware that such inducements created a dangerous cycle of over prescription, wherein physicians, motivated by personal gain, might recommend formulations irrespective of clinical appropriateness-thereby compromising patient well-being and turning healthcare into an exploitative commercial enterprise.

To participate in such a morally bankrupt system would have rendered me complicit in this medical malfeasance. Neither I, nor any member of my family, was willing to soil our conscience for commercial success. Consequently, within a mere ten months of operation, we made the painful decision to cease production. This ethical stand resulted in a financial setback of approximately ₹1 crore, yet our integrity remained intact.

Even today, I observe with regret that many physicians continue to prescribe superfluous or excessive medications-often tenfold the necessary quantity-driven not by therapeutic concern, but by the lure of commission. The commercialization of medical ethics remains one of the most tragic ironies of modern Ayurvedic practice.

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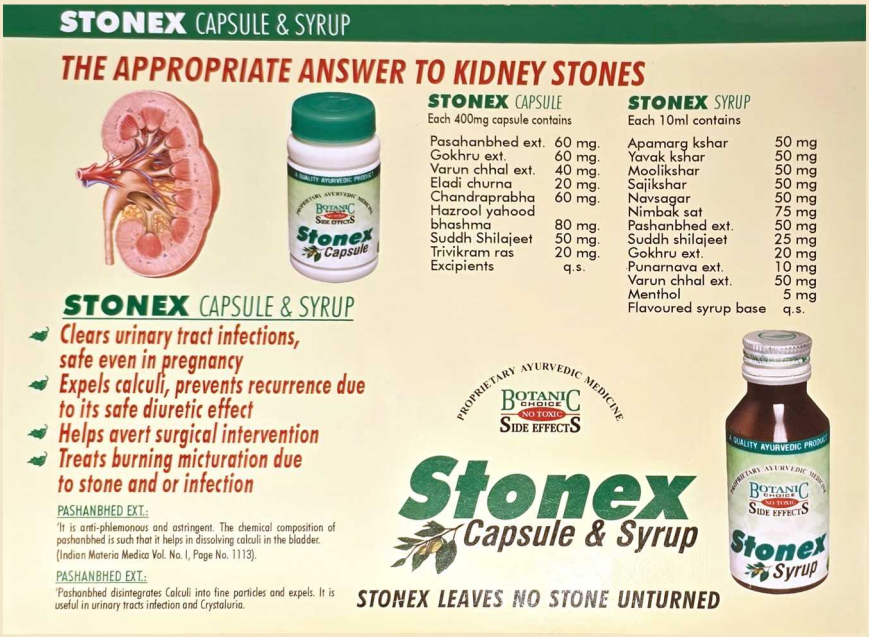
Rita and I solemnized our marriage in the year 1985, and by the mid-point of the subsequent decade-specifically 1995-we were blessed with three children: Kruti, Karishma, and the youngest, Utkarsh. Among the collective progeny of our family's three siblings, Utkarsh occupies the position of the youngest descendant. At the time of his birth, the familial constellation already included Khushboo, Utsav, and Pallav-whom I've been youngest uncle. I have always taken pride in asserting, with profound affection, that I am the father of three daughters and three sons-the six radiant souls of the Doshi family: Khushboo, Utsav, Pallav, Kruti, Karishma, and Utkarsh-each nurtured by three maternal and three paternal figures, a testimony to the extraordinary interwoven bonds within our extended family.

The eldest among them, Khushboo, was the luminous embodiment of the transcendent love shared by Chandrakantbhai and Shruti of Hirachandbhai's genealogy. Tragically, Shruti departed this world prematurely due to an incurable illness when Khushboo was merely a year and a half old. After that, Khushboo became the gravitational center of our familial universe-her presence anchoring our emotional energies and illuminating our shared existence. During her formative years, Khushboo commenced her academic journey at a kindergarten operated by the local Nagar Panchayat, where she persistently voiced grievances about her teachers and the stifling heat of the premises. These laments continued throughout her primary education at Lions School, and extended through the fifth grade. Later, her transition to Rajkot for further schooling was met with administrative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'It is anti-phlemonous and astringent. The chemical composition of pashanbhed is such that it helps in dissolving calculi in the bladder. (Indian Materia Medica Vol. No. I, Page No. 1113).
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PROPRIETARY AYURVEDIC MEDICINE
BOTANIC CHOICE NO TOXIC SIDE EFFECTS
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Total alcoholic extract of Rohitak is having alkaloids and are much effective in reducing the increased white blood corpuscles, lymphocytes and increases the phagocytosis of the macrophages and digests the surrounding leukemic cells.
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resistance due to her modest academic standing. Consequently, her marksheet had to be tactfully reconstituted to facilitate her admission into the Sister Nivedita School.

Khushboo's childhood was suffused with shared rituals-daily excursions to Diamond Talkies to catch fleeting scenes from popular films, indulgent culinary escapades to the Giriraj Hotel near Junagadh for simple delicacies like khichdi, and her joyfully orchestrated gatherings with neighborhood children. This innocent yet intimate moments were woven into the fabric of everyday life for Rita and me. After Khushboo's birth, second child of the family was Utsav – the celebration of the indescribable love of Kishorbhai and Neeta and the first heir of the Doshi family and the most reluctant school-goers, often tearfully resisting the school bell, compelling me to placate her each morning via telephone from Manavadar to Bhavnagar.

The six children of the Doshi clan are my metaphorical lions-resilient, radiant, and rare. This is a sentiment well known not only among relatives and acquaintances, but also to my larger social circle. Their collective narrative deserves a dedicated chapter, which I shall pen in due course. But for now, allow me to recount the remarkable circumstances surrounding Utkarsh's arrival into this world.

On the early morning of July 24, 1995, at approximately five o'clock, while overseeing a crucial machinery trial at our factory, I received an urgent call saying Rita had gone into labor. On immediate, I departed for home and swiftly transported her to Junagadh, where Dr. Rajubhai Doshi, who had also supervised the births of our daughters, was to attend to her.

By 8:30 AM, we arrived at the hospital. The fetus was discovered to be in a transverse lie, necessitating immediate surgical intervention via cesarean section. I was present in the operation theatre to confirm the diagnosis. The procedure was performed in my presence, and at last, Utkarsh was born. Upon his birth, I experienced a sudden resolve and, in a symbolic gesture of transformation, discarded my beedi and its box-my personal renunciation of smoking.

A pediatrician who had been in the operating theatre examined the newborn and informed me gravely that Utkarsh exhibited a congenital anomaly. Immediate consultation with a specialist in Rajkot-Dr. Rohit Thakkar-was advised. With Rita still unconscious and unaware, I departed immediately for Rajkot with the infant in my arms. Thanks to prior coordination by my elder brothers, Dr. Thakkar was already apprised of our arrival.

After examination, the doctor informed us that a preliminary surgery would be required the very next day, with a more extensive procedure scheduled for when Utkarsh attained a suitable body mass-approximately around the age of ten months. That day, we returned home and, upholding a cherished tradition, celebrated the shared birthdays of Khushboo and Utkarsh, both born on the 24th of July.

Four days later, Rita joined us in Rajkot. In the weeks that followed, our family oscillated between hospital corridors and domestic spaces, coordinating Utkarsh's care. Prior to the major surgical intervention, the child underwent four preliminary intestinal procedures.

Eventually, Dr. Thakkar recommended that the definitive operation-an intricate Sarco-Abdominoperineal Pullthrough-be entrusted to the eminent Dr. K.C. Mammen of the Medical Mission Hospital in Kolenchery, Kerala. We requested Dr. Thakkar to initiate communication on our behalf. During the discussion, we inquired if it might be possible for Dr. Mammen to perform the surgery in Rajkot instead.

Fate, it seemed, had conspired in our favor. When I contacted Dr. Mammen personally, he revealed that he was scheduled to travel to Delhi for an examination within a week's time, and thus could accommodate a visit to Rajkot en route. Without delay, we arranged for his travel-booking a multi-leg flight itinerary spanning Madras-Mumbai-Rajkot-Delhi-Madras.

On May 3, 1996, Dr. Mammen arrived in Rajkot. The following day, an operation theatre managed by Dr. Kanasagra was rented, and the complex surgical procedure, suitable for a child aged nine months and ten days, was performed. The operation lasted an intense eight hours. Given the rare and instructive nature of the procedure, it was made available for live observation by pediatric surgeons from across Rajkot. Dr. Mammen remained in the city for three additional days post-surgery. In recognition of his contribution, and to facilitate broader knowledge dissemination, the Doshi family organized pediatric surgical seminars in both Rajkot's Ishwaria Park and Jamnagar's Irwin Hospital. These academic gatherings served as an invaluable resource for local practitioners and honored the miracle of medical science that had, against formidable odds, given Utkarsh a new lease on life.

Utkarsh, At Dr. Rohit Thakkar's Hospital
26-07-1995

On the third day, prior to his departure, Dr. Mammen conducted a postoperative evaluation of Utkarsh and remarked with satisfaction, "The outcome is excellent. However, ensure you bring him to Coimbatore for a follow-up consultation after three months." As we prepared to escort him to the airport, we broached the subject of his professional fees. With characteristic humility, he simply stated that since we had already borne the cost of his travel arrangements, there was no question of remuneration. True to his word, he declined any form of payment, demonstrating a rare and admirable commitment to service over compensation.

Approximately three months later, we traveled to Coimbatore for a scheduled post-operative consultation with Dr. Mammen at PSG Hospital. Upon our arrival, he conducted a thorough examination of Utkarsh, and to our astonishment, tears welled up in his eyes and began to stream down his face. Concern ed, I inquired, "Doctor Saheb, what has caused you such distress?" He replied with deep remorse, "During the surgery, I committed a minute error." In an effort to comfort him, I responded, "Doctor Saheb, this is a matter of fate, not a reflection of your competence." Elaborating further, he explained that while the procedure had been meticulously executed, a discrepancy of merely one millimeter had been inadvertently left on one side. Such was his integrity and emotional investment that even this infinitesimal oversight brought him to tears. In stark contrast, many contemporary practitioners, when confronted with similar situations, are often reluctant to acknowledge even the most evident of errors.

Over the course of addressing Utkarsh's afflictions, approximately eight distinct surgical interventions were undertaken. For a span of fifteen arduous years, Rita imperiled her very existence in unwavering devotion, nurturing Utkarsh and endowing him with a life marked by uncompromised health. No other maternal figure, save for Rita, could have exhibited such unparalleled fortitude and sacrificial resolve.

With the passage of time, Utkarsh's afflictions gradually subsided. He ultimately attained a degree in mechanical engineering and solemnized his marriage on the 29th of November, 2022. Subsequently, on the 24th of June, 2024, he was further graced with the joyous arrival of an ethereal, fairy-like daughter "Jeevika", thus embracing the revered role of fatherhood.

Upon reaching the age of five, Utkarsh was enrolled at Alpha Primary School in Junagadh, where he commuted daily by automobile. However, the subsequent academic year, the institution declined to continue his enrollment owing to the complexities of his medical condition. This pivotal moment catalyzed the inception of Shaishav Primary School. Faced with the improbability of Utkarsh securing admission elsewhere, a swift and resolute decision was made-culminating in the conceptualization and establishment of Shaishav Primary School between April and June of 2001.

A formal decision was undertaken to commence the inauguration of the institution. Invitation cards were meticulously distributed among individuals expressing genuine interest in the endeavor. In conjunction with this, a revered saint affiliated with the Swaminarayan sect was cordially invited to grace the occasion. Given the confirmation of his esteemed presence, his appellation was duly inscribed upon the ceremonial invitation.
On the eve of the inauguration, prominent figures of the Patel Samaj in Manavadar convened a council, during which Shri Devjibhai Jatakia proclaimed that, should Rajoo Doshi be the progenitor of the newly established school, then the children of the Patel community ought not to be enrolled therein. Shri Devjibhai, known for his proclivity to disparage and undermine any commendable undertaking, once again resorted to his habitual obstructionism-though his antagonism failed to perturb me in the slightest. It appears that the reverberations of this assembly also reached the ears of the invited Swaminarayan saint. Consequently, on the eve of the inauguration, he conveyed through Shri Batukbhai Maradia his refusal to attend, asserting, "I cannot be present at a gathering where women are in attendance, for it is against our code to meet the gaze of a woman."

I was seized with profound indignation and expressed to Batukbhai my unequivocal dissent, stating, "What conceivable transgression lies in beholding the very architect of creation-a woman? If even Swami himself once dwelled within his mother's womb, then what sacrilege is there in venerating all women as embodiments of

motherhood?" In truth, I surmise that agents affiliated with Devjibhai may have deliberately dissuaded the Swaminarayan saint from attending the inauguration.

In its inaugural academic year, the English medium division of Shaishav School enrolled approximately 120 pupils, yet conspicuously, not a single child from the Patel community was among them-despite the appointment of a Patel educator. At that juncture, the institution was staffed by roughly fifteen competent teachers and commenced operations with remarkable efficacy. The local populace expressed genuine satisfaction at the establishment of such a high-caliber educational institution.

By the following year, a noticeable shift occurred: a significant number of Patel children sought admission, and even the offspring of teachers employed at the long-established Lions School began transferring to Shaishav. The Lions School, managed under the auspices of the Lions Club Manavadar, was overseen by a board of dignitaries including Dr. Shri Laxmanbhai Savsani, Dr. Shri Valjibhai Patel, Dr. Shri Rojiwadia Saheb, and their associates. This board mandated a "donation" of ₹2,500 to ₹3,000 from the parents of newly admitted students, under the pretense of managerial contributions. In stark contrast, Shaishav School demanded no such financial imposition. Moreover, nearly 40% of our student body benefitted from full fee waivers.

Two principal motivations underpinned our efforts: first, the collective aspiration of our family-particularly us three brothers-to repay our debt to the homeland; and second, to provide Utkarsh with quality education. Our family expended approximately ₹10 to ₹12 lakhs annually to sustain the school's operations. The institution was equipped with digital smart classrooms, a state-of-the-art science laboratory, a comprehensive library, a spacious playground, and a cadre of qualified educators. Annual cultural weeks were celebrated with grandeur, featuring meritorious students and their parents as central participants. Notably, no bureaucrats or political figures were ever accorded prominence in school functions. From the year 2000 to 2010, there was not a single instance of a high-level inspection by the Department of Education-a testament to the school's impeccable standards.

Utkarsh pursued his education at Shaishav from Grade 1 through Grade 10, though he never secured the first or second rank in class standings. In an amusing incident, the grandson of the aforementioned Shri Devjibhai-son of Shri Kishorbhai-was once a student at Shaishav. One day, Shri Kishorbhai phoned me and remarked, "There seems to be an issue at your school." Upon my inquiry, he revealed that his son had attained the first rank. I replied with a smile, "Brother, even we are often surprised by the brilliance of our students."
Shaishav School upheld an unwavering commitment to delivering ethical and holistic education. This episode exemplifies our principled ethos. In all competitive events organized by the school, accolades were conferred solely upon deserving candidates through a process marked by absolute transparency and fairness-never marred by partiality or nepotism.

Permit me also to elaborate on another educational initiative. On 09.05.2002, the Government of Gujarat promulgated Resolution Samash-102000-530, authorizing educational trusts to assume the administration of government schools. Pursuant to this directive, I submitted a proposal to oversee the operations of the government high school in Manavadar and expressed interest in converting the expansive premises of the local club building into a functioning college.

Around 2010, the quality of instruction in government high schools had precipitously declined.

Shaishav School, Manavadar - Year 2005

Boys student praying, Prinicipal Madhusudan Sanghvi interacting with teachers, Managing Trustee Smt. Rita Doshi getting abount educational activities, Girls students praying, Shaishav School, Manavadar

Shaili Ajmera, Jaybala Modi, Khushboo Doshi,
Shwetang Monani, Kishor Doshi, Nita Doshi
at Shaishav School, Manavadar
Awarding the winning student during
the sports week celebration

Picture of Navratri
celebration
for the student of
Shaishav School and
the 'Taal"
Raas-Garba Competition
on the day of
Sharad Purnima

Consequently, on 19.02.2010, I formally applied under the banner of my Cultural Education Trust, assuring the authorities that we would govern the school with the same impartiality, dedication, and inclusion of economically underprivileged students-precisely as we did at Shaishav. Our intent was pure: since our entire family, including three brothers and two sisters, had once been students there, it was our heartfelt desire to elevate its standards. We firmly believe that education is not, and must never become, a vehicle for commercial enterprise.

At the time, Shri Kishor Jethalal Rawal, employed as an educator at the Government High School, conveyed comprehensive information regarding my proposal to Shri Devjibhai Jatkia-an individual seemingly resolute in thwarting any progressive or altruistic endeavors within Manavadar. Devjibhai, self-anointed as the custodian of Manavadar's so-called cultural legacy, hastily reacted by disseminating a polemical proclamation on a public blackboard situated at Gandhi Chowk under the inflammatory heading *"If the People of Manavadar Awaken..."* In doing so, he mobilized concerted efforts to obstruct my bid for administrative control over the government high school.

Even today, in the year 2024, the repercussions of Shri Devjibhai's detrimental machinations-compounded by the chronic mismanagement of the school-are starkly evident. The once-utilitarian campus structures now languish in neglect, accumulating dust and decay, while the architectural relic of the Big Club building has deteriorated into a dilapidated ruin.

Between 2000 and 2008, Shaishav School operated from a succession of rented premises. During the initial two years, Shri Rajabhai Kangad generously provided his space without demanding any remuneration. Subsequently, for an approximate span of five years, the school functioned from the residence of Shri Rajubhai Jatkia, on a rental basis.

In the meantime, a tract of land previously allocated by the Manavadar Nagar Panchayat to the Leua Patel community for the development of a community garden had lain dormant and unattended for an extended duration, with no rent or development forthcoming. Observing this prolonged stagnation, we submitted a formal request to acquire the plot on a leasehold basis. Upon approval, we erected a robust and aesthetically appealing permanent school building, thus ensuring the continuity and growth of Shaishav School in a dedicated and purpose-built educational environment.

Notably, no bureaucrats or political figures were ever accorded prominence in school functions.

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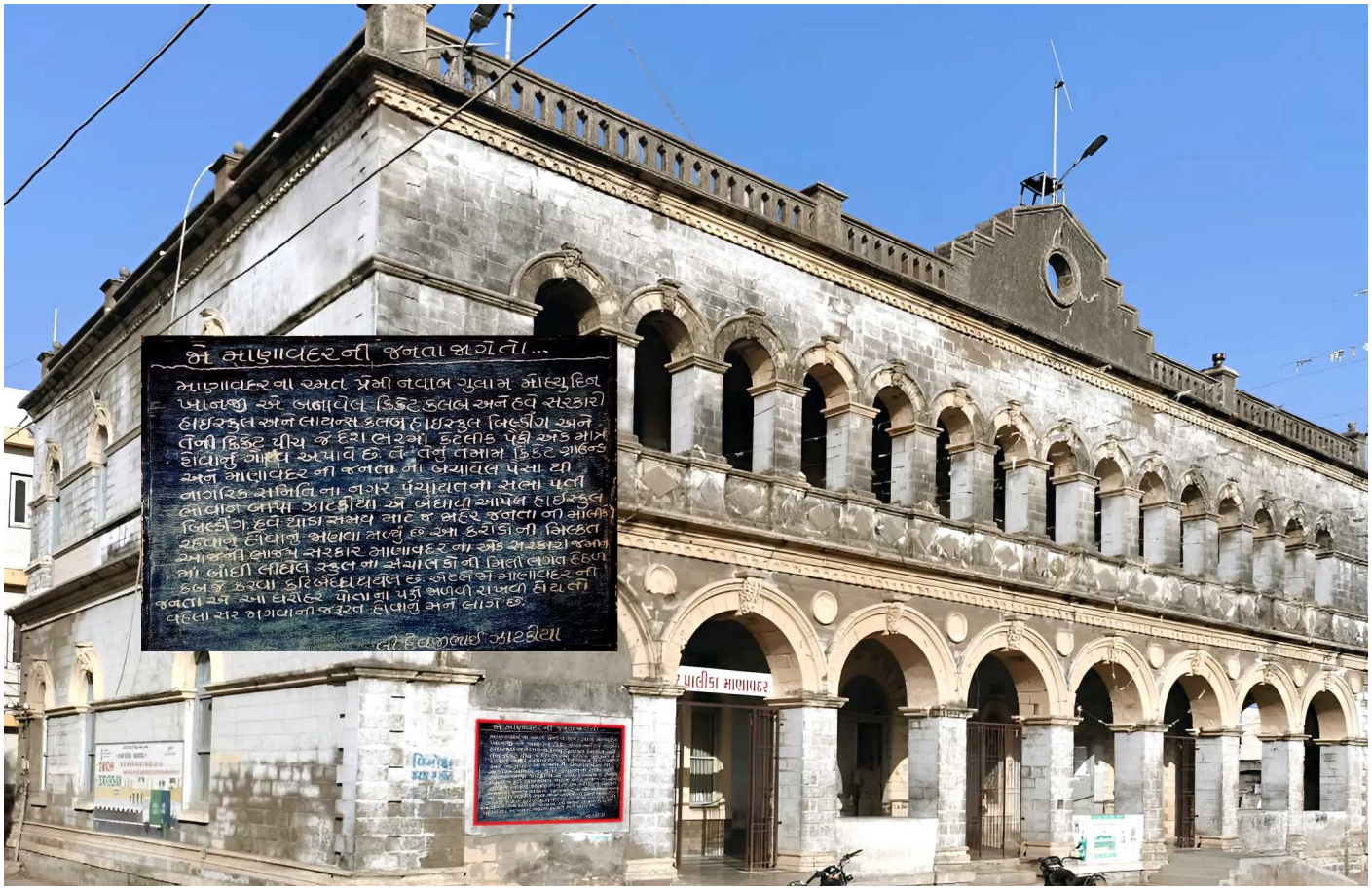
Following the financial collapse and eventual cessation of operations at both Rajoo Cotex and Ayurveda Incorporation, I resumed my professional endeavors at the Rajoo Engineers Limited. Given that Utkarsh was attending school in Manavadar, from the year 2000 to 2010-a span encompassing an entire decade-I undertook a routine commute between Manavadar and Shapar. However, in moments of reflection, when I metaphorically retrieve the 'keys' to those memories, I find the period from January 1997 to 2000 to have been far more dynamic, replete with exhilarating highs and sobering lows.

This era was marked by an array of formative experiences, both constructive and cautionary. Despite persistent opposition and repeated counsel from numerous well-wishers who dissuaded us from partnering with Mr. Deepak Takwani in Rajoo Cotex, both my brother and I were adamant in our decision to bring him on board. We formalized the partnership with full conviction. Unfortunately, time would vindicate our detractors, as we came to the difficult realization that Mr. Takwani was profoundly lacking in integrity and reliability.

Per our internal agreement, Mr. Takwani was assigned the responsibility of managing bale sales. To facilitate this, we established an operational office in Coimbatore and positioned him there. Upon settling in, however, he discerned the lucrative potential of the venture and was swiftly overcome by opportunistic inclinations. Reasoning that the venture could be far more profitable if he operated independently, he began procuring bales under the banner of his own entity, Shri Tirupati Industries, and commenced distribution within Coimbatore-utilizing Rajoo Cotex's stock without proper compensation.

Within approximately six months, he audaciously declared his intention to dissociate from Rajoo Cotex and demanded the return of his initial investment. He had infused ₹32 lakhs into the business but had also



procured ₹60 lakhs worth of bales under his private enterprise's name without remitting payment. We consented to his exit, stipulating that he must first settle the outstanding accounts. Once the reconciliation of the bale transactions was complete, the procedural formalities for share withdrawal took an additional two months.

It was during this interim that Deepak Takwani resorted to an act of extreme duplicity-he issued a supari (contract) in my name to a group of individuals from the Maher community in Kutiana, falsely alleging that he had already recovered ₹32 lakhs from me and offering them a 10% cut upon execution. These armed men arrived at my workshop in Manavadar, brandishing revolvers, presumably to intimidate or eliminate me.

I identified myself as being kin to Shri Malde Giga, hoping the association would dissuade them. While they ultimately departed without incident, they did so unimpressed by the name I invoked. I immediately telephoned Deepak Takwani, confronting him bluntly: "The men to whom you issued the supari in my name have no legitimate cause. But if I retaliate, I will end your game once and for all." Startled and intimidated, Deepak escalated the matter to my elder brother, who, concerned about the ramifications, warned me sternly: "Even if something were to happen to Deepak, suspicion will inevitably fall upon you. Call him and reassure him that you bear no ill will."

Eventually, we finalized the paperwork and refunded his capital, thereby extricating ourselves from an avaricious and disloyal associate.

Prior to this episode, Deepak had already amassed a dubious reputation by causing substantial losses to several individuals while establishing a manufacturing facility for R.K. Bearings in Surendranagar. During that era, the ginning and pressing industry's primary clientele were located in southern India, and transactions were typically conducted on a 30-day credit basis. Consequently, numerous payments remained in arrears.

At the inception of Rajoo Cotex, ₹12.50 lakhs owed to Shri Premjibhai remained unrecovered. Additionally, ₹11.50 lakhs were entangled in Padmavati Spinning Mill, and a further ₹38.50 lakhs were locked in Coimbatore Pioneer Mill, Coimbatore-highlighting the precarious financial landscape we had to navigate during those turbulent times.

In the year 1998, Shri N. G. Syed held the post of police officer in Manavadar and shared an amicable

and mutually respectful rapport with me. A man of integrity and professionalism, Shri Syed was known for his principled conduct.

During this period, a legal suit was initiated by Rajoo Cotex in the Manavadar Civil Court in an effort to recover a substantial sum of capital that had become ensnared in financial limbo. With the assistance of our legal counsel, Advocate Shri Shailesh Pandya, we succeeded in procuring a judicial warrant against the proprietors of Padmavati Spinning Mill.

Subsequently, I accompanied Shri Syed Saheb to Coimbatore to execute the warrant in accordance with procedural mandates. Upon locating the mill's proprietor, his brother-in-law intervened and promptly settled the outstanding dues by tendering a cash payment of ₹11.50 lakhs. With the financial dispute thus resolved, we concluded the mission and returned with the recovered amount.

Coimbatore Pioneer Mills, based in Coimbatore, had procured cotton bales amounting to a staggering ₹1.38 crore from Shri Rajkumar Rajoo Cotex. Although an initial remittance of ₹1 crore was made in good faith, the proprietor subsequently resorted to misappropriation and began evading further financial obligation.

In April 1998, Shri N. G. Syed was serving as the police officer in Manavadar and shared a cordial and mutually respectful relationship with me. He was a man of commendable moral fiber and upright disposition. Around this time, Rajoo Cotex formally instituted legal proceedings in the Manavadar Civil Court to recover the outstanding dues.

With the adept assistance of our legal representative, Advocate Shri Shailesh Pandya, we secured a judicial warrant against the proprietors of Padmavati Mills-an entity also entangled in related transactions. In the company of Shri Syed Saheb, I proceeded to Coimbatore to lawfully execute the warrant. Upon locating the primary stakeholder, his brother-in-law intervened and promptly remitted ₹11.50 lakh in cash, thereby partially settling the dues. Following this transaction, we made our return journey.

By April 2000, despite persistent efforts to recover the remaining funds from Coimbatore Pioneer Mills, our telephonic communications were systematically dodged. After multiple failed attempts, I managed to obtain the proprietor's residential landline number and placed a direct call. Though he answered, upon broaching the subject of the dues, he indignantly rebuked me for contacting him at his private residence, asserting that such matters were not to be discussed at home.

Though I terminated the call, my indignation surged to its zenith. At that moment, a resolute determination crystallized within me

Though I terminated the call, my indignation surged to its zenith. At that moment, a resolute determination crystallized within me: I would not rest until I had reclaimed every last rupee owed to us.

At that juncture, the office of the Superintendent of Police in Junagadh was held by Shri Keshav Kumar, while the position of Police Inspector at the Manavadar Police Station was occupied by Shri Shailesh Pandya, who incidentally also served as my legal counsel. In an effort to secure an official audience with Shri Keshav Kumar Saheb, I transmitted a formal request via facsimile.

Curiously, a response to the faxed correspondence was only forthcoming on the fifth day - coinciding with Shri Keshav Kumar's visit to partake in a meal at the Akshar Purushottam Swaminarayan Temple in Manavadar. During this occasion, Shri Keshav Kumar personally telephoned me and inquired whether I had indeed sent him a faxed communication. Upon my affirmation, he extended an invitation for me to join him at the temple premises.

However, I respectfully but firmly declined, asserting my preference for a formal meeting at the police station. He then proposed a conciliatory alternative, suggesting that if my industrial premises happened to be situated en route to Junagadh, we could instead convene at my factory for further discourse

I acquiesced to the proposed arrangement, and in due course, Shri Keshav Kumar arrived at the designated location. During our meeting, I meticulously apprised him of the financial entanglement-elaborating on the substantial sum that remained unrecovered-and delineated the precise course of action I intended to undertake to reclaim the outstanding amount. Furthermore, I extracted a solemn assurance from him: that any ensuing operational measures would be executed with utmost discretion and would remain entirely absent from media reportage, particularly any disclosures originating from the police control room. I emphasized that

premature publicity could inadvertently alert the defaulter, thereby compromising the efficacy of the recovery effort and potentially resulting in the irrevocable loss of the funds in question.

Upon discerning the gravity of the circumstances, Shri Keshav Kumar Saheb concurred with the proposed strategy and duly apprised Shri Shailesh Pandya of the same. Subsequently, a formal complaint was lodged at the Manavadar Police Station under Section 420 of the Indian Penal Code, pertaining to cheating and dishonesty. This complaint was then forwarded to the jurisdictional Manavadar Court for judicial consideration.

should the Commissioner inquire about it-suggesting instead that he state the warrant had been inadvertently left at our hotel.

Thereafter, Advocate Shri Shailesh Pandya exerted considerable effort, engaging in rigorous legal maneuvering and deliberations with the presiding judge, ultimately securing the issuance of a summons directed at the proprietor of the mill in question.

Upon receipt of the judicial summons, we were faced with the procedural choice of either delivering it personally or dispatching it through registered post. In a calculated deviation, we refrained from serving the actual summons and instead produced a fabricated acknowledgment receipt of a registered AD (Acknowledgment Due), presenting it to the court as proof of service.

By misrepresenting this falsified documentation and falsely asserting that the accused had been duly served despite no summons having been officially delivered-nor the requisite three summons being exhausted-the court was thereby induced to issue an arrest warrant against the accused under Section 70 of the Criminal Procedure Code.

Although such a course of action technically transgressed procedural rectitude, it was borne out of sheer exasperation with the protracted and often ineffectual nature of the Indian judicial apparatus. May the Almighty extend forgiveness for such a transgression, but given the endemic delays in securing rightful redress, such extralegal measures were, regrettably, deemed imperative.

Shri Keshav Kumar Saheb had previously advised that, should it become necessary to travel to Coimbatore for the execution of the arrest warrant, I ought to secure an official letter of introduction from him addressed to the Police Commissioner of Coimbatore. Upon the warrant being formally sanctioned by the court, I accordingly procured such a letter from Shri Keshav Kumar. However, by that juncture, Shri Shailesh Pandya had already been reassigned to Somnath-Veraval, and his position as Police Inspector in Manavadar had been succeeded by Shri Mahendra Patel.

Desirous of having Shri Pandya accompany me-owing to his astute intellect, unimpeachable integrity, and proficient command over the English language-I sought to navigate the bureaucratic intricacies associated with his temporary release from duty. At the time, the Somnath-Veraval subdivision fell under the jurisdiction of the Superintendent of Police in Porbandar, namely Mrs. Neerja Rao. Leveraging my cordial rapport with Shri V. P. Kariya, the then-Private Assistant to the Collector of Porbandar, I successfully obtained a three-day leave of absence for Shri Pandya through Kariya's intercession.

Armed with the endorsement letter from Shri Keshav Kumar, we proceeded to Coimbatore to confer with the Police Commissioner. Prior to our meeting, I had explicitly instructed Inspector Mahendra Patel to withhold the actual warrant should the Commissioner inquire about it-suggesting instead that he state the warrant had been inadvertently left at our hotel.

Upon arrival at the Commissioner's office, the preliminary exchange unfolded with customary formalities. However, when the Commissioner requested to see the warrant, Inspector Mahendra Patel, in direct contravention of my prior instructions, promptly produced the document. At that moment, I was seized by a foreboding sense that the mission was on the brink of collapse. Given my understanding that Shri Rajkumar was reputedly the third wealthiest individual in Coimbatore, I feared he likely maintained close affiliations with the Commissioner. I surmised that any forewarning from the Commissioner could irrevocably jeopardize the operation, thereby thwarting our objective of apprehending the defaulter and recovering the substantial dues owed.

I engaged in a vehement exchange with the Police Commissioner, insisting that the warrant be returned to me. However, instead of acquiescing to my request, the Commissioner, exercising his discretionary authority, entrusted the warrant to one of his subordinate officers. Disheartened and disillusioned by this

development, we retired to our hotel, strategizing our next move.

Subsequently, we apprised Advocate Shri Shailesh Pandya of the situation and entreated him to initiate emergency judicial procedures to facilitate the reopening of the court for the sole purpose of transmitting a facsimile of the warrant to our location. Upon receipt of the faxed document, we made multiple photocopies and proceeded expeditiously to the premises of Coimbatore Pioneer Mills, Coimbatore, arriving at approximately 7:30 AM.

I tactically stationed the police officers in the vehicle while I advanced to the administrative office. To my astonishment, Shri Rajkumar was already present, evidently scheduled for a meeting with an official from the Industrial Development Bank of India (IDBI). I discreetly summoned the officers from the vehicle and, without delay, entered Rajkumar's office. To my immense surprise, it became evident that the Commissioner had not forewarned him about the warrant's issuance-something that, had it occurred in Gujarat, might have enabled the accused to elude apprehension.

Upon presenting him with the warrant, Rajkumar made several telephonic attempts within the initial five minutes-contacting legal counsel and various associates. Despite his efforts, none could procure any judicial relief or stay against the warrant, which had been issued under Section 70 of the Criminal Procedure Code. Confronted with no viable legal recourse, he surrendered without resistance.

In rapid succession, the senior executives of his corporation arrived on the scene, resorting to earnest supplication, beseeching me to postpone the execution of the warrant due to a critical meeting scheduled with senior bankers that very morning. Their pleas, however, fell on deaf ears. I invoked the memory of our prior telephone altercation-when he rebuked me for calling his residence- I'll forgive you if Rajkumar goes to his house right now and calls from his landline.

Given that high-ranking officials from IDBI had traveled from Mumbai, circumventing the situation was not a feasible option for him. He immediately instructed his banking partners to expedite the preparation of a demand draft worth ₹38 lakhs. The company's finance head proceeded directly to the bank, ensured its early opening at 10:00 AM, and secured the draft.

It is worth noting that the textile mill in question was a vast enterprise employing approximately 3,000 personnel, and the local jurisdictional police station-Pilamedu-was situated within the same industrial compound, further underscoring the magnitude of the operation and the delicacy with which it had to be executed.

In the month of February 1984, my elder sister-in-law, Mrs. Shruti Chandrakant Doshi, was diagnosed with a malignant neoplasm located in the inferior region of her pharynx. Her oncological treatment commenced under the expert supervision of Dr. S. H. Advani at Mumbai's esteemed Tata Memorial Hospital. During the course of this aggressive intervention, Bhabhi was temporarily stationed in Bhavnagar, as her husband, Shri Kishorbhai, held the position of Labour Officer in the governmental sector there. The city also benefitted from a convenient air transit route to Mumbai, facilitating seamless travel for medical follow-ups.

While rigorous clinical protocols were underway, we pursued concurrent avenues of metaphysical and spiritual supplication. Every third day, I procured sacred ash from the elevated shrine at Upper Datar, Junagadh and dispatched it to Bhavnagar. Alongside, I sourced freshly harvested carrots from the horticultural grounds of acquaintances in Manavadar and sent them by bus. Additionally, I approached Mr. Mohan Agarwal of Surendranagar, inspired by his authorship of Aghor Nagaran Vaage, to request his assistance in locating an Aghori ascetic reputed for miraculous healing. Mr. Agarwal asserted that while such a mendicant might possess the esoteric capacity to reverse terminal ailments, the inherent volatility of such beings rendered it perilous to present a patient before them-thus, he declined to disclose the location.

Simultaneously, my father had deliberately withheld the gravity of Bhabhi's diagnosis. However, upon his visit to Bhavnagar on 31st March 1984, he was made privy to the truth. So profound was his emotional upheaval that he ceased all food intake. He confided in his brothers that he had an urgent desire to return to Manavadar, and upon arrival on April 2, he remained in a state of profound distress-refusing sustenance or medical counsel. Despite our persistent attempts to dissuade him from his ascetic resolve, he remained unyielding.

On April 3, we invited his lifelong confidant, Shri Jivrajbhai Makadia, from Galvav in hopes of persuasion, but to no avail. On the evening of April 4, while I engaged him in a gentle conversation as I prepared to depart for the factory, he made a cryptic request to summon his future business / betting person, Pritambhai, at 9:30 PM. Upon Pritambhai's arrival, my father meticulously resolved a previously made commitment with him. He then retired for the night.

At precisely 11:15 PM, I received an urgent call from home: my father's health had rapidly deteriorated. I rushed home immediately, only to find him nearing his final moments. I administered water to him, after which he peacefully embarked on his eternal journey to Anant.

Our immediate priority was to inform Bhavnagar, as my elder brother and Bhabhi were residing there. Kishorbhai promptly arrived and oversaw the final rites with such discretion that Shruti Bhabhi remained unaware of her father-in-law's demise. Tragedy, however, struck once again. The very next day, our cousin Shri Ratibhai, while en route to condole us, succumbed to a fatal myocardial infarction just outside our home.

Once the funerary rituals at Manavadar and Galvav were complete, the family resumed the arduous efforts of restoring Bhabhi Shruti's health. Despite persistent engagement with allopathic modalities-chemotherapy and radiotherapy proved ineffectual. As a final resort, she was admitted to the Shri Bala Hanuman Ayurvedic Mahavidyalaya in Lodra, Mansa Taluka, an institution renowned since 1963 for traditional Ayurvedic healing.

Yet, on 4th November 1984, merely eight days into treatment, Shruti Bhabhi departed this mortal world, leaving behind her two-and-a-quarter-year-old daughter Khushboo and a grief-stricken family. Within the span of seven months, the family had endured the irreparable loss of three members, marking an era of acute bereavement.

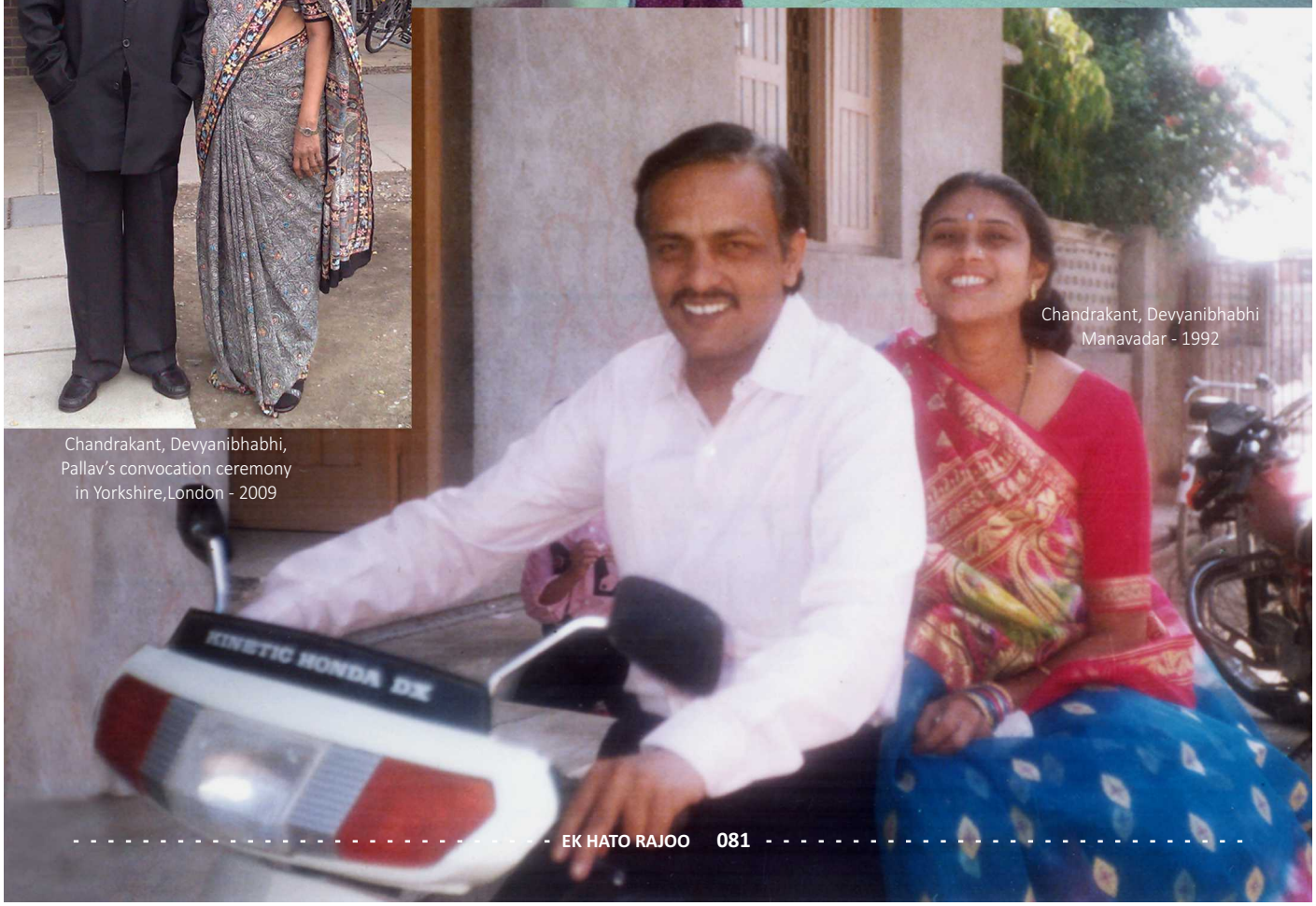
As Kishorbhai continued his government post in Bhavnagar and Neeta Bhabhi remained there as well, our family in Manavadar comprised my elder brother-employed with the State Bank of Saurashtra-myself, Jayabala, Shaili, and young Khushboo. In 1985, I was united in matrimony with Rita, the younger sibling of Shruti Bhabhi.

The family's collective focus then shifted toward nurturing Khushboo and persuading my elder brother to embrace matrimony once more. After six arduous years of emotional and spiritual healing, he reluctantly agreed to remarry in 1990-on the solemn condition that the new partner must unconditionally accept Khushboo as her own.

The matrimonial alliance was forged with Ms. Devyani of the Mehta family, residents of Rajula. Her magnanimity and deep sense of compassion led her to honor every sentiment of my elder brother without resistance. On 30th September 1990, the two were wed. Once again, the home was graced by the presence of three benevolent goddesses-Jayabala, Devyani, and Khushbu - who bound the family with threads of grace, resilience, and affection. To this day, that sacred abode is fondly and reverently known as "Shrutina."

Chandrakantbhai, Shrutibhabhi and
Khushboo - Udaipur - 1983

Chandrakant, Devyanibhabhi,
Pallav's convocation ceremony
in Yorkshire,London - 2009



Chandrakant, Devyanibhabhi
Manavadar - 1992

Following the untimely demise of Chandubhai, a pervasive sense of uncertainty loomed among those closely associated with our family

I reminded him of our last interaction - the rudeness, the dismissive instruction to never call his home - and said that I had no intention of settling his dues. However, I added, "If you truly want your payment, then go home, dial my fax number from your landline, and if my fax machine displays your residential number, I will issue the payment without delay."

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If someone defrauds me, I do not become excessively perturbed. However, when an individual resorts to falsehoods, speaks irrationally, behaves discourteously, demonstrates intellectual immaturity, or demands treatment that is clearly inequitable, I am unable to remain passive. In the Kathiawadi idiom, I would say - without pausing to calculate the implications of profit or loss - I feel compelled, perhaps stubbornly so in the eyes of others, to ensure they are taught an unforgettable lesson. Numerous such episodes have unfolded in my life. One that remains vividly etched in memory occurred during the years 1989 - 1990, in the formative days of Rajoo Engineers. At the time, I would commute from Manavadar to Rajkot three to four times a week, either by bus or on a modest Bajaj moped. Rajoo Engineers' machine components were being manufactured across nearly fifty small and medium-sized industrial units in Rajkot. My routine visits were meant to deliver technical drawings and raw materials to our job workers.

The majority of our raw materials were procured from two prominent suppliers: Bharat Tool Steel Syndicate and Impulse Steel.

Each morning, I would place orders for essential materials with these suppliers and instruct them to dispatch the consignment to the designated fabrication units. Thereafter, I would set out to meet various vendors, and by evening, I would verify whether the materials had reached their intended destinations.

On one such occasion, I had placed an urgent request with Impulse Steel for a 10mm iron plate, which was critical for ongoing fabrication. The proprietor personally assured me that the consignment would be delivered by afternoon. However, by evening, the material had not arrived. I promptly telephoned the office, only to be informed that the proprietor had departed for the day and could possibly be contacted at his residence.

Upon acquiring his residential number, I telephoned him and politely introduced myself. I inquired whether the aforementioned consignment had been dispatched. Rather than responding with a simple affirmation or denial, the gentleman brusquely retorted, "Never call me at home regarding such matters!"

His impudent response - particularly given that the lapse had been on his end - incensed me. However, I did not respond impulsively. Instead, the following day, I visited his premises with calm composure, spoke to him in a courteous tone, and then proceeded to orchestrate a subtle but pointed lesson. I loaded 11 tons of raw material, encompassing various items, onto a truck operated by Manavadar Transport and dispatched it to our unit in Manavadar.

The credit terms stipulated a 30-day payment cycle. As per standard procedure, the invoice and

transport receipt were submitted to our accounts department, but with a caveat: no payment was to be disbursed without my explicit authorization. The accounts were managed by Mr. Praveen Joshi, who was personally instructed to respond evasively if payment inquiries were made - offering vague justifications and politely deflecting each attempt.

By the time the credit period had doubled from 30 to 60 days, the supplier's patience had frayed. The proprietor began calling, berating Praveen with increasingly aggressive language. Distressed, Praveen reported this to me, to which I replied calmly, "The next time he calls, patch him through to me."

Inevitably, the call came. Before the aggrieved supplier could unleash his ire, Praveen promptly said, "Hold on, I'll transfer you to Rajoobhai," and handed the call over.

I answered in a composed tone and began by asking why I hadn't received any payment from him. Then, without waiting for his response, I reminded him of our last interaction - the rudeness, the dismissive instruction to never call his home - and said that I had no intention of settling his dues. However, I added, "If you truly want your payment, then go home, dial my fax number from your landline, and if my fax machine displays your residential number, I will issue the payment without delay."

Sure enough, the man went to his residence, dialed my fax line (21729) from his home phone, and within moments of confirming the caller ID, I authorized the transfer of ₹70,000.

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In the year 2004, Mr. Kamal Shah was appointed as Vice President – Sales at Rajoo Engineers, succeeding Mr. Kirit Shah. He was later followed in this role by Mr. Roshan Shah and Mr. Sunil Shah. Interestingly, all individuals bearing the surname "Shah" held this position only for brief tenures, suggesting that the designation, at that juncture, bore little enduring significance. Stability in leadership was eventually achieved when Mr. Manish Vasavada assumed the role in 2008 and continues to serve with distinction to this day.

During his relatively short stint, however, Kamal Shah committed a grave indiscretion. Without the prior knowledge or consent of senior management, he issued a letter on company letterhead, bearing his signature, that contained false assurances.

Despite this directive, Mr. Shah, acting unilaterally and deceptively, issued a signed letter containing these very assurances.

At the time, Mother Dairy (a unit of GCMMF) had floated a tender for the procurement of a three-layer extrusion machine. Historically, Mother Dairy had consistently sourced machines from Windsor Company, a well-established player with a dominant presence in the market. Kamal Shah, who had previously been employed by Windsor before transitioning to Rajoo Engineers, leveraged his insider knowledge and professional familiarity to aggressively pursue this order for our organization.

The tender from our side was duly submitted and subsequently approved. However, post-approval, certain officials from Mother Dairy imposed additional stipulations that required a formal written affirmation from our company regarding technical specifications - particularly about the performance capabilities of the machine. Since these technical guarantees were not realistically deliverable, Kamal Shah was categorically instructed by upper management to refrain from issuing any such written commitments.

Despite this directive, Mr. Shah, acting unilaterally and deceptively, issued a signed letter containing these very assurances. When questioned, he confidently asserted that his personal rapport and credibility would suffice to smooth over any discrepancies. Trusting this confidence, we proceeded with manufacturing the machine and delivered it to Mother Dairy in Gandhinagar on time.

Once operational, the machine underwent rigorous testing, and the properties of the produced film were meticulously documented and evaluated. According to the agreement, the final 10% payment was contingent upon successful acceptance of the machine's performance. Our service engineers made exhaustive efforts, incorporating numerous modifications, to align the machine's output with the client's expectations. However, it eventually became technically evident that the product specifications demanded by Mother Dairy

were incompatible with the design of the machine. We thus communicated that the product deliverables would match only what had been genuinely committed - not the exaggerated claims falsely promised in the unauthorized letter.

It was then that the contentious letter issued by Kamal Shah surfaced, placing us in a precarious position. Consequently, we forfeited the outstanding payment and additionally incurred a financial penalty. In light of this breach of trust, Kamal Shah's services were promptly terminated. However, instead of exiting quietly, he retaliated maliciously.

In a vindictive maneuver, Kamal Shah filed complaints under the pseudonym "Saurabh Shah" with both the Sales Tax and Income Tax Departments, alleging widespread benami transactions and financial irregularities within Rajoo Engineers.

As a result, eighteen officers from the Income Tax Department descended upon our premises and conducted an exhaustive 48-hour-long inspection. Despite their comprehensive scrutiny, no evidence of benami transactions or financial malpractice was unearthed. Nevertheless, as a precautionary measure and to avoid further scrutiny, we voluntarily remitted ₹40 lakhs in advance tax that fiscal year.

I concluded emphatically : "Now neither will I pay the government nor willl pay you."

Soon thereafter, five officials from the Sales Tax Department also arrived to investigate the allegations. Their review extended over 18 continuous hours. Though their primary inspection yielded no incriminating findings, during the course of their audit, they discovered an old weighbridge receipt on my office table - dating back approximately four to five years - suggesting that iron scrap had been sold by the company. This discovery initiated a new line of inquiry. At the time, our Sales Tax assistant, Mr. Sureja, was also present. He advised me discreetly that the matter could be 'settled' by paying an unofficial sum of ₹1 lakh. I responded indignantly, questioning the need for such a payment. I asked them to identify the discrepancy - if any taxes had indeed been evaded - and prove that the weighbridge slip contained taxable quantities of scrap that had gone unreported. When Mr. Sureja persisted, I became irate and dismissed him from the premises at midnight, stating plainly that I needed someone who worked for the company, not for the tax officers. After his departure, I directly confronted the lead officer. I told him to calculate the tax and any legitimate penalties due, so that we could pay the government its rightful share. However, it became evident that they were not interested in lawful dues - their insinuations and vague allegations were merely a ruse to extract bribes. I requested to examine the slips they had found, and upon receiving them, I tore them up in front of the officer and discarded them in the wastebasket. I concluded emphatically: "Now neither will I pay the government nor will I pay you."

The five indigent individuals withdrew in silence, their brows furrowed in visible displeasure. Though I retain a vivid recollection of each gentleman's name, there exists no pragmatic justification for documenting them at this juncture. The episode in question transpired circa 2014 or 2015. During that period, Our Shwetang Monani, a practicing architect, was operating independently from the Everest Chamber complex. Occupying the uppermost floor of that establishment was the office of a distinguished chartered accountant, Mr. T. R. Doshi, who conducted his affairs under the professional appellation "T. R. Doshi & Company." Amidst an ongoing renovation of Mr. Doshi's premises, an infrastructural failure occurred - specifically, the rupture of an overhead water reservoir - resulting in an uncontrolled deluge that inundated Mr. Monani's workspace below. The incident caused extensive impairment to the office's interior furnishings and inflicted notable damage upon important architectural documents and resources.

When Mr. Shwetang approached Mr. T. R. Doshi to inform him that his office premises had been thoroughly saturated due to the water leakage, he was met with an appalling lack of courtesy and an overtly dismissive attitude. Despite subsequent communication from the building manager, who dutifully relayed the matter to Mr. Doshi, the latter remained entirely indifferent - unmoved both in demeanor and in conscience.

At that time, an advocate whose office was situated directly opposite Mr. Shwetang's happened to witness the unfolding situation. In a reprehensible act of intimidation, Mr. Doshi contacted the advocate and brazenly instructed him to convey the following message: "Inform the young man seated before you that should he dare to lodge a formal complaint, we shall see to it that he is forcibly dealt with."

The advocate, being a man of integrity and discernment, had the presence of mind to discreetly record the telephonic exchange with Mr. T. R. Doshi on his mobile device. Subsequently, he played the audio for Mr. Shwetang, thereby exposing the nature of the threat in full. Upon learning the details of this disconcerting episode, Mr. Shwetang apprised me of the situation. Promptly, I initiated a call to Mr. Doshi to address the matter. After a brief discussion, he extended an invitation for a meeting at his office.

That evening, upon my arrival at the designated premises, I was informed that Mr. Doshi was not present. In his stead, he had appointed two haughty and overbearing individuals to engage with me. As I entered, I courteously inquired whether I could meet with Mr. Doshi. The two men, exuding arrogance, responded brusquely, "Has the furniture in your office sustained damage?" I affirmed, adding, "It ought to be repaired." To this, they replied with nonchalance, "Mr. Doshi will attend to it upon his return."

These two insolent individuals, brimming with conceit, began boasting unprovoked in my presence about how they had previously resorted to physical intimidation-even claiming to have assaulted officials from the Income Tax Department. However, their posturing left me entirely unfazed and emotionally unshaken. Observing my composure, they continued in the same audacious vein and eventually stated, with a dismissive air, that the requisite repairs would indeed be undertaken.

As I turned to leave, both gentlemen followed me, fell at my feet and implored me not to be aggrieved. Yet, notably, the words "Michhami Dukkadam" never passed their lips.

Despite their assurances, no action was taken over the course of six days. Growing weary of their evasiveness, I once again contacted Mr. T. R. Doshi and, in no uncertain terms, conveyed the following: "Doshi Saheb, I am prepared to acquire the premises above your office at any cost whatsoever-and once in possession, I shall not hesitate to deliberately inundate your meticulously renovated space with forty thousand litres of water."

Subsequent to that encounter, he once again summoned me to the office. Upon my arrival, I found present Shri T. R. Doshi and Shri Chandrakantbhai Seth, the brother of Dilsukhbhai Seth. The demeanor of both men suggested a self-perception steeped in religious propriety. T. R. Doshi, in particular, appeared visibly unnerved and adopted a tone of supplication in his speech.

I confronted him, stating that when Shwetang had previously approached him, he had responded with hubris. Had he possessed even a modicum of humility and uttered the customary Jain expression "Michhami Dukkadam", Shwetang would have neither raised objections nor pursued grievances. Instead, he arrogantly proclaimed to his legal counsel that they would simply "take it away," as if Shwetang were a mere inanimate object.

I reminded him that he proclaims himself to be a paragon of Jain piety. If that were indeed the case, he should exhibit spiritual magnanimity and offer a sincere "Michhami Dukkadam" to Shwetang, thereby resolving the matter. However, rather than seeking atonement, he digressed and indulged in irrelevant discourse. Consequently, Shwetang and I vacated the premises. I declared that I would pursue the matter further.

As I turned to leave, both gentlemen followed me, fell at my feet, and implored me not to be aggrieved. Yet, notably, the words "Michhami Dukkadam" never passed their lips.

The following day, I received a summons from Mr. Atul Sheth, requesting an audience. Upon arriving, I observed that T. R. Doshi's son-in-law was also present. I reiterated that no apology had been offered and insisted that reparations for the office renovation must be made. I further stipulated that the amount be directed not to me, but as a donation to the Kathiawad Balashram. Accordingly, the following day, I procured a cheque from T. R. Doshi and handed it over to the said institution.

These two gentlemen - hailed in society as exemplary adherents of Jain monastic principles - could traverse together in public with reverence, yet lacked the moral courage to speak words of sincere repentance to one another.

Around October 2000, I recall encountering a woman seated on a chair beneath the shade of a tree. Assuming she was awaiting someone, and preoccupied with my midday repast, I proceeded to the office without inquiring. I presumed she was affiliated with Rajoo Cotex. Inside, I found two officers seated and queried, "What business brings you here?" Receiving no reply, I remarked, “If I cannot recognize you, how can I greet you?” Subsequently, I approached the Collector, Mrs. Sunayna Tomar, and inquired, “Madam, what intrigue is this?” In hushed tones, she explained that due to an acute fodder shortage, they required temporary storage for livestock feed. I responded affirmatively, informing her that our factory premises were defunct and unoccupied, and thus could be utilized for hay storage. I also welcomed her officials to establish their operations within the same space. Having thus articulated my stance, I partook in refreshments-tea and light snacks-before proceeding to the office. Not long thereafter, both government officers followed me in and informed me with bureaucratic firmness that I was now obligated to submit the architectural schematics and associated documentation for the factory premises. Without a moment’s deliberation, I responded resolutely that I would no longer permit the storage of fodder in my factory.

Perplexed, the officers interjected, “You just acquiesced to Madam’s request-what prompts this abrupt reversal?” I replied curtly, “I have simply decided otherwise.” They promptly relayed this to Madam (Collector Mrs. Sunayna Tomar), who shortly thereafter arrived at the office to seek clarification. I explained candidly, “I am voluntarily offering the premises without remuneration-why then must I provide detailed blueprints and legal documentation?” Upon hearing this, Madam, in a rare display of administrative decisiveness, rebuked the officers and dispensed with the bureaucratic formalities, thereby sanctioning the use of the premises for fodder storage. This arrangement persisted for approximately four months. Upon its conclusion, the local reven ue officer (Mamlatdar) stationed in Manavadar unscrupulously executed fabricated rental documentation and siphoned government funds for personal gain.

I approached the Collector, Mrs. Sunayna Tomar and inquired, “Madam, what intrigue is this?”

In the year 2010, appointments for notary positions were to be conferred across various talukas of Gujarat. As anticipated, numerous legal practitioners from each jurisdiction submitted applications. Among them were Advocate Shailesh Pandya-a close personal associate of mine-and another contender from the Manavadar region, a member of the influential Patel community and a political affiliate of the then-sitting BJP MLA, Shri Ratilal Sureja.

Shailesh Pandya, sensing the formidable political clout of his opponent, approached me with apprehension. He expressed that unless extraordinary efforts were made, his candidacy would not materialize into an official notaryship. Given the BJP government and the MLA’s patronage of the rival, the odds were against him.

Motivated by loyalty and conviction, I spared no effort-strategizing tactically, leveraging all available influence, and orchestrating support to ensure that Mr. Pandya’s appointment would be secured.
On the eve of the official gazette notification, the rival candidate-presumptuously and prematurely-affixed a “Notary” nameplate on his residence. Alarmed, Mr. Pandya visited me again, distressed. “Brother,” he lamented, “it seems my rival has already secured the appointment.”

I reassured him, “Fear not. By morning, your nameplate shall be on your house, and his will be dismantled.” True to prediction, the next day, Mr. Shailesh Pandya was officially designated as a notary public. His competitor’s claim was invalidated, and the speculative nameplate removed. Even Shri Ratibhai Sureja was left bewildered, pondering how events had turned so decisively.

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We shall now delve into the diverse ventures we undertook over the years, along with the distinguished

partners who played a role in each of them.

In 1979, Shri Ratilal Bhoot entered into a partnership in a grocery business established under the name R.R. Brothers. The shop operated for approximately eleven months, after which it was closed, resulting in a personal financial loss of ₹70, borne solely by Shri Ratilal Bhoot.

In 1981, a new venture was launched under the name Rajoo Plastics, a polyethylene bag manufacturing unit. The partnership for this enterprise included Shri Kalyanji Tilwa, Shri Rajoobhai Waja, and Shri Shashikant Kamdar (affectionately known as Mama). The factory remained in operation until May 20, 1986. Upon its closure, a sum of ₹1,35,000 was distributed to the sons of Dr. Savsani Saheb. The details regarding the overall profit or loss, and how the remaining funds were distributed among the partners, are no longer clearly remembered.

Following the closure and sale of Rajoo Plastics, proceeds exceeding ₹1 lakh were received. These funds were used to establish a new business, Rajoo Engineers, in partnership with Shri Khimjibhai, who contributed two lathes and arranged for a rented workshop. He also had an outstanding loan of ₹25,000 on the machines. The Doshi family invested ₹1,10,000 into this new venture, from which Khimjibhai's loan was repaid in installments. In total, Rajoo Engineers was founded with ₹20,000 contributed by the Aghera family and ₹1,10,000 by the Doshi family.

On October 1, 1987, the firm was formally incorporated as Rajoo Engineers Pvt. Ltd. The shareholding structure was based on the original contributions: approximately 10% for the Aghera family and 90% for the Doshi family.

This partnership continued smoothly until September 2009. During this period, the five brothers of the Aghera family received regular salaries, and nearly all their personal expenses were covered by the company. By the time the partnership dissolved in 2009, the Aghera family was receiving an annual compensation of ₹89 lakh. Notably, the Doshi family did not draw any salaries or financial benefits from the business during this time. A residential property was purchased in Rajkot for the Doshi family. Meanwhile, as the Aghera brothers lived separately, three homes were bought for them at a total cost of ₹90 lakh, and one home was purchased for the Doshi family at a cost of ₹29,29,926.

With Kishorbhai - 2020

In September 2009, a minor incident occurred in the factory during which Khimjibhai's son, Hitesh, was mildly reprimanded. Following this, he abruptly stopped coming to work. The next day, when I inquired with Khimjibhai about Hitesh's absence, he replied that Hitesh would no longer be attending due to having taken offense. When I recounted the incident and asked if such a reaction could truly be considered "irritation," Khimjibhai simply responded, "I don't know."

The following day, members of the Aghera family expressed their desire to withdraw from the business and requested their share of the company. At that time, the value of Rajoo Engineers' shares stood at ₹6 per share. Taking into account their holdings in this and other affiliated companies, the total valuation of their entitlement amounted to ₹5,95,00,000. Notably, the other two associated companies were incurring losses, but these losses were not considered in the final valuation. Additionally, Rajoo Kotex was facing an outstanding sales tax liability of ₹4,54,00,000, for which the Aghera family had agreed to assume 30% responsibility when the payment became due.

In reality, upon final reconciliation of the accounts, it was determined that the Aghera family's rightful share amounted to ₹5,95,00,000. However, they insisted on receiving ₹8,50,00,000 and also demanded ownership of three residential properties and four motor vehicles in Rajkot. My elder brother, Shri Chandrakantbhai, agreed to all their conditions and committed to completing all payments within an 18-month period.

As per the written agreement signed by both parties, it was clearly stipulated that any technical drawings or designs belonging to Rajoo Engineers and still in the possession of the Aghera family were to be returned. Furthermore, for a period of three years, the Aghera family agreed not to engage in the manufacture of any products produced by Rajoo Engineers. This agreement was duly acknowledged and signed by the Aghera family.

However, despite the fact that all payments were being made as agreed, the Aghera family proceeded to manufacture machines using proprietary designs from Rajoo Engineers. These designs had been taken without permission and were used in a new venture established by the father-in-law of one of the Aghera family's children. In doing so, the terms of the agreement were blatantly disregarded and violated.

Despite the clear breach of agreement by the Aghera family, the Doshi family chose not to pursue any legal action or raise objections. It became apparent that the Aghera family intended to dismantle Rajoo Engineers entirely-a goal they have not been able to achieve to this day. After their exit from the company, they attempted to replicate and sell machines based on stolen designs. However, none of these machines met customer expectations. As a result, their factory had to be opened and shut down multiple times-nearly four to five occasions.

In a healthy competitive environment, businesses strive to grow their own capabilities. Unfortunately, the Aghera family focused their efforts solely on undermining Rajoo Engineers rather than expanding their own venture. This shortsighted approach ultimately led to their stagnation and failure to gain ground in the industry.
The Aghera family officially separated from the business in 2010. After they received the full amount agreed upon during the separation, Khimjibhai's elder son became involved in gold futures trading. In his very first deal, he earned a profit of ₹85 lakh. Despite our prior disassociation, I advised Khimjibhai to discourage his son from continuing in this speculative trade, warning him of the potential risks. However, blinded by the initial profit, Khimjibhai did not intervene.

Over the next six months, the trading resulted in a massive loss of ₹2 crore. Creditors began pressuring the family for repayments. In desperation, Khimjibhai and his sister-in-law began gathering gold from their home to sell. When I was informed of this situation, I visited them and, after understanding the circumstances, offered financial assistance. I provided ₹10 lakh, and his younger brother secured another ₹10 lakh through Mr. Shailesh Pandya, a local notary. My loan was repaid within two months. However, the family had to sell their house in Rajkot and faced significant financial distress. Despite everything, Hitesh continued engaging in futures trading and other forms of gambling.

Eventually, both Khimjibhai and his wife passed away, one after the other. Later, Hitesh approached me again, asking for help due to accumulated debts. I declined to support any further gambling losses but offered ₹50,000 per month to help him manage household expenses. I told him to reach out if he agreed, but he never returned. When both of Khimjibhai's sons were later diagnosed with oral cancer, I again stepped forward and extended financial support. However, over the past one to two years, they have not been in contact or received assistance.

Following the Aghera family's separation, the Pandya family also parted ways. Our partnership with the Pandya family in the plastic processing unit had started back in 1989. The separation took place in 2010. At that time, all demands made by Jawahar Pandya were honored without dispute. Interestingly, although he held 4,92,000 shares of Rajoo Engineers, he did not disclose this during the separation. Furthermore, he received approximately ₹3 crore beyond what was due, generously provided by Shri Chandrakantbhai.

When the value of Rajoo Engineers' shares rose to ₹225, Jawahar Pandya decided to sell them. Though this may have been within his legal rights, it is worth noting that the Doshi family never contested the sale. When Jawahar Pandya discussed separation with Shri Chandrakantbhai, his response was filled with disappointment and betrayal-he remarked, "I have created a Bhindranwale." This reflected his deep trust and belief in Jawahar Pandya, which was evidently broken.

In truth, Shri Chandrakantbhai's broader vision was to consolidate both the engineering and plastic

processing units into a single, well-organized facility on a 20-acre plot. This unified setup would have significantly reduced administrative costs and enabled a streamlined, efficient factory layout.

Until that point, Essen and Rajoo operated from separate locations. It was anticipated that if both units were to be consolidated at a single site, and Shri Chandrakantbhai began overseeing operations there on a regular basis, the autonomy enjoyed by the Pandya family might be compromised. This likely prompted their decision to part ways without delay.

Disheartened, Jawaharbhai was prepared to accept the judgment and pay the full amount Rs. 9.67 Cr. then that Shri Mohanbhai approached me & requested help to save Jawaharbhai from this financial burden.

However, even after the separation, Essen Multipack Private Limited continued to engage Rajoo Engineers for their machinery needs. In every instance, we supplied the machines at specially discounted rates, ensuring only minimal profit margins.

Following the separation, the Pandya family offered no cooperation. In fact, they often posed hindrances. Even when Rajoo Engineers' machines were actively operating in their facility, and we requested to demonstrate those machines to potential clients, our requests were routinely denied. On one particular occasion, an Iranian customer visited with an interest in acquiring the same machine that was installed at Essen. Although Jawaharbhai initially agreed to allow the demonstration, the moment we arrived with the client, he abruptly turned off the main power supply and pretended there was an electricity outage. Despite such disheartening behavior, the Doshi family refrained from voicing any complaints. It was truly unfortunate to witness such a change in attitude and approach after the partnership ended.

When the Pandya family exited the Essen business in 2009, a legal case was ongoing with the Punjab Federation, related to the use of plastic sheets for covering wheat grains. This case was being heard in the Chandigarh court.

Back in 2002, Essen Multipack had participated in a Punjab Federation tender for plastic sheets. Our bid was the lowest, so the contract was awarded to us. As per the tender conditions, the Federation's officials regularly monitored the production process and personally inspected and approved each batch of plastic sheets. With such meticulous supervision and certification, we were confident there would be no issues.

The full consignment was delivered, and the payment was received in full. However, the trouble began when a vested interest within the Federation-who had long been supplying these sheets at inflated prices from a unit in Parwanoo, Himachal Pradesh-felt threatened by our entry. In retaliation, he allegedly sabotaged our shipments by tampering with the delivered materials and lodged complaints, seeking to discredit our products. Though some quantities were replaced in response, the issue escalated further. Eventually, arbitration was attempted, but with no resolution, the case moved to court.

Given the strong documentation-including inspection certificates signed by Federation officials-we were confident of our position. However, after the Pandya family took over the case post-2009, it was handled with negligence. In 2015, a notice from the Rajkot court arrived, citing an order from the Punjab Federation demanding a payment of ₹9.67 crore. The judgment had been passed ex parte due to the absence of representation from our side.

Jawaharbhai, despite being experienced and having the support of Shri Mohanbhai Manvar-who handled tax and accounts for both Rajoo and Essen-consulted top legal experts from Ahmedabad and Delhi, including prominent names like Shri Kapil Sibal. Around ₹50 lakh was spent on legal fees and travel, yet not one lawyer could assure a favorable outcome. Disheartened, Jawaharbhai was prepared to accept the judgment and pay the full amount.

It was then that Shri Mohanbhai approached me and requested help to save Jawaharbhai from this financial burden. Surprised, I asked what the situation was, as no one had ever informed me of the ongoing case. Mohanbhai then arranged for Jawaharbhai to bring the case file to me. After reviewing it, I felt confident that the penalty could be avoided, but it would require capable legal representation.

I contacted Mr. Shailesh Pandya, a lawyer and close family associate, to recommend a suitable advocate. He suggested Mr. Khanpara from Junagadh, who had experience in such cases. Jawaharbhai and I met him and explained the situation. After studying the file thoroughly, Mr. Khanpara identified 22 critical legal points and brought along supporting judgments from the Supreme Court. He assured us there was no need to pay a single rupee.

Indeed, in just the third hearing, the judge dismissed the case entirely. Since then, no further action has been required regarding that payment. While Jawaharbhai had not offered any assistance or cooperation after the separation, I still chose to intervene and protect him from a significant financial loss-purely out of goodwill-despite the time and effort it demanded.

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Let me share another incident that left a deep emotional scar. Anil Savsani, my childhood friend and partner in our very first industrial endeavor, had once purchased the Rajoo Plastic Unit. After stepping away from the plastic processing industry, he ventured into manufacturing plastic bag-making machines in Rajkot. He continued with this business until around 2004, when he found himself drowning in financial trouble and burdened with debt.

Seeing his struggle, I extended a helping hand. I invited him to join Rajoo Engineers and encouraged him to manufacture the bag-making machines under our roof. We provided him with workspace, raw materials, and full support. We even took charge of selling the machines so he could get back on his feet. Within a year, it seemed like things were back on track for him.

But behind the scenes, something else was happening.

Unbeknownst to us, Anilbhai had resumed independent production of machines in Metoda and had begun accepting direct orders from a trader in Gondal-bypassing our company entirely. One day, he came to me and said he was considering leaving to take up an agency for Kedia ceiling fans. I knew he wasn't being honest. Still, I asked him if he needed money, as any true friend would. But not once did he admit that he had already restarted his own manufacturing independently.

That experience cost me more than ₹70 to ₹80 lakhs-an expense borne purely out of friendship. In the end, when accounts were settled, he owed me around ₹30 lakhs. He didn't have that amount and came with gold ornaments, which I refused to accept. Over time, he returned only a portion of the debt in small installments. Eventually, he went on to establish his own machine-making factory once again. I let it go.

Much later, an automation equipment supplier came to meet me. In passing, I asked him whether he supplied materials to Anil. His response, though cut short, was enough to reveal his true feelings. He simply said, "Anil is your friend," and then fell silent. That silence said everything.

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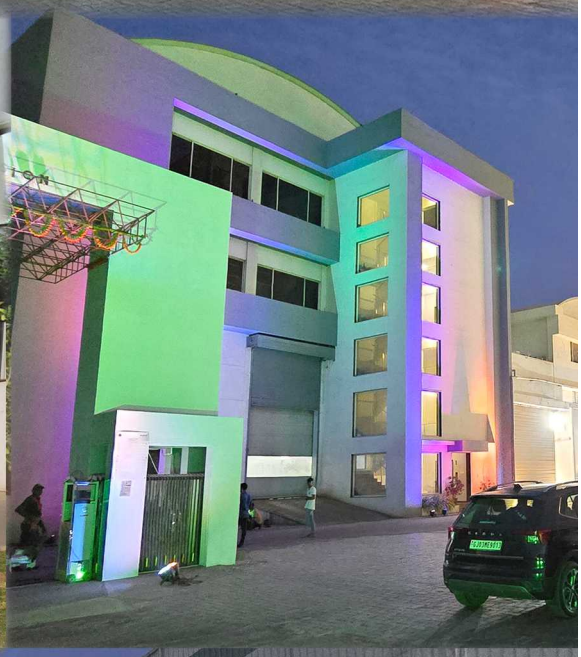
Rajco



Upon the accession of the nascent progeny of the venerable Doshi lineage into the executive echelons of the corporate constellation denominated as the 'Raju Group,' a missive-dispatched to the scions-articulating directives concerning the institutional ethos and the ancestral code of rectitude, was communicated in ipsissima verba :

Khushboo – Utsav – Pallav,

As the fiscal annum 2017–18 culminates with resplendent financial triumphs, my heart is suffused with both felicity and solemn pride in consigning to your stewardship the onerous yet exalted mandate of perpetuating this saga of development with consummate facility and unimpeachable rectitude.

Notwithstanding the prodigious laurels already secured, I remain persuaded with unwavering certitude that the horizons of the morrow shall reveal prospects even more auspicious and transcendent for our consortium. My confidence is adamantine that, in concert with your cohorts, you shall elevate the 'Rajoo Group' to the zenith of our collective aspirations.

Our constellation of products and services, diffused across a sextagenarian constellation of nations, ought to instill within us both august pride and undaunted assurance as we confront the vicissitudes yet to unfold. The current year has subjected us to turbid economic perturbations-be it through demonetization or the labyrinthine onset of GST-and analogous impediments may continue to assail the forthcoming cycle.

In the imminent epochs, the marketplace may be convulsed by the dual maelstroms of insatiable consumer appetency and industrial hypertrophy, compounded by the onslaught of imported rivalries. Hence, in order to sustain ascendancy within the merciless crucible of commercial competition, it shall be imperative that our enterprise perennially innovate operational methodologies, pursue an inexorable diminution of costs, and amplify our portfolio with perspicacious precision so as to cogently gratify the evolving exigencies of our clientele.

With Utsav, Pallav and Utkarsh

Although compliance with the directives delineated below is already being observed, I am restating them herein to ensure their sustained cognizance and institutional remembrance.

1. Perpetually enthrone the axiom of fabricating a blemish-free artefact as the paramount telos. Configure the modus operandi of our commercial praxis in such a manner that imperfection is rendered an impossibility. Nevertheless, should it be discerned that an aberrant commodity has been disseminated, forthwith acknowledge the lapse and effectuate rectification. Procrastination in the admission of culpability shall only magnify the quantum of detriment.
2. Maintain unremitting vigilance that not even a solitary drachma belonging to our stakeholders is dissipated in futility.
3. Unfailingly allocate the precise vocation to the apt individual; in other words, preserve an uncompromising insistence on retaining solely those of eminent calibre within our fold.
4. Permit not the integrity of our product to atrophy in obeisance to pecuniary diminution.
5. Eschew avaricious inclinations toward magnitudinous enterprise predicated upon pecuniary indebtedness.
6. It is not lucre that engenders man, but rather man who engenders lucre.
7. Conduct existence in maximal simplicity. Refrain from slavishly imitating the multitudes; rather, lend an ear to their utterances and emulate solely where your own discernment affirms rectitude.
8. Instead of succumbing to the mania of ostentatious brand appellations, employ exclusively those utilities that bestow authentic comfort. Cultivate gratitude for that which already lies within our possession.
9. Persistently mandate salubrious competition with our adversaries in commerce.
10. Harbour an inviolable conviction that whatsoever transpires is invariably propitious; thus, preserve serenity of psyche by unceasingly offering benedictions unto nature.
11. In moments of vacillation regarding determinations, hesitate not to solicit counsel from those in whom you repose trust and who demonstrably safeguard your genuine welfare.
12. Engender a retinue suffused with fidelity, diligence, and indefatigability, and incessantly contrive prudent stratagems to ensure their allegiance endures.
13. Bear in perpetual remembrance that conjoined with our merchandise is the nomenclature of our corporation, our affiliated entities, and our familial patrimony. Accordingly, architect the future with this awareness.
14. It is of cardinal import that the codex of conduct, the mechanism of procurement, the canon of accounting, and the overarching mercantile policy be administered homogeneously across the entirety of the 'Raju Group.'
15. Safeguard that the governance and augmentation of all enterprises within the 'Raju Group' are effectuated solely through your mutual concord.
16. Concomitant with prosecuting commercial obligations and fulfilling personal aspirations, it is incumbent upon you to allocate ample temporal devotion unto your families. Let this obligation be ever before your consciousness.
17. Having attained this juncture, comprehend that agency is but illusory-events manifest of their own volition. Hence, orchestrate your mercantile engagements in such a fashion that you may luxuriate in biannual respites of no fewer than fifteen days apiece with your families.
18. Forfeit not corporeal vitality at the altar of pecuniary acquisition; preserve somatic fitness irrespective of circumstance. Extravagant expectations render the human vision occluded.
19. Regard not our employees through the prism of suspicion, nor succumb to regret should one among them deceive or exploit us; for it is solely the virtuous who repose trust with such facility.
20. Perpetuate inviolate our ancestral tradition of preserving the honour of elders under every conceivable contingency, with the utmost discipline.

I shall remain perpetually vigilant and operative in the cardinal spheres of finance, design, and product origination. Beyond these, my presence shall ever be at your disposal whenever exigency necessitates.

-Rajesh Doshi
February 4, 2018

Khushboo - Utsav - Pallav - Kruti - Karishma - Utkarsh,

The foregoing epistle had been transmitted to Khushboo, Utsav, and Pallav at the denouement of 2017–18, wherein a multitude of exhortations were delineated. By my discernment, many of these are being adhered to in substantial measure.

Yet, owing to the unnatural pestilence of 2020–21, the modalities of existence and commerce have undergone profound transfiguration. By machinations of hegemonic powers and caprices of minds warped by self-interest, aberrant epidemics recur with disquieting frequency. The current Corona cataclysm appears less anomaly than rehearsal for a world more turbulent still. Thus, each natural or contrived plague reshapes the commercial paradigm, and must be embraced with pliancy and traversed with fortitude.

With every upheaval arise multitudes professing doctrines anew. Amidst such dissonance, it is paramount to safeguard the vitality of oneself and one's kin, for therein lies the substratum of felicity. Emulate not wealth in matters of health; rather, confront circumstance with equanimous composure, attuned to time and situation, never capitulating to incessant impulses.

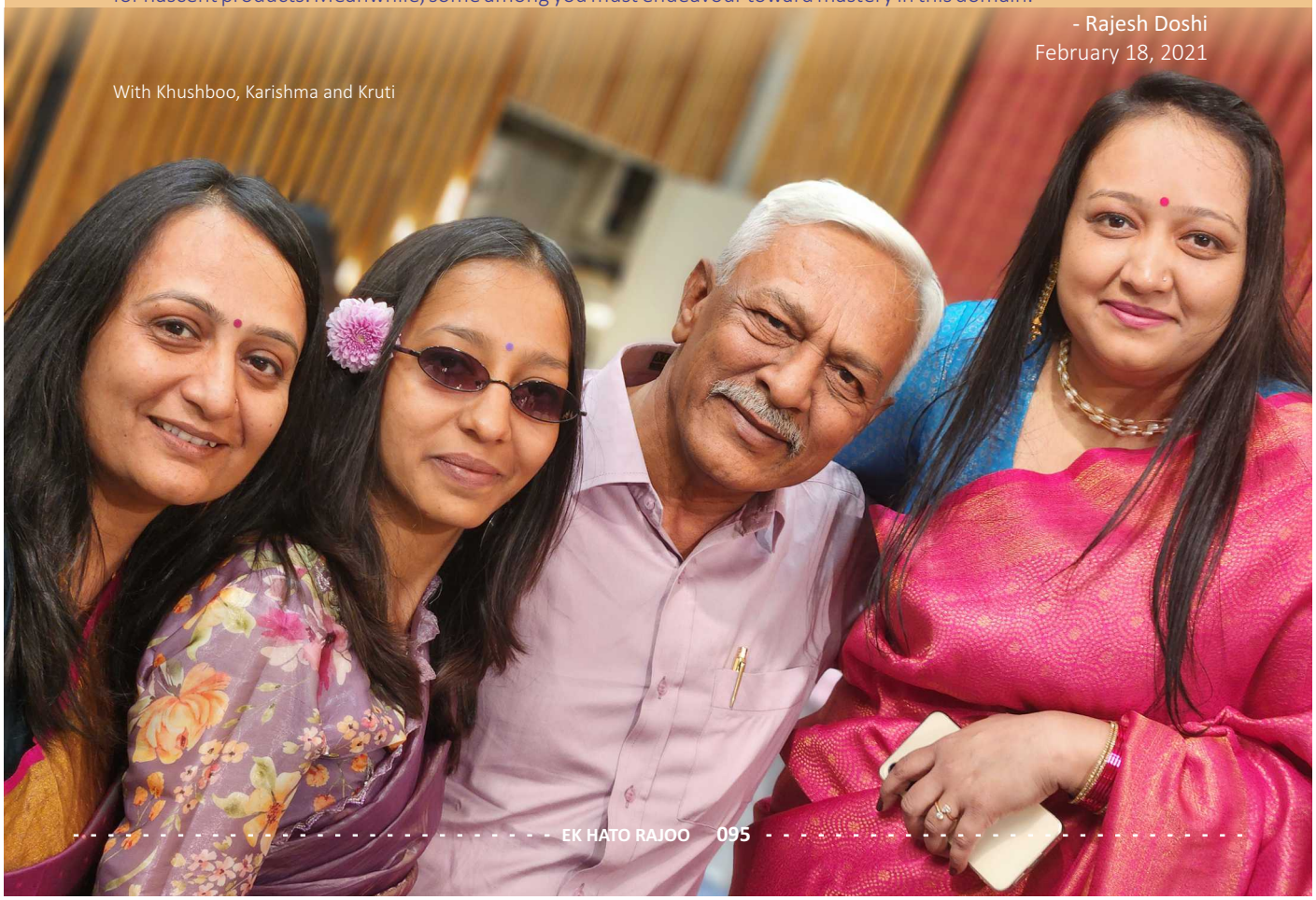
To attain objectives, the confluence of exertion and destiny is indispensable. Preservation of values amidst vicissitudes bequeaths serenity. Abstain from frivolous conjecture on familial undertakings; the apparatus for industrial triumph cannot invariably suffice for domestic aspiration. Each member must venerate the values of the other.

Traditionally, the designation of a successor is onerous, for each of you embodies distinctive virtues and sensibilities, intermingled with infirmities. Providentially, you stand arrayed in an ascending hierarchy of excellence consonant with tenure and experience. From my discernment, coupled with your responses, I have formulated an assessment and enumerated attendant responsibilities. You are to deliberate collectively and proceed in concord.

It remains my ardent wish that, through appointment of Chief Executive Officers in both Rajoo Engineers and Essen Specialties, you emancipate yourselves from quotidian administration, devoting greater temporal allotment to familial nourishment, assimilation of emergent enterprises, and fulfillment of collective requisites.

I shall persist in overseeing design and developmental endeavours, furnishing granular technical explications for nascent products. Meanwhile, some among you must endeavour toward mastery in this domain.

- Rajesh Doshi
February 18, 2021



With Khushboo, Karishma and Kruti

Nanalalbhai and Champaben
Doshi's Panchratna
like Sons & Daughters
and their spouses and children !

8

At that moment, I desired a brief interlude to indulge in a smoking, so I excused myself with, "You may proceed, I shall follow." True to his intuitive nature, the moment I rejoined him, he looked at me and queried, "Do you smoke?" I admitted it candidly. He then asked me to undertake a "pachakhan"-a vow of renunciation. I refused, politely yet firmly: "Maharaj Saheb, you may go to my home; I neither wish to accompany you nor am I inclined to take a "pachakhan"." He smiled and said, "Very well, accompany me - I shall not impose a vow upon you."

Since 1994, I have consciously refrained from setting foot in a bank or any governmental or quasi-governmental institution. I've previously alluded to this personal stance, yet an earlier experience - one that transpired in 1984- remains vividly etched in my memory.

That year, the General Insurance Corporation introduced a pioneering scheme aimed at offering subsidized insurance coverage to small-scale industries. The proposition was simple yet remarkable: a nominal premium of ₹1 for every ₹1,000 of coverage. In essence, insuring assets worth ₹10 lakhs would cost a mere ₹1,000 - a significant concession when juxtaposed against conventional premiums, which hovered between ₹5,000 and ₹6,000 for equivalent coverage.

At that time, the combined worth of Rajoo Plastics's machinery, inventory, and real estate approximated ₹9 lakhs. Availing insurance through this scheme would have required a premium of ₹900 - a clear financial advantage. This information was disseminated by the District Industrial Center to both minor and major enterprises, and Rajoo Plastics, too, received an official communication encouraging participation. Accordingly, we compiled the requisite documentation and proceeded to Manavadar, where we contacted Mr. C. T. Darania, an individual then engaged in the insurance domain.

He candidly informed us that while the scheme was legitimate, the Insurance Agents Association had tacitly resolved to withhold promotion and limit access to it - presumably to safeguard their own earnings. Nonetheless, he advised that the policy could be procured directly from the respective offices of the four subsidiaries operating under the General Insurance Corporation umbrella: National Insurance Company, United Insurance Company, New India Assurance Company, and Oriental Insurance Company.

I initially approached Mr. Vachhani at the National Insurance Company, bearing all the necessary paperwork and a cheque of ₹900. Instead of facilitating the process, he obfuscated matters and eventually insinuated that such policies were only processed for enterprises owned by members of the Patel community. He suggested I try the United office instead. Upon reaching United, the officer there initially agreed to issue the policy and instructed me to bring an additional document. However, when I returned to inform National of this progress, the agent there swiftly telephoned the United branch and issued a stern warning.

The next day, upon presenting the required document at United, I was curtly rebuffed- both my papers and cheque were returned. I was informed that the association had resolved to approve such policies exclusively for known associates, thereby preserving their commission-based income. My subsequent attempts at New

India and Oriental met with similarly evasive and inconsistent responses. None of the offices honored the policy under the subsidized scheme.

Faced with this orchestrated stonewalling, I drafted a formal communication to our bank explaining that we had approached all four insurance companies with complete documentation, but none had agreed to insure us under the small industry scheme. Identical letters- verbatim reproductions of the conversations I had endured- were dispatched to the head offices of all four corporations.

Roughly a fortnight later, Mr. Darania from Manavadar telephoned to inform me that I should revisit the Junagadh branch manager, as my insurance would now be processed. I complied, yet once again, my efforts proved futile. I followed up with another strongly worded letter to the respective head offices, insisting that if they truly intended to facilitate insurance for small industries, they should directly instruct their Junagadh office to issue the policy at our factory.

In the span of the following month, a remarkable development occurred: several officials from National, United, and Oriental - those who had responded to me with prejudice and duplicity- were summarily dismissed. Others faced severe disciplinary actions, including salary reductions. One of the dismissed officers, having grasped that my persistent correspondence had precipitated his downfall, attempted to reach out via an intermediary agent from Manavadar. He entreated me to pen a letter in his defense, hoping it might help reinstate his employment.

I was informed that the association had resolved to approve such policies exclusively for known associates

I replied unequivocally: I still recall the tone and tenor of the humiliation he inflicted upon me - I cannot, in good conscience, extend forgiveness. However, I proposed a condition: if he formally declared in writing that he was renouncing caste-based bias and would henceforth refrain from any casteist discourse, I might consider advocating for him. Casteism was deeply entrenched even in 1984, and ordinary citizens like myself bore the brunt of its insidious reach.

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There remains an incident etched in my memory that continues to evoke profound regret- a remorse so deep-rooted that, to this day, I abstain from claiming insurance reimbursements, whether the loss stems from natural calamities, vehicular mishaps, or conflagrations. The genesis of this self-imposed renunciation lies in the gross dereliction of duty exhibited by insurance officials during a devastating episode in 1998.

At approximately one o'clock in the afternoon, fifty trucks' worth of cotton were amassed at Rajoo Cotex. Tragically, a fire erupted amidst this stockpile while my brother-in-law, Bipinbhai, and another employee were present on the premises. As fate would have it, I was midway through lunch when the distressing call reached me. Within a mere three minutes, I was at the site. By the time I arrived, the blaze had intensified dramatically, and a towering column of smoke had already drifted as far as Naredi village.

While the nearest fire brigade was promptly notified, our in-house fire hydrant system proved instrumental. Together, Bipinbhai and I managed to subdue the inferno within approximately twenty minutes. When the fire brigade eventually arrived, their contribution was limited to offloading their water supply into our storage tanks before departing. The incident was duly reported to the insurance company.

The following day, two surveyors representing the insurer arrived. They scrutinized the documentation and undertook a cursory inspection, after which they declared that the compensable amount would be ₹9 lakhs. Upon requesting a breakdown of their valuation methodology, it became apparent that they lacked a cogent rationale, prompting us to reject their preliminary assessment.

Subsequently, a senior surveyor was dispatched. He proposed a new approach: weigh the scorched cotton and deduct 15% for moisture content to determine the net damage. While the suggestion was reasonable in principle, a logistical dilemma emerged - blending damaged cotton with unaffected stock during weighing would inevitably render the entire batch unusable. The surveyor, unable to resolve this conundrum, abandoned

the assessment and departed without notifying us or concluding the procedure.

Shortly thereafter, the branch manager of New India Insurance Company from Junagadh, accompanied by other senior officials, visited the site. They assured us that the settlement would proceed as per our guidance. Trusting their intentions, we signed a blank document authorizing them to finalize the amount. However, apprehension soon crept in- they feared that underpaying a high-premium client could jeopardize their standing. Negotiations ensued, but my palpable indignation seemed to unsettle them. Ultimately, perhaps out of apprehension or expediency, they unilaterally sanctioned a compensation amount of ₹39 lakhs and ensured its disbursement within 48 hours.

In hindsight, we discerned that nearly ₹20 lakhs had been paid in excess- a consequence of the pressure exerted during negotiations. We realized that Rs 20 lakh had been overpaid, but we could not show the sincerity to return this money, that is why we have not tried to get the insurance company to approve the amount of the actual loss incurred till date.

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The year was 1999. I have often described myself as a devout sceptic-a paradox that defines my spiritual orientation. While I possess an unshakable belief in the existence of the Divine, my trust in self-proclaimed intermediaries-ascetics, mystics, and spiritual matriarchs-is profoundly limited. Yet, I must confess that two spiritual personages have earned my deepest reverence: Shri Raviratna Sagar Maharaj Saheb and Shri Hemvallabh Maharaj Saheb.

During the year 1998 - 99, a distinguished ascetic of the Deravasi Jain order, Sri Dharmavijayji Maharaj Saheb, visited the Derasar (Jain temple) in Manavadar. My esteemed associate, Manishbhai Mehta-a stalwart in the local Jain Sangh and proprietor of Linear Polypack, adjacent to our industrial premises- extended an invitation to the Maharaj Saheb for a ritual visit to his unit. Thereafter, Maharaj Saheb expressed a desire to grace our factory with his presence. Upon arrival, he symbolically placed a "Vashkshep" upon my head and proclaimed, Let us now proceed to your abode for "Gochari" (arrange for food through alms, Gochari and Padvihara are two things that are the pinnacle of the moral and religious tradition of jainism).

Maharaj Saheb looked contemplatively at the ruins and said, "If you give me your consent, I shall breathe new life into this factory."

At the time, the political elite of Gujarat-namely the then Chief Ministers Shri Shankarsinh Vaghela and Shri Dilip Parikh, along with Manavadar's MLA, Shri Ratibhai Sureja-were all keen to seek blessings from this venerable sage. In fact, Shri Sureja went to great lengths to ensure Maharaj Saheb dined at his residence daily during his stay. Even both Chief Ministers had personally visited to receive his benedictions.

When the Maharaj expressed his wish to visit my home for alms, I offered that Manishbhai would accompany him. However, he insisted I accompany him personally. At that m oment, I desired a brief interlude to indulge in a cigarette, so I excused myself with, "You may proceed, I shall follow." True to his intuitive nature, the moment I rejoined him, he looked at me and queried, "Do you smoke?" I admitted it candidly. He then asked me to undertake a "pachakhan"-a vow of renunciation. I refused, politely yet firmly: "Maharaj Saheb, you may go to my home; I neither wish to accompany you nor am I inclined to take a "pachakhan"." He smiled and said, "Very well, accompany me-I shall not impose a vow upon you."

We soon arrived at my residence. Maharaj Saheb greeted the space with ritual gestures and then turned to my beloved wife, Rita, inquiring, "Do you face any difficulties, my child?" To which she replied, "No, Maharaj Saheb. Everything is well." He then departed for the Derasar with Manishbhai, while I returned to my factory.

For the ensuing fortnight, Maharaj Saheb persistently telephoned my office daily, requesting my presence. For reasons even I could not articulate, I continued to elude the invitation. Eventually, he dispatched two young devotees on a motorcycle with explicit instructions: "Seat Rajoo between you both and bring him." I obliged, spent twenty minutes in his presence, and departed-overhearing that he was engaged in discourse with prominent members of the Jain community.

Not long after, I received another summons. This time, Maharaj Saheb informed me that a silver chhatri (ceremonial umbrella) was to be consecrated at the Derasar, and he desired me to underwrite it. I demurred, claiming ignorance in such affairs. Undeterred, he replied, “I shall procure it from Palitana myself.” I consented, and true to his word, he returned with the artifact, along with a bill of ₹8,500. I remitted the payment without hesitation.

A few days later, another request arrived. “One of your major factories has ceased operations,” he said. “I wish to visit it.” I explained the distance-six kilometers-and the impracticality of going there on foot. “Then take me in your vehicle,” he insisted. We traveled together to the derelict site-Rajoo Cotex Limited, a once-prosperous enterprise now lying dormant under the weight of a ₹10-crore loss.

As we toured the desolate 32-bigha property, Maharaj Saheb looked contemplatively at the ruins and said, “If you give me your consent, I shall breathe new life into this factory.” I declined, gently yet resolutely. “My family and I have found solace in a life of quietude. Though the loss weighs on me, I do not wish to rekindle that chapter.”

At this, Maharaj Saheb made a rather unexpected assertion: “Do you know? I was Harshad Mehta’s spiritual mentor. His wealth was a product of my guidance.”

I couldn’t let that pass. “And do you know,” I countered, “that Harshad Mehta, despite his apparent innocence, died a broken man in prison at the age of 49?” Maharaj Saheb said nothing in response. We continued the journey back to the Derasar in silence.

In truth, I have long believed that Harshad Mehta was a pawn in a far larger political game-vilified not for his actions, but to shield the corrupt machinations of those who truly orchestrated the chaos.

When an individual conceives a notion that is born of purity and noble intent, destiny itself conspires to bring that vision to fruition. Such was my experience at the tender age of eleven. In the latter half of 2010, a compelling idea germinated in my mind-an aspiration to construct a sanctuary, a haven within a haven, to discharge a moral debt to my ancestral town of Manavadar and to provide dignified care to elderly individuals over the age of sixty-five who had been rendered destitute or abandoned, ensuring for them a twilight life filled with comfort, dignity, and joy.

“Bhumipujan” ceremony of Chandrashruti ‘Ghar nu Ghar’ old age home with family members by Karishma Doshi- 09-08-2017

No sooner had this vision crystallized than I composed a comprehensive email to my elder brother, Shri Chandrakantbhai, articulating every facet of the initiative. His response was immediate and affirmative. Together, we deliberated upon the logistical intricacies and projected the recurrent expenditures. Buoyed by this support, I convened a familial meeting that same evening to present the vision-an eldercare home in Manavadar, to be named in honor of Shruti. The proposal was received with unreserved warmth and emotional resonance. My beloved wife, my “Jeev” Rita, was particularly elated. She had, over the years, formed deep, empathetic bonds with elderly women, and caregiving came as second nature to her. Tending to their emotional and physical well-being had always brought her profound fulfillment.

Manavadar - our paternal homeland, the soil enriched by the footsteps of our ancestors-felt like the natural site for such an offering. With a sense of filial duty, we commenced our search for suitable land within a radius of 4–5 kilometers around the town. Despite our earnest efforts, we failed to procure an appropriate parcel at a reasonable valuation. Eventually, we resolved to allocate five bighas from the 32 bighas of land owned by Rajoo Cotex Limited for this noble cause.

The foundation-laying ceremony was performed by my daughter, Karishma, in the presence of our extended family and cherished well-wishers. Construction commenced in earnest in 2017 and, after several years of meticulous effort, including the furnishing and aesthetic arrangement of the premises, the home was completed in 2021.

Originally intended to be named solely after Shruti, fate interceded in an unforeseen manner. Following the untimely demise of my elder brother in 2013, we chose to name the establishment "Chandra-Shruti"-a tribute to both siblings. This decision was guided and graciously endorsed by our three daughters-Khushboo, Kruti, and Karishma.

On the 28th of August, 2021, the inauguration of "Chandra-Shruti" was carried out with sanctity and reverence by the three matriarchs of our family: Devyani, Nita, and Rita. Management of the establishment was entrusted to Shruti's Foundation, a philanthropic trust. In a gesture emblematic of intergenerational harmony and feminine solidarity, the daughters' mothers-in-law-Pallaviben, Jagrutiben, and Chhayaben-were also designated as trustees. When the inaugural list of the board of women trustees was read aloud, it stirred immense joy and admiration among the attendees. The inclusion of the daughters' in-laws symbolized a broader unity-a familial tapestry woven with respect across generational lines.

The home commenced its operations with profound joy and blessings. Gradually, elderly individuals who had been forsaken by fate began to arrive. The initial cohort consisted of five elders, each dependent on a walking stick. Within a few weeks of dedicated medical attention-primarily comprising nutritional support through vitamins and minerals and a gradual phasing out of certain modern pharmaceuticals-each of them regained enough vitality to walk unaided. Their recovery was nothing short of miraculous, a testament to the power of care, nourishment, and a nurturing environment.

As of May 3, 2024, "Chandra-Shruti" shelters and nurtures twenty-two elderly residents, all of whom reside there in contentment and grace.

However, amid this unfolding story of compassion and accomplishment, a grievous loss befell our family. On April 21, 2022, my beloved Rita-the very soul of this endeavor, the person most devoted to this mission-departed on her eternal journey. Her absence rendered the "Chandra-Shruti" home painfully hollow. The one whose heart beat most fervently for these forsaken elders was no longer there to witness the fruits of her quiet service.

Nevertheless, our commitment endures. Every fortnight, members of the family individually visit the home, and every four to six months we gather collectively to spend time immersed in seva and satsang with the residents, rekindling the spirit in which "Chandra-Shruti" was conceived.

Chandrashruti 'Ghar nu Ghar' old age home with family and friend after completion of the bhumipujan ceremony- 09-08-2017

Chandrashruti 'Ghar nu Ghar' was opened on Chandrakantbhai's birthday with family members 28-08-2021

દોશી પરિવાર, માણાવદર રચિત

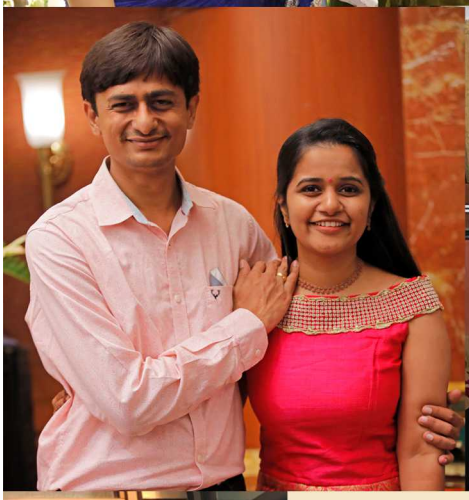
શ્રુતિના ફાઉન્ડેશન રાજકોટ

સંચાલિત ચંદ્રશ્રુતિ – ઘર નું ઘર વૃધાશ્રમ

ડાયરેક્ટરની યાદી

ક્રમ.	નામ	રહેવાસી
૧	દેવયાની ચંદ્રકાન્ત દોશી	રાજકોટ
૨	પલ્લવી રમેશચંદ્ર મોનાણી	રાજકોટ
૩	નીતા કીશોર દોશી	રાજકોટ
૪	જાગૃતિ વિજય રાજપુરા	રાજકોટ
૫	રીટા રાજેશ દોશી	રાજકોટ
૬	છાયા અજય શાહ	રાજકોટ

After Chandrashruti unveiled 'Ghar nu Ghar', the directors of Shrutina Foundation discussed and delibrated



My Children

Karishma-Ankit, Khushboo-Shwetang, Kruti-Chintan,
Urvashi-Utkarsh, Konkana-Utsav, Chandni-Pallav,
Jinal-Prerit, Vruti-Pratik, Unnati-Deep,
Pulkit, Tanmay

When the strict implementation of lockdown was started in gujarat and the entire country on 19th march 2020, in the name of corona pandemic, The common people were faced with an economic disaster even more than the pandemic it self. Seeing the fear of the people and the inhuman and commercial attitude of the medical sector, I felt that I should do something so we developed a Nasal spray in mid - April 2020 but...

9

On one particular occasion, I was compelled to deliver a resounding slap to Dr. Dilip Mehta, a gynecologist based in Junagadh, owing to his egregious professional misconduct and inexcusable dereliction of duty. Present during this confrontation was Dr. Patoliya, who would subsequently ascend to the position of Chief Medical Officer at the Manavadar Government Hospital. This narrative, however, is not about his medical elevation but about a deeper pattern of professional misconduct and personal pettiness. Alongside my close associates, I regularly took on the financial and administrative responsibility of organizing the Sharad Poonam 'Taal' Rasotsav in Manavadar. My friends would handle logistics, while I bore the monetary obligations and stewardship of the celebration.

On one such occasion-likely around 2002 or 2004-when tickets were distributed in the city, my associates approached Dr. Patoliya with a customary offer. His brusque retort was, "This is Rajubhai's event. We will not accept his tickets." Though the refusal involved no legal or moral breach, the intention behind it was rooted in petty disdain. In retrospect, his latent grievance likely stemmed from having witnessed my scolding of Dr. Mehta.

While his passive aggression was of little consequence to the Rasotsav, what followed was far more serious. During Dr. Patoliya's tenure at Manavadar Civil Hospital, a tragic case emerged. A woman from the Garasia community died by self-immolation at the Manavadar station plot. She had locked herself inside a room and set herself alight using kerosene. The case, at first evidently suicidal, was inexplicably reclassified as a homicide by Dr. Patoliya during the postmortem examination.

That evening, during a cultural gathering at the Prajapati Samaj premises, Police Inspector Mr. Mahendra Patel apprised me of the case. He stated candidly, "Dr. Patoliya is attempting to convert a clear case of suicide into a murder." Outraged by the manipulation of facts in a matter of such gravity, I scolded both the doctor and the officer, exclaiming, "Have you no humanity left?"

The following morning, the husband's relatives visited me and recounted how Rs. 20,000 had been demanded for conducting the postmortem-a staggering sum for a family in abject poverty. Dr. Patoliya, having already falsified the medical report, realized the situation was spiraling. He arrived at my residence with a video recording and related documents-perhaps seeking damage control. Coincidentally, Inspector Patel arrived shortly thereafter, compelled not by official urgency but likely fearing retribution or exposure.

Amidst this, another episode unfolded. My old acquaintance Mayur Hadwani-once a familiar face in Manavadar and now residing in Rajkot-had borrowed ₹3,00,000 from Shri Ratibhai. Unable to repay the debt,

Mayur found himself the subject of coercive pressure. Through the influence of the then MLA Shri Ratibhai Sureja, Inspector Mahendra Patel was tasked with arresting Mayur, who telephoned me during the ordeal.

I requested the inspector to bring him directly to me. On arrival at my factory, I asked Mayur whether he owed the amount. He affirmed, but said he was presently destitute. When I asked the inspector what justified such an arrest, he cited political compulsion. I inquired whether a 'C Summary'-a procedural classification for non-prosecutable cases-could be filed. He responded affirmatively, contingent upon judicial discretion and, implicitly, a bribe.

A figure of ₹50,000 was quoted-₹15,000 for the officer and ₹35,000 for the magistrate. Mayur agreed to the arrangement. The summary was filed, he was released, and the very next day, the officer, in full uniform, came to collect the bribe. When Mayur handed over the money, I showed the officer a photograph I had taken of the moment. Alarmed, he feared exposure. I assured him that the image would not be misused-its existence merely symbolic.

This blackmail-resistant assurance triggered the next act in the farce. To curry favor or erase guilt, the officer brought me the video and report regarding the suicide case. From this footage, it became unequivocally clear that the room had been forcibly entered by the police, confirming that the woman had indeed taken her own life.

Examining the postmortem report, I noticed inconsistencies-one particularly glaring error concerned the description of the blood's coloration, a detail crucial in forensic determination. I consulted a forensic expert, who confirmed the report was medically flawed. When I confronted the police inspector with the evidence, he acknowledged the mistake and discussed it with Dr. Patoliya.

When Mayur handed over the money, I showed the officer a photograph I had taken of the moment. Alarmed, he feared exposure.

The doctor, upon realizing his error, requested the return of the postmortem report so he could amend it. Inspector Patel, however, refused, stating I had already made a copy. In an act of desperation and self-preservation, Dr. Patoliya offered a bribe of ₹5 lakh to retrieve the document. I declined categorically.

My intent was not extortion but justice. I insisted that the deceased woman's family be presented in court without coercion. When the defense attorney from Junagadh highlighted the falsities in the report, the husband was acquitted. While the motive behind the woman's suicide remains a tragic mystery, Dr. Patoliya's misconduct nearly condemned an innocent man to life imprisonment.

And yet, his descent into medical malfeasance did not end there.

In another case, a member of the Donga family passed away naturally in a hospital in Rajkot. Having already received ₹1,30,000 in insurance for natural death, the family grew greedy and sought to fraudulently claim a separate ₹10 lakh accident insurance. A physician in Junagadh referred them to none other than Dr. Patoliya.

Feigning professional credibility, he fabricated a postmortem report falsely attributing the death to a motorcycle accident. Knowing police corroboration would be necessary, he roped in Inspector Mahendra Patel. The two agreed to orchestrate the falsified documents for a bribe of ₹1,00,000. The Donga family, envisioning a ₹10 lakh windfall, consented.

However, as with most conspiracies borne of greed, the deception unraveled. Upon presenting the documents to an advocate in Gondal, the lawyer, enticed by a 30% cut (₹3 lakh), accepted the case. But when it became apparent that another attorney had been engaged, thereby cutting into his prospective share, he turned whistleblower and revealed the entire charade in court.

The presiding judge, incensed by the level of corruption, took suo moto cognizance and initiated proceedings. The insurance claim was voided, and Dr. Patoliya was subjected to both criminal scrutiny and professional disgrace. The judiciary ordered his expulsion from medical practice, and the health department of Gujarat dismissed him from government service. His academic credentials were red-inked-effectively nullified.

And yet, despite this resounding judicial condemnation, Dr. Patoliya-like many who find sanctuary under

the wings of political patrons-continues to run his private clinic. In our country, it seems, the rule of law often succumbs to the influence of those who know how to bend it.

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The novel coronavirus was initially identified in the city of Wuhan, China; however, I hold firm to a perspective that diverges markedly from the dominant global narrative. According to my understanding, the dissemination of this pathogen was not a mere consequence of chance or natural evolution but rather bore the fingerprints of deliberate orchestration-an assertion many dismiss, yet one I find hard to ignore. Influential elites in the Western hemisphere, including prominent figures such as Bill Gates, Dr. Anthony Fauci, and Tedros Adhanom Ghebreyesus, along with pharmaceutical conglomerates like Pfizer, Moderna, BioNTech, the Serum Institute of India, and AstraZeneca, appeared inexplicably prepared for a medical emergency of this magnitude. One cannot help but question the rapidity with which these corporations developed and deployed vaccines-an undertaking that traditionally spans no less than six to eight years-yet here, approvals were expedited and distributed globally under the pretext of exigent need.

Throughout this global upheaval, my views remained firmly in opposition to prevailing medical orthodoxy. Those acquainted with me are well aware of my unwavering stance. Even in the face of rampant panic and stringent health mandates, my commitment to alternative healing practices did not waver. Neither Han nor Rita-both unwavering in their sense of duty-adhered to mask mandates while delivering nourishment to homes afflicted by COVID-19. We operated on a foundation of conviction, not fear. To this day, I remain unshaken in my views regarding the vaccine: that it was born not purely from humanitarian urgency, but under the looming shadow of vested geopolitical and economic interests.

the family grew greedy and sought to fraudulently claim a separate ₹10 lakh accident insurance.

The so-called "pandemic" became a grotesque masquerade that elevated the net worth of global pharmaceutical enterprises by billions, while simultaneously transforming countless medical practitioners into profiteers cloaked in the garb of altruism. Despite the second wave ravaging lives and livelihoods, my elder brother Kishorebhai and sister-in-law routinely visited Rajkot's Civil Hospital-bearing drinking water and trophies as tokens of morale for patients languishing in ambulances under the searing summer sun. Remarkably, our family remained untouched by the virus, a testament perhaps to conviction, perhaps to providence.

On March 19, 2020, India enforced one of the harshest lockdowns in the world, igniting an economic catastrophe arguably more devastating than the virus itself. Daily wage laborers were reduced to beggary; countless others were subjected to unspeakable trauma and un certainty. Witnessing the widespread fear and the clinical detachment of the medical-industrial complex compelled me to act. In April 2020, I co-developed a nasal spray CO-SIVA at a cost of approximately ₹66 per unit. Over 5,600 individuals in Rajkot and Mumbai received it at no charge.

We didn't stop there. Recognizing the psychological toll of the pandemic, we procured six oxygen concentrators and biopacks and kept them at our residence for public use. When needed, Khushbu and I would personally visit the afflicted to install the machines. The CO-SIVA spray, as our own limited clinical experience suggested, proved efficacious. Even individuals who had tested positive via RT-PCR would often test negative after four to six days of use.

Encouraged by these outcomes, I sought an audience with the then Chief Minister of Gujarat, Shri Vijay Rupani. The streets leading to Gandhinagar were deserted, patrolled only by security vehicles. Our visit, sanctioned by the Chief Minister's office, culminated in a personal meeting with Shri Rupani, where I elucidated the formulation, method of delivery, and observed effects of the CO-SIVA spray. He appeared receptive and directed us to the Food and Drug Commissioner, Shri Koshiya, to conduct a formal evaluation.

Despite initial evasions, Koshiya eventually accepted our documentation and dispatched the spray for laboratory analysis. The results, relayed via WhatsApp the following day, validated the spray's safety and efficacy. However, when pressed to escalate the findings to the Chief Minister, Koshiya declined direct involvement, citing

procedural hierarchy. After repeated follow-ups, Rupani finally informed me that though he considered the product effective, Health Secretary Dr. Jayanti Ravi remained unconvinced, a bureaucratic impasse symptomatic of systemic inertia.

In the aftermath of the pandemic's peak, a secondary medical scare emerged: Mucormycosis, or "black fungus"-a condition allegedly linked to COVID-19 and its treatments. Yet what transpired behind this diagnosis was even more chilling. A dentist, visiting my holistic healing center for unrelated reasons, inadvertently revealed that the dental community had, in part, catalyzed this new medical panic. With visible remorse, she admitted that Mucormycosis had been exaggerated, if not entirely manufactured, as a commercial opportunity. Nearly a thousand patients across Gujarat were left facially disfigured, their jaws surgically excised-casualties not of disease but of greed.

This harrowing journey through the shadows of a pandemic-both real and manufactured-reaffirms my belief that in the face of institutional failure and profit-driven medicine, there remains a duty to resist, to question, and to act.

□ □ □

In my believe, December 2019 marked a cataclysmic juncture for the global populace, yet paradoxically proved advantageous to a minuscule consortium of 500 to 700 vested entities. The emergence of the novel coronavirus-originating not from nature but, as many assert, from a virological research facility in Wuhan, China-unleashed a highly transmissible pathogen upon the world. The culpability, however, does not lie solely with the Chinese regime; a confluence of actors-including the proprietors of major American media conglomerates, executives of multinational pharmaceutical corporations, and the world's dominant financial lenders-bear moral and strategic responsibility for this calculated act of global destabilization.

Between December 2019 and March 15, 2020, this nexus of power meticulously orchestrated mechanisms to exploit the forthcoming humanitarian crisis for financial aggrandizement. Strategies were devised not only to augment personal fortunes but also to entrench a global architecture of fear. Fabricated visuals depicting individuals collapsing in public were disseminated via global media, manufacturing panic on an unprecedented scale. With financial inducements extended to a cadre of medical professionals labeled as "experts," narratives were engineered to ensure the psychological submission of the masses. Thus, a manufactured epidemic-a Plandemic-was propagated with the deliberate intent of transforming a manageable outbreak into a paralyzing catastrophe.

Neither Han nor Rita-both unwavering in their sense of duty-adhered to mask mandates while delivering nourishment to homes afflicted by COVID-19.

During this period of contrived hysteria, it is estimated that approximately 700 million individuals globally were reported to have contracted the so-called coronavirus, with an alleged mortality count of 6.9 million-a figure representing merely 1% of the infected population, and roughly 0.09% of humanity at large. India alone recorded 45 million reported infections and 500,000 deaths attributed to the virus. However, it is imperative to note that the majority of these fatalities occurred among individuals already afflicted by comorbidities such as cardiovascular diseases, diabetes, and cancer-conditions for which they were already consuming deleterious pharmaceutical treatments.

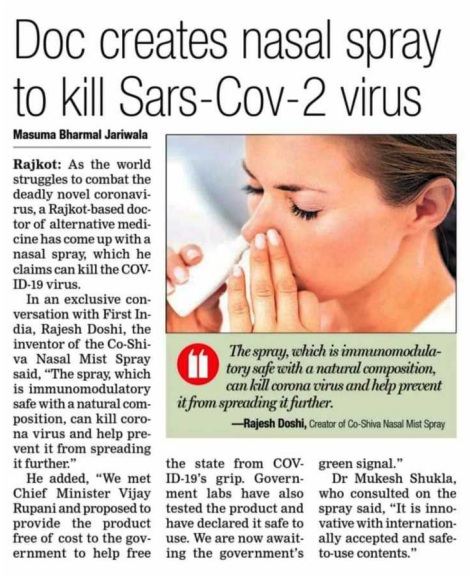
India's average death rate is approximately 7.460 per 1,000 citizens. The 600,000 fatalities attributed to COVID-19 constitute merely 0.045% of the national population-or 2.33 per 1,000 citizens-figures that pale in comparison to India's endemic mortality rates. Can such statistical outcomes, devoid of proportional mortality, truly justify branding this event as an epidemic?

A study conducted by the Tata Institute of Fundamental Research (TIFR) in Mumbai in June 2020 analyzed seroprevalence in three municipal wards. It found that 57% of individuals residing in informal settlements and 16% of those in apartment complexes had developed antibodies without having undergone any formal treatment. Despite this evidence of widespread natural immunity, the global medical establishment, spearheaded by entities such as the World Health Organization and magnates like Bill Gates, maintained that

global salvation lay exclusively in the universal administration of a hastily developed vaccine.

When Patanjali Ayurved launched its botanical formulations for COVID-19, the backlash from the allopathic medical fraternity and pharmaceutical stakeholders was immediate and vehement. The Maharashtra government, likely under the influence of lobbying interests, issued a ban on these formulations without offering any scientifically grounded rationale. This unseemly reaction revealed the extent to which political machinery was enmeshed in perpetuating fear and suppressing indigenous medical alternatives.

Permit me to recount a particularly revealing incident. In the wake of India's national lockdown commencing March 22, 2020, the shortage of hospital infrastructure prompted a request from Anant National University for foldable hospital beds and tables. Responding with urgency, we manufactured and dispatched approximately 3,400 sets-including mattresses and pillows-at a modest cost of ₹1,325 per unit. However, when approached by an emissary from the Maharashtra government, we were offered a proposition to inflate the price to ₹15,000 per set-₹7,000 for us, and ₹8,000 to be pocketed by intermediaries. We refused. The deal went elsewhere. This sordid affair encapsulates the rampant opportunism and institutionalized corruption that metastasized under the guise of pandemic response.



Doc creates nasal spray to kill Sars-Cov-2 virus

Masuma Bharmal Jariwala

Rajkot: As the world struggles to combat the deadly novel coronavirus, a Rajkot-based doctor of alternative medicine has come up with a nasal spray, which he claims can kill the COVID-19 virus.

In an exclusive conversation with First India, Rajesh Doshi, the inventor of the Co-Shiva Nasal Mist Spray said, "The spray, which is immunomodulatory safe with a natural composition, can kill corona virus and help prevent it from spreading it further."

He added, "We met Chief Minister Vijay Rupani and proposed to provide the product free of cost to the government to help free the state from COVID-19's grip. Government labs have also tested the product and have declared it safe to use. We are now awaiting the government's green signal."

Dr Mukesh Shukla, who consulted on the spray said, "It is innovative with internationally accepted and safe-to-use contents."

The spray, which is immunomodulatory safe with a natural composition, can kill corona virus and help prevent it from spreading it further.

—**Rajesh Doshi,** Creator of Co-Shiva Nasal Mist Spray

In another demonstration of altruistic engineering, Shwetang and his team fabricated five ambulances outfitted with mobile X-ray facilities and donated them, at cost, to a trust associated with politician Milind Deora. This, too, was executed without profiteering.

he considered the product effective, Health Secretary Dr. Jayanti Ravi remained unconvinced, a bureaucratic impasse symptomatic of systemic inertia.

One is left to ponder: why were political dignitaries, government officials, and cultural elites seemingly exempt from the stringent isolation protocols imposed on common citizens? Did the virus recognize socioeconomic hierarchies? For these "Very Important Persons," perhaps COVID-19 was merely a cousin from a maternal aunt's lineage-harmless and deferential.

If the virus was indeed contagious, why did non-human life-animals, birds, wildlife-remain unaffected? How curious that it selectively targeted hospital beds, sparing concerts, rallies, and political gatherings. The virus appeared to strike only those marginalized enough to be institutionalized, and curiously, many deaths occurred not in homes or public spaces, but within hospital wards. What ailment is this, where today's positive case becomes tomorrow's negative with no intervention? If this disease was indeed as virulent as declared, where were the mass outbreaks at mass gatherings?

Was it not perplexing that 99% of those infected recovered-despite the absence of definitive medication? What malady emerges to replace all others, such that every deceased individual is posthumously labeled a COVID casualty?

And what of the deceased whose corpses were not permitted to be viewed? Encased in sealed coffins, with mandates forbidding loved ones from gazing upon their remains-was this merely health protocol, or something more sinister? Were organs of the poor being harvested under the cover of these shrouded procedures?

This is the uncomfortable yet unavoidable question: What precisely transpired beneath the camouflage of COVID-19? A question to which, even now, no authoritative answers have been provided.

And perhaps, that silence is the most deafening answer of all.

My elder brother, however, was steadfast in his aspiration to surpass the symbolic milestone of ₹100 crore in revenue.

was absolved of any responsibility pertaining to the welfare of family members or the financial underpinnings of the enterprise. Kishorbhai assumed comprehensive responsibility for familial obligations, as well as the social and logistical dimensions of domestic life. My elder brother, on the other hand, managed the distribution of our products and oversaw all financial operations related to it.

10

That fateful Wednesday in September 2012 marked a profound shift in the collective psyche of our family. On that morning, the patriarch, Mr. Chandrakantbhai, declared over breakfast that we were to relocate to a rented residence that very day, as the renovation of 'Shrutina' was slated to commence without delay. Initially, the womenfolk expressed their dissent, citing the lack of prior logistical arrangements and the ensuing disarray such a hasty transition would entail. Nonetheless, the elder's resolution remained unwavering, and the decision to vacate was irrevocably taken. Subsequently, a few members of the household procured the keys to the temporary abode and proceeded to cleanse the premises. Upon arrival, they were met with a repugnant infestation-myriad insects (mankodas) had overtaken the house in staggering numbers. Undeterred, they undertook a thorough sanitization of the space and administered DDT powder to exterminate the pests. By dusk, essential furnishings had already been transported. The relocation continued into the following day, and by the subsequent evening, our entire family convened for supper within the confines of our provisional dwelling.

An abode known as Chitrakoot, situated on the lane directly opposite the King's Height Building along Vidyakunj Main Road, was a sprawling estate comprising seven chambers, one of which was located in the subterranean level. This property was under the proprietorship of a family belonging to the Lohana community. Coinciding with the very day we relocated to the premises, Shri Bharatbhai and his spouse-residents from across the street-arrived to extend their greetings, accompanied by a close family associate, Shri Mahendrabhai Rathod. Upon their arrival, Shri Bharatbhai's wife exhibited an evident urge to disclose something pertaining to the enigmatic nature of the Chitrakoot residence. However, her husband hastily interjected, effectively silencing her before any revelation could be made, leaving us oblivious to the cryptic singularity attached to the house.

As time unfurled, a series of peculiar and inexplicable occurrences-ranging from the trivial to the unsettling-began to manifest within the household. Nonetheless, these anomalies failed to incite any concrete suspicion or inquiry among the family members.

I am also saying that Wednesday changed the family's mindset because the eldest female member of the family never forgot to observe the fourth auspicious day or to pay homage to the Kalash sthapna or Muhurat before moving into a new house, but on Wednesday, everyone forgot everything and anyway we started living in the new house just like that.

The matrimonial union of daughter Kruti had been ceremonially appointed for the 29th of November, 2012. In anticipation of the grand occasion, both extended family and esteemed guests reveled joyously within the same residence. Amidst the jubilation, however, the various inexplicable occurrences-ranging from the trivial to the profoundly uncanny-that subtly unfolded during this period went largely disregarded and unexamined. All

appeared to progress seamlessly. The appointed date eventually arrived, and the wedding was conducted with considerable grandeur and elaborate pageantry. Upon the conclusion of the rituals, the household members resumed their customary domestic engagements without disruption.

A select few guests, notably Kantibhai and Manjulabhabhi, chose to extend their stay. During the nocturnal hours, they began encountering experiences that were both peculiar and ineffably surreal. Yet, bound perhaps by skepticism or social decorum, they refrained from confiding in one another, instead opting to endure the strangeness in mutual, unspoken silence.

In the final days of December 2012, a disturbing incident transpired when the split air-conditioning unit installed in the bedroom of Mr. Chandrakantbhai unexpectedly ignited and collapsed upon him as he lay in slumber. The adjacent pillow was swiftly engulfed in flames. Startled from his sleep, Mota Bhai managed to extinguish the fire by dousing it with water. Subsequently, during a week-long sojourn to Sweden by Mota Bhai and Pallav, that very room was occupied by a visiting guest from London accompanied by sister-in-law. During their stay, they too were subjected to inexplicable occurrences that left them bewildered and unnerved. Yet, much like those before them, they remained reticent-choosing silence over confrontation with the intangible. It w a s only in the aftermath of the air conditioner incident that the veil began to lift. Accounts from various individuals-both family and visiting guests-gradually surfaced, revealing a tapestry of perplexing and often chilling experiences. This cascade of recollections led many to question: What underlying force could be responsible for such an array of uncanny events? Despite the proliferation of conjecture, no definitive explanation has ever been ascertained. Whether the origin lies in some arcane spiritual presence or is merely a construct of human psychology remains an enigma. What endures, however, are the vivid imprints-phantasmagoric impressions-that have lodged themselves indelibly within the psyche of all who passed through those walls.

With Kishorbhai on 13-12-2021

The three matriarchs of our household conducted their lives with unwavering devotional intensity, meticulously adhering to spiritual disciplines with a reverence deeply rooted in scriptural injunctions. On every auspicious occasion, they demonstrated acute sensitivity to sacred timings-scrupulously observing the sanctity of shubh muhurats and ritualistic f ormalities without deviation. However, that fateful Wednesday in September 2012 marked a profound psychological shift within the family's collective consciousness, as if the very essence of auspiciousness had charted an alternate course-one unbound by ritual precision and divine timing.

On the morning of January 5th, 2013, following the completion of our morning repast within the confines of the Chitrakoot residence, Kishorbhai and I departed to attend to our respective professional obligations. Kishorbhai embarked upon his commute at approximately eight o'clock, while I followed shortly thereafter, departing at half past eight.

On the same day my elder brother awoke and expressed discomfort in his left arm. Concerned by this unexpected ailment, Rita promptly contacted me, informing me that he was unwell and urging my immediate return. Though I had already ventured some distance, I hastened back without delay. Upon arrival, I observed that his left arm continued to trouble him, so I proceeded to measure his blood pressure-it registered a stable 130/90. In an attempt to alleviate the discomfort, my sister-in-law applied Iodex to the affected area.

My elder brother was known for his remarkably low threshold for physical pain. I gently suggested, "Brother, let's go to Jalaram Hospital; it's just next door." Responding quickly, my sister-in-law handed him a shirt, insisting he wear it. He declined, replying that a shirt was unnecessary, and, draped only in his shawl, attempted to rise. He managed to place one foot beneath the bed but was unable to move the other. In that moment, without uttering a final word, he silently embarked upon his eternal journey. Despite the gravity of the situation, we immediately lifted him and rushed to Jalaram Hospital-merely a half-minute away. There, the attending

physicians administered chest compressions and attempted resuscitation. On two or three occasions, his pulse flickered back into existence before ultimately ceasing forever.

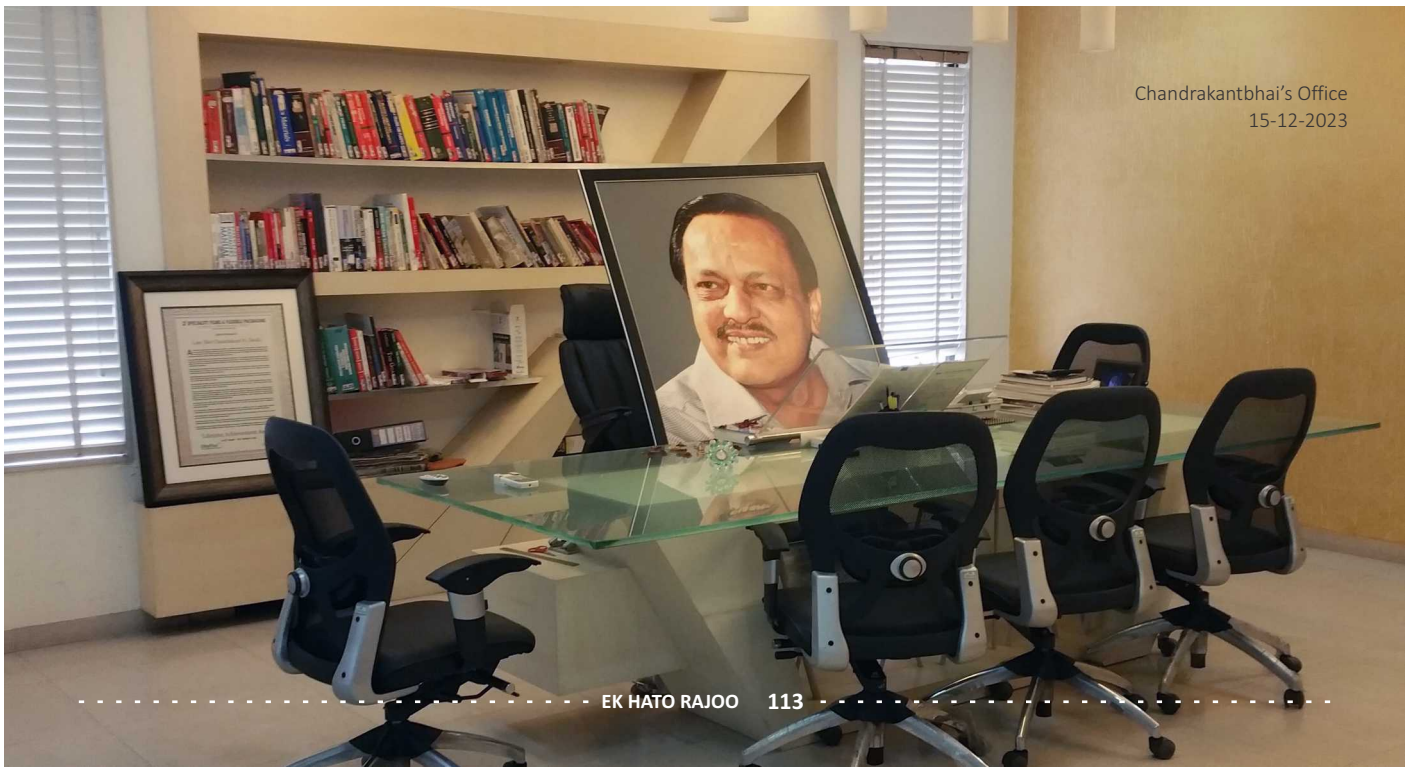
That very evening, as the house mourned in silence, Dr. G. M. Dholaria-a close confidant of my brother and a resident not far from Chitrakoot-arrived and shared a curious observation: “All the lights in your house were on at 5:30 this morning. I presumed Chandu had gone out for something.”

In truth, at 5:30 a.m., every occupant of the house had been fast asleep.

Following these events, murmurs began circulating among residents of the surrounding locality. Whispers arose, claiming that Chitrakoot was afflicted by a spectral presence. Allegedly, prior to our occupancy, another family had resided there briefly-and an eerily similar fate had befallen them.

January 5, 2013-an indelibly sorrowful date etched into the fabric of our lives. At precisely nine o'clock that morning, my elder brother, Shri Chandrakantbhai, departed for the eternal realm-while still engaged in conversation with me. It was, without question, the most heartrending day I have ever endured. Merely a day prior, on the evening of January 4th at approximately 7:00 p.m., as I was departing from the factory premises, I had summoned my elder brother to inspect the newly installed control panel in the assembly area. We had recently embarked upon the in-house production of electrical, electronic, and control panels for our machinery, and the inaugural unit had just reached completion. Upon examining the panel, he inquired, “How much cost efficiency will we achieve by fabricating these in-house?” I responded that the overall expenditure would likely decrease by approximately 15 to 18 percent. He acknowledged this with a sense of satisfaction and pride, before taking his leave for the day. Yet fate was unrelenting-he was never to witness the activation of that first panel.

From the inception of Rajoo Engineers Limited in 1987 up until January 2013, my professional responsibilities were exclusively concentrated in the domains of manufacturing, procurement, machine trials, on-site installation, and post-sale technical support. My engagement with these operational departments was so all-encompassing that I remained largely uninitiated in the realms of sales strategy and financial oversight. During the fiscal year 2011 - 2012, the company recorded a turnover of approximately ₹92 crore. My elder brother, however, was steadfast in his aspiration to surpass the symbolic milestone of ₹100 crore in revenue. Remarkably, by the close of the 2012–2013 financial year, the organization had achieved an annual sales figure of ₹105 crore-a monumental accomplishment that served as a profound and fitting tribute to his vision and leadership. Subsequent years witnessed a sustained upward trajectory in revenue. As of the current fiscal cycle, the consolidated turnover of the Rajoo Group is poised to reach an impressive ₹400 crore, a testament to the



Chandrakantbhai’s Office
15-12-2023

With Chandrakantbhai
15-12-2006

enduring legacy and relentless growth ethos instilled in the organization.

Following the untimely demise of Chandubhai, a pervasive sense of uncertainty loomed among those closely associated with our family. Intimate acquaintances of Mota Bhai, long-standing confidants, and even certain key suppliers within our professional network collectively harbored the belief that Raju Engineers would no longer sustain its operations. Among those who held this apprehension were my trusted associates Rasikbhai Dekiwadia, Manish Mehta, and others-each convinced that the enterprise was on precarious footing. Mukesh Hirpara, too, subscribed to this sentiment. Nevertheless, he maintained a consistent line of communication with us over the sub sequent five years, engaging both through occasional in-person visits and regular telephonic correspondence.

Following the unforeseen and deeply unsettling departure of Chandrakantbhai, a pervasive sentiment of uncertainty regarding the future of Rajoo Engineers began to surface among those in my close professional and personal circles. Through various channels-both direct and subtle-I became increasingly aware of individuals who doubted the organization's continuity and stability in his absence. Yet, rather than succumbing to disillusionment, a renewed sense of purpose and latent strength awakened within me. I was fortified by the unwavering support and competence of my children, whose dedication rendered any notion of retreat or fear entirely obsolete. Though Chandrakantbhai was no longer with us in corporeal form, his presence continued to guide us. On the 18th of January, 2013, just days after his passing, the next generation of our family convened at the factory, solemnly bringing with them a life-sized portrait of our beloved elder. Placing the image reverently upon his chair in his former office, we collectively vowed to carry forward his legacy with integrity, perseverance, and unwavering devotion.

To this day, his presence is both palpable and profound. Each morning at precisely 9:30 a.m., the air conditioning in that very office is switched on and continues to operate until 6:00 p.m., maintaining the space as if awaiting his return. Whenever we are faced with a critical decision, a complex challenge, or the finalization of a significant order, we instinctively gather in that sanctified room-where, seated beside his image, we feel both his approval and his quiet strength. Such rituals may appear the stuff of cinematic storytelling or melodramatic television serials. Yet within the ethos of Rajoo, this spiritual continuity is no fiction-it is an enduring, living reality.

At the time, I was an absolute neophyte in the realm of financial management-completely unfamiliar with the intricacies of monetary transactions, the interpretation of balance sheets, or the broader architecture of fiscal oversight. However, as the age-old adage asserts, necessity is the mother of invention. Guided by that imperative, I embarked upon a journey of accelerated learning under the mentorship of Shri Jentibhai Jalavadiya. With his patient guidance, the benevolence of providence, and the unwavering support of my children, I gradually acquired the essential competencies to navigate this unfamiliar territory. In time, operational stability was restored and progress steadily resumed.

By the conclusion of the 2012–2013 financial year, Rajoo Engineers' working capital stood at an impressive ₹17 crore, while that of Essen hovered around ₹10 crore. Notably, within just a few years-by 2016-we had successfully eliminated all forms of bank indebtedness, maintaining a zero-loan status for the subsequent seven years. This

milestone marked a significant transformation, reflecting the organization's fiscal discipline and strategic prudence.

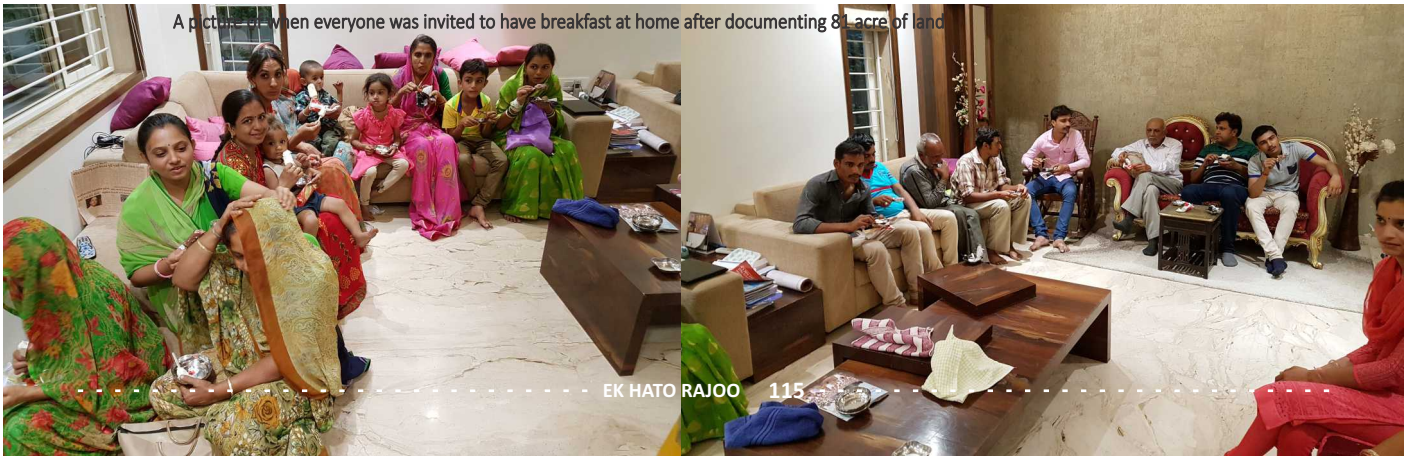
In parallel with these financial advancements, the year 2013 witnessed a strategic diversification of our product portfolio. We introduced a state-of-the-art extrusion line designed for the manufacture of both round and flat drip irrigation pipes-an innovation tailored for precision agriculture. Within a span of approximately two years, we successfully deployed around ten such production lines to various clients. Remarkably, even after more than a decade, these systems continue to operate with robust efficiency-testament to the engineering excellence and reliability synonymous with the Rajoo name.

In the year 2014, Rajoo-Bausano-a collaborative enterprise established in partnership with an esteemed Italian counterpart-successfully engineered and showcased an advanced extrusion system designed for the production of PVC pipes with diameters reaching up to 500 mm. This technological achievement marked a significant milestone in the joint venture's commitment to innovation and precision manufacturing.

Coinciding with the solemn occasion of the first death anniversary of our elder brother, Rajoo Engineers initiated a benevolent tradition to honor his memory: the distribution of one 15-kilogram tin of groundnut oil to every employee across all units of the Rajoo Group, as well as to the entire staff at Rita's Waadi and the educators and personnel of Shaishav School. This gesture, conceived as a symbol of gratitude and familial warmth, has been unfailingly upheld to this day. Most recently, in the year 2024, approximately 1,900 such tins were distributed as part of this enduring annual observance. In the same fiscal period, a strategic land acquisition was undertaken-five acres of previously uncultivated terrain were procured with the explicit intent of establishing a one-megawatt solar power installation. This initiative reflected the group's forward-thinking orientation and commitment to sustainable energy solutions.

In the year 2015, Rajoo Engineers achieved a significant technological milestone with the development of a specialized extrusion system designed for the production of wood polymer composite (WPC) boards. This advanced machinery enabled the incorporation of up to 50% wood particulate matter-specifically sawdust-into a polymer matrix, resulting in the fabrication of robust, four-foot-wide composite sheets that were inherently waterproof, termite-resistant, and fire-retardant. During the prototyping phase, the machinery operated with remarkable precision, and the resultant sheets exhibited exceptional structural integrity and performance. However, despite the technical superiority of both the equipment and its output, market dynamics soon shifted. With the influx of low-cost Chinese-manufactured WPC sheet-making machines into the Indian market, demand for Rajoo's high-grade systems began to wane. There remained little doubt regarding the qualitative inferiority of the products manufactured on these imported machines when compared to those produced by Rajoo's indigenous technology. Nevertheless, in a market frequently governed by cost-consciousness rather than quality discernment, economic considerations prevailed. Consequently, the commercial viability of further sales in this segment diminished, and the advancement of this particular product line was eventually curtailed.

In the same transformative year of 2015, Rajoo Engineers undertook a sweeping infrastructural expansion that significantly augmented its operational and technological capabilities. This included the establishment of a newly constructed administrative and design headquarters, as well as the erection of a five-storey facility dedicated to the storage of raw materials. Concurrently, the organization procured advanced four-


A picture of when everyone was invited to have breakfast at home after documenting 8 acre of land

and five-axis CNC machining centers from Germany and Italy, underscoring its commitment to precision engineering and global manufacturing standards. An additional assembly shed and a dedicated facility for the fabrication of electrical control panels further fortified the company's vertical integration. However, this wave of expansion was not merely infrastructural-it marked the materialization of a long-cherished vision: the strategic unification of Rajoo and Essen under one expansive campus. This ambition, initially set in motion in 2009 with the acquisition of 81 acres of agricultural land, culminated in the establishment of the Rajoo Innovation Centre-a cutting-edge technological nucleus. At the heart of this initiative was the installation of a fully automated, wide-width, seven-layer blown film line-an exemplar of sophisticated extrusion technology. The primary objective behind this initiative was twofold: first, to provide a practical, hands-on training platform for budding plastic engineers; and second, to offer polymer manufacturing entities a state-of-the-art environment in which to trial and validate their materials. Over the years, this facility has successfully cultivated a cadre of technically proficient engineers, many of whom are readily employable wherever Rajoo's machines are deployed. Furthermore, global polymer giants such as ExxonMobil (USA), Reliance Industries (India), Sibur (Russia), and Borouge (Abu Dhabi) have repeatedly utilized the Innovation Centre to conduct performance trials of their polymer grades-affirming Rajoo's global credibility as a technology partner of choice.

The 81-acre parcel of land, acquired as part of Rajoo Engineers' strategic expansion initiative, was situated on the periphery of Kathrota village-approximately 10 kilometers from Shapar Veraval en route to Sardhar, within the Rajkot district. This marked my inaugural foray into the domain of land acquisition, an area in which I possessed limited prior exposure or experience.

The property in question was collectively owned by five families of Kshatriya lineage, and, due to generational succession, the legal documentation necessitated the signatures of approximately 42 individual stakeholders, alongside compliance with statutory requirements under Section 135-D. In order to initiate the process, the principal patriarchs of all five families were summoned to the premises of Rajoo Engineers for preliminary negotiations. Upon finalizing the purchase price, they proposed an unconventional arrangement: no advance payment would be tendered, and the entire transactional amount would be remitted only subsequent to the formal registration of the conveyance deed.

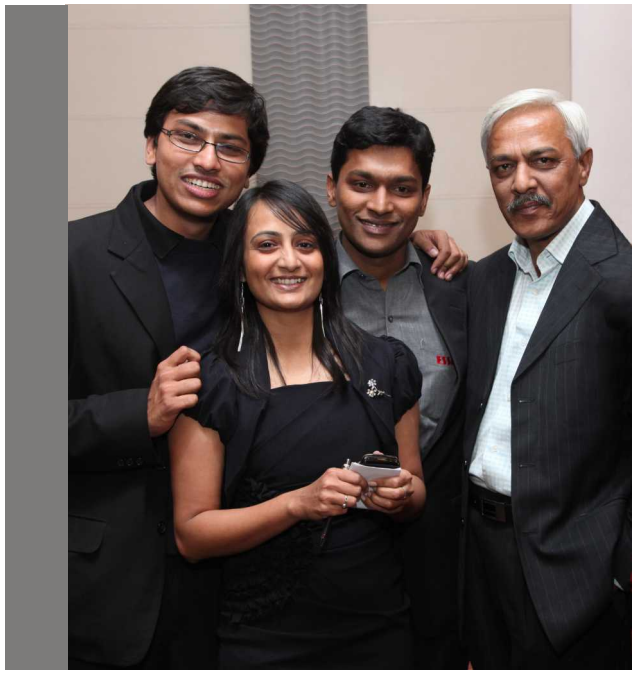
Following a series of discussions, consensus was reached, and the requisite pre-acquisition formalities were initiated. Land demarcation was carried out, and the agreed purchase-totalling 81 acres-was formalized at a price of ₹11.50 lakh per acre. Consequently, the heads of the five families reconvened, and a definitive date was scheduled for document execution.

As part of the mutually agreed terms, it was established that the entire consideration amount would be disbursed via cheque, and any potential liabilities arising from income tax deductions at source would be borne by us in addition to the principal payment. Upon unanimous assent, Rajoo's administrative team arranged for transportation, dispatching a bus to escort all 42 signatories to the registrar's office on the designated day.

The legal formalities commenced in the registrar's presence, and by approximately 5:30 p.m., three sets of documents had been duly processed. At that juncture, I received a call and promptly proceeded to the registrar's office, accompanied by the individuals designated to receive the payment. In the registrar's presence, the cheques were ceremonially handed over to each stakeholder.

Subsequent to the successful execution of all documentation, I extended an invitation to all parties to my residence, where they were served refreshments. Thereafter, they were courteously escorted back to their respective homes via our designated bus service-bringing to a close a transaction that was both procedurally rigorous and harmoniously concluded.

Given the vast expanse of the acquired land, a significant development initiative was conceived in alignment with the Government of Gujarat's Vibrant Gujarat Summit. During this high-level economic conclave, a Memorandum of Understanding (MoU) valued at ₹1,300 crore was formally executed with the state government for the establishment of a state-of-the-art biotechnology park.



Consequently, the procedural formalities for the conversion of land use classification-from agricultural to non-agricultural status designated for industrial development-were promptly initiated. Owing to the involvement of the Chief Minister's Office (CMO) in the biotechnology park MoU, the matter was subject to rigorous and near-daily follow-up. Detailed updates regarding the progress of the land conversion process, particularly within the jurisdiction of the district panchayat, were regularly communicated to the CMO. In response, the Chief Minister's Office issued formal directives to the relevant district panchayat authorities to expedite the proceedings. I was duly furnished with a copy of this correspondence, which underscored the high-priority nature of the project.

Despite the meticulous submission of all requisite documentation and the direct administrative engagement from the state's apex executive office, the non-agricultural conversion process-marked by bureaucratic inertia-ultimately reached completion only after a protracted duration of approximately five months.

Upon the successful completion of the land-use conversion process, preparatory work for the installation of mobile perimeter fencing commenced. During this phase, it came to our attention that a modest residential structure belonging to a Koli family occupied approximately 1,200 square meters within the demarcated landholding.

Before the fencing operations could extend to that segment, the patriarch of the family, Shri Parasottambhai Keshavbhai Parmar, personally approached me with a humble entreaty. He respectfully requested a brief deferment, stating his intent to vacate the premises and reconstruct his dwelling elsewhere. Upon inquiring into his financial circumstances, it became immediately apparent to me that his economic condition was such that relocating and building anew would be an insurmountable challenge.

Moved by his sincerity and hardship, I extended to him the liberty to retain possession of the parcel in question, thereby exempting it from acquisition. His elation upon receiving this gesture of goodwill was both genuine and deeply moving.

Following the completion of secure fencing around the remaining tract, the onset of the monsoon brought with it another interaction of note. A local herdsman approached me and informed that the previous landholder used to levy an annual grazing fee of ₹60,000 for allowing their buffaloes access to the land. He expressed willingness to continue the same arrangement. However, I assured him that no such remuneration was

required and that he and his livestock were welcome to utilize the land freely.

Concurrent with the aforementioned capital investment of approximately ₹60 crore, the year 2016 ushered in significant regulatory headwinds due to the governmental prohibition on single-use plastics. This policy shift precipitated a dramatic contraction in the demand for thermoforming machinery used in the manufacture of disposable drinking cups-equipment which, at that juncture, constituted nearly 40% of the company's aggregate sales volume. The resultant decline in revenue streams imposed a considerable financial burden upon the organization. This distress was further exacerbated by the macroeconomic disruptions brought on by the nationwide demonetization drive, which severely curtailed liquidity and dampened overall market sentiment, particularly within this product segment.

In the ensuing year, 2017, Rajoo Engineers undertook a highly specialized development project at the behest of a discerning client: the creation of a downward double-bubble blown film extrusion line capable of producing ultra-transparent shrink film, specifically intended for the hygienic packaging of fruits, vegetables, and assorted perishable food items. The client, impressed by the technical capabilities, placed a consolidated order for three such lines.

Following six months of satisfactory performance from the first installed unit, a contractual agreement was executed for the fabrication and supply of the remaining two systems. However, while one additional machine was delivered and briefly operationalized in alignment with prevailing market requirements, the legislative clampdown on single-use plastics led to the abrupt cessation of thin-gauge film consumption. Consequently, the end-user forfeited the advance deposit and formally rescinded the outstanding orders.

In the latter part of 2017, Rajoo Engineers undertook the bespoke development of an extrusion coating and lamination line tailored to the exacting specifications of Mr. Danishbhai, proprietor of Gopal Printpack. The client's operational requisites demanded a machine capable of sustaining continuous production at an impressive velocity of 250 meters per minute. At that juncture, our technical proficiency and empirical experience had been confined to systems optimized for a maximum throughput of 90 meters per minute-rendering this new specification a substantial leap into uncharted technological territory.

Recognizing the inherent risks associated with the adoption of unfamiliar high-speed web-handling mechanisms, and in the interest of preemptively mitigating any potential contractual discrepancies, we prudently communicated to Mr. Danishbhai that our design target would be a line speed of 230 meters per minute, with demonstrated operational performance at that benchmark.

Exhibiting profound confidence in our engineering acumen and organizational integrity, Mr. Danishbhai proceeded to place a formal purchase order valued at ₹7 crore, accompanied by an advance payment of 30%. The machine was meticulously engineered, assembled, and dispatched within the agreed-upon delivery window.
Remarkably, even after six years of continuous operation, the system not only remains fully functional but consistently performs at an elevated velocity of 275 meters per minute-exceeding both the initial specification and our own design expectations. Impressed by the machine's exceptional reliability and output quality, Mr. Danishbhai has, over the intervening years, procured two additional units of the same configuration-further affirming the enduring value of this engineering accomplishment.

Fluctuations of this nature are an intrinsic aspect of any enterprise engaged in the manufacture of capital goods. It is not uncommon for scenarios to arise wherein a customer, having formally placed an order and remitted the customary 30% advance, later encounters unforeseen impediments-such as the failure to secure requisite financing or administrative delays. In such instances, the completed machinery, purpose-built for that client, must either be retained in inventory for an indeterminate period or repurposed through identification of an alternate buyer.

In a pivotal moment for the organization, on the 1st of February 2018, the three senior-most members of the next generation-Khushboo, Utsav, and Pallav-formally communicated via email to the management of Rajoo and Essen their collective intention to assume partial stewardship of the enterprise. The full contents of that correspondence are reproduced verbatim within this publication, as a historical record of generational transition.

These three individuals had, by that time, amassed 11, 10, and 8 years of immersive experience within the organization, respectively. Each had demonstrated exceptional competence and steadfast commitment to their areas of responsibility, and their unwavering support had been a cornerstone of the company's resilience and momentum.

Under the capable and visionary leadership of Khushbu, the trio orchestrated a cohesive and highly effective operational strategy, working in unison to propel the growth trajectories of both Rajoo and Essen to levels that exceeded even my most optimistic expectations. Their collective efforts not only expanded top-line revenue but also delivered a substantial uplift in overall profitability-surpassing the performance benchmarks of the preceding management era.

In the financial year 2020–2021, the induction of Karishma and Utkarsh into the organizational framework marked a significant milestone in the generational transition of leadership. Their entry not only infused renewed vigour but also brought enhanced transparency and structure across key operational domains. Recognizing the imperative for cohesion and clarity among all six of my children-Khushbu, Utsav, Pallav, Kruti, Karishma, and Utkarsh-I initiated a formal succession planning process to ensure sustained stewardship of the Rajoo Group.

To this end, I engaged the services of seasoned family business consultants and embarked upon a comprehensive, year-long exercise in organizational realignment. This involved a meticulous evaluation of each individual's competencies, leadership potential, and developmental needs. Through rigorous introspection and guided consultation, I identified the intrinsic strengths and relative areas for improvement within each succ essor, and accordingly delineated their primary functional roles to align with the long-term strategic objectives of the enterprise.

Chandrakantbhai and Kishorbhai

In February 2021, Khushbu was officially designated as the Managing Director of all entities under the Rajoo Group umbrella. The remaining five siblings were entrusted with roles of strategic significance in accordance with their proficiencies, forming a collaborative leadership cohort. With this structured transition, the entirety of administrative and executive responsibilities was formally entrusted to the next generation.

In a definitive step toward full operational handover, I voluntarily relinquished all signing authority pertaining to financial disbursements and banking transactions effective from 2022, thereby vesting complete fiduciary control in the hands of my children-signifying not only a transfer of power but a deep-seated trust in their collective vision and capability to guide the organization forward.

As of the financial year 2024–2025, the collective efforts of the next generation have culminated in the realization of unprecedented sales milestones across all constituent entities of the Rajoo Group-an achievement of historic significance within the organization's trajectory.

Despite having formally relinquished executive authority, I continue to remain actively engaged at the Sadhu facility, maintaining regular hours from 9:30 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. My role, though no longer administrative in nature, remains advisory and innovation-driven. Whenever strategic or technical ambiguities arise, my children consult with me, and I am privileged to offer counsel that enables informed decision-making.

I continue to contribute substantively in areas pertaining to product design, development of new machinery, and the refinement or evolution of existing systems. Innovation remains a domain of deep personal engagement, and I assist wherever my expertise can add value.

Since the sudden and untimely demise of my elder brother, I have relied on the steady financial wisdom of Shri Kishorbhai, whose insights continue to be a source of clarity. Even today, as a matter of both tradition and personal reverence, whenever an order is secured, I return home in the evening and first apprise Kishorbhai of the transaction value-an enduring gesture of respect and continuity in our familial and professional legacy.

In 2017, a pivotal chapter unfolded as he immersed himself in the formal study of alternative medicine, dedicating an entire year to its disciplined exploration. Subsequently, in 2019, he executed a complete and

deliberate transition of operational control, entrusting the stewardship of the business to the succeeding generation with the objective of autonomous management. Khushboo, Utsav, Pallav, Kruti, Karishma, Utkarsh, along with their respective spouses, have since functioned as an exceptionally cohesive unit-harmoniously integrating familial values with corporate governance.

Following this generational handover, the business has not only sustained its momentum but has flourished with renewed vigor. In a landmark financial maneuver, Rajoo Engineers, through its associate company Essen Specialty Films Limited, initiated a public issue in 2023, successfully mobilizing ₹61 crore in equity capital. During this public offering, Khushboo, Utsav, Pallav, and Ankit emerged as the principal faces of the enterprise, embodying its vision, values, and credibility to the investing public. Their adept representation of the organization's ethical foundation played a pivotal role in investor confidence, resulting in a remarkable 71-fold escalation in turnover.

In response to the surging market demand for Rajoo Engineers' high-performance solutions, a new 4,000-square-meter industrial plot was procured, with immediate commencement of construction activities. Upon completion, the enhanced infrastructure is projected to augment the company's annual production capacity to an estimated ₹250–400 crore.

With her, vanished the very desire to continue this existence. Now, my sole purpose is the passive endurance of old age.

In 2021, representatives of Standard Chartered Bank visited the manufacturing facility and extended a rather extraordinary financial proposition: an unsecured credit line of ₹10 crore, offered at zero interest and requiring no collateral or documentation. Despite this rare demonstration of institutional trust, Rajoo Engineers-steadfast in its principle of operating without reliance on working capital-declined the offer for its own operations. However, to accommodate the bank's insistence and to preserve the relationship, the ₹10 crore was allocated as temporary working capital for Essen Specialty Films for a one-year term, under the same favorable terms.

This gesture not only reaffirmed the fiscal discipline and independence of Rajoo Engineers but also served as a powerful endorsement of the Rajoo Group's exceptional creditworthiness and institutional reputation.

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During the years 2009 and 2010, following the dissolution of the business partnership between the Pandya and Aghera families, members of the Aghera family harbored the conviction that Rajoo Engineers would be incapable of sustaining its operations in their absence. However, contrary to such presumptions, the ensuing developments unequivocally invalidated their expectations.

From 2011 onward, the comprehensive responsibility for the engineering design of Rajoo Engineers' existing product portfolio-as well as the innovation and conceptualization of new machinery-was singularly entrusted to me. I embraced this mandate with diligence and have, to date, discharged it with commendable success.

In 2011, I engineered a specialized line for the production of nonwoven fabric-a significant technological milestone. The following year, in 2012, I undertook the development of a large-scale thermoforming machine specifically designed for the fabrication of XPS foam-based articles. From 2013 onward, in addition to my technical responsibilities, the domains of sales strategy and financial oversight were subsumed under my purview-duties I have effectively navigated and managed to this day.

Those who once harbored skepticism regarding the enterprise's viability in the aftermath of my elder brother's unforeseen demise were eventually compelled to reconsider their stance. Many were left figuratively speechless-astonished by the sustained growth and resilience of the business. A few among them even candidly acknowledged, in direct conversation, their prior misjudgments, stating, "Rajubhai, you have indeed defied our expectations and proven us unequivocally wrong."

□ □ □

My formative years were marked by an atmosphere of considerable indulgence and affection. Despite the family's modest financial condition until 1986, my father and both elder brothers ensured I was never

exposed to undue hardship or misguidance. Throughout my childhood-and indeed into adulthood-I was largely shielded from reprimand or disapproval, save for the occasional scolding from my mother in response to harmless childhood mischief.

Even during my collegiate years, my conduct remained within the bounds of decorum, free from any serious transgressions or morally compromising behavior. The sole vice to which I momentarily succumbed was the smoking of bidi-a habit that took root during the annual examinations of my second year of graduation in 1979. At the time, Shri Desai Saheb Bahauddin served as the college principal. During one of his routine supervisory rounds, he encountered me casually smoking bidi within the examination hall and inquired sternly about my behavior. I responded, somewhat audaciously, that abstaining from smoking caused my hand to tremble, rendering it impossible for me to write effectively. Displeased but choosing not to escalate the matter, he walked away-while I nonchalantly continued smoking.

That same year, I embarked on my entrepreneurial journey, commencing with a modest grocery establishment. From that point onward, until 2006, I labored with relentless dedication, maintaining a reputation for unwavering honesty and professional integrity. Within the familial business structure-sheltered under the guidance of my two elder brothers-I was known solely for my commitment to diligent work, without any formal designation or title.

My inherent affinity for production-oriented functions dictated my professional inclinations, a preference that remains unchanged to this day. I was absolved of any responsibility pertaining to the welfare of family members or the financial underpinnings of the enterprise. Kishor Bhai assumed comprehensive responsibility for familial obligations, as well as the social and logistical dimensions of domestic life. My elder brother, on the other hand, managed the distribution of our products and oversaw all financial operations related to it.

This division of labor afforded me the rare luxury of undivided focus on production activities alone. I remained unburdened by stress or anxiety, operating within a well-defined functional niche. And though it may seem repetitive, I must underscore once more-with emphasis-that this clearly delineated structure was the foundation of my professional peace and personal clarity.

The epoch following January 5, 2013, marked a profound transformation in the trajectory of my life. The sudden and untimely demise of Chandrakantbhai cast an overwhelming pall of darkness, as it abruptly thrust upon me a magnitude of responsibilities hitherto unfamiliar. During his lifetime, Chandrakantbhai had invariably positioned himself as a formidable shield-absorbing the complexities and burdens of the business, thereby allowing me to remain deeply immersed in my designated domain. With his absence, that protective presence was irrevocably lost.

Within the familial and social spheres, however, Kishorbhai has continued to serve as a steadfast pillar of strength-a guardian figure whose unwavering support and guidance endure to this day, offering me both emotional reassurance and practical counsel.

In the wake of this profound personal loss, the onus of steering both Rajoo Engineers and Essen Speciality Films forward fell squarely upon my shoulders. Cognizant of the enormity of this responsibility, I embraced the challenge with resolve. The collaborative spirit and wholehearted involvement of my children played a pivotal role in this transition, enabling a seamless continuity of vision and execution. Nevertheless, I remain unequivocally convinced that the fortuitous alignment of destiny and divine providence-rather than any singular brilliance on my part-was instrumental in propelling the growth and consolidation of both enterprises.

All three of my sons and three daughters have labored alongside me with unwavering diligence, and the fruits of their collective effort are now clearly manifest. Despite the vacuum created by Chandrakantbhai's absence, the enduring fortitude and wisdom of Kishorbhai have continually sustained me. His role as the surrogate elder has been nothing short of foundational in our continued advancement. In earlier times, financial contingencies were jointly addressed by both elder brothers. Post-2013, that mantle was gracefully taken up by Kishorbhai, whose insights and steady counsel ensured our financial stability.

Today, I can affirm with certainty that financial challenges have been rendered virtually nonexistent-owing in large measure to the same level of support, strategic foresight, and trust-based dialogue I once shared with Chandrakantbhai, and now continue to share with Kishorbhai.

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On the morning of October 12, 2020, at approximately 11:00 AM, while engrossed in a telephone conversation within the factory premises, an unforeseen and unpleasant incident occurred-a small insect inadvertently entered my mouth. Although I made immediate efforts to expel it, the creature managed to pass into my digestive tract. Within a few hours, I began to experience pronounced physical debilitation. Succumbing to the discomfort, I reclined upon the office sofa in the hope of transient relief. Though marginally improved, by 4:00 PM my condition deteriorated further, compelling me to return home.

'K'- Exhibition with Rita, Germany- 17-10-2013

Upon arrival, I registered an alarming fever of 105°F accompanied by severe chills. For the first time in nearly 25 years, I resorted to pharmaceutical intervention-oral medications and injectable antipyretics-which temporarily alleviated the condition. Nevertheless, by the evening of the following day, the high-grade fever had recurred.

Despite experimenting with herbal decoctions and cold water immersions to mitigate the fever, it persisted-albeit reduced to 102.5°F-for a continuous duration of four days. During this time, as Karishma's in-laws visited to discuss matrimonial matters, a sudden spike to 104°F rendered me nearly unconscious. The family aborted the engagement proceedings and hastily attempted to transport me to a medical facility.

Upon consultation with a distinguished physician, a CT scan was advised. However, during the scan, the attending radiologist observed that my lungs were entirely unaffected and opined that imaging was unnecessary. Serendipitously, Dr. Jaydeep Odhwani arrived at the hospital shortly thereafter. I was immediately placed on a stretcher and administered a regimen of twenty 50 ml vials of paracetamol in rapid succession. This decisive intervention eradicated the fever, which, to date, has not returned. Remarkably, this was the first such febrile episode I had endured in 42 years-brought about, no less, by a mere insect.

Subsequent to the aforementioned incident, my medical practitioner mandated a quadripartite period of repose-an injunction rigorously upheld by my familial custodians. On the terminal eve of this prescribed convalescence-namely, the 22nd of January, 2020, at the stroke of 6:00 PM-an abrupt and harrowing domestic calamity transpired. During the otherwise mundane act of evening repast preparation, my cherished Jeev consort was subjected to a grievous misadventure: a metallic murukku apparatus inadvertently dislodged from her grasp,

cascading into a cauldron of scalding oil and consequently dousing her in the searing liquid. She sustained severe burns to her right chest, abdomen, and leg. This grievous injury wound, in retrospect, herald the beginning of her irreversible physical decline.

On the day following the burn incident, her elder brother and sister-in-law escorted her to a physician named Dr. Dhruv. The treatment administered by him-particularly the topical medication used for wound dressing-resulted in the formation of an unusually rigid and inflexible layer over the affected area. This impeded subsequent medical care and necessitated nearly a month of intervention under a different practitioner. Upon examining the wound, the new physician, visibly perturbed by the nature of Dr. Dhruv's earlier treatment, remarked with restrained indignation, "One can do nothing now, except surrender to providence."

Despite undergoing an intensive regimen of antibiotics and antihyperglycemic agents for an extended period, her physiological condition never truly recuperated. In a desperate quest for reprieve, she explored varied nutritional protocols and sought counsel from no fewer than twenty medical specialists. Yet, a state of holistic well-being eluded her.

While no mortal agency could have forestalled the inevitable moment divinely ordained for her departure, the solemnity and spiritual gravity with which she drew her final breath in Haridwar unequivocally signified that the burn incident had inscribed the irrevocable commencement of Rita's ultimate passage.

In retrospect, the journey to Mussoorie appeared devoid of purpose. When my elder brother was outlining a tentative travel plan on April 13, 2022, he abruptly suggested, "Rita, if you are feeling the oppressive heat too intensely, perhaps you should retreat to the cooler climes of Mussoorie for a fortnight." At that juncture, she had been adhering to a newly adopted dietary regimen for thirteen days, which had begun to offer her noticeable relief and a semblance of renewed vitality.

That evening, upon returning from the factory, I remarked, "Rajbha, let us all take a respite and travel to Mussoorie for ten days." Though I harbored a quiet reluctance due to the dietary discipline she had recently embraced, I did not wish to negate the unspoken yearning of her spirit to journey-no matter how brief. I acquiesced. "We shall remain confined to the hotel premises," she said. "No excursions, no sightseeing-only rest." Her soul aligned with this intention, and so, preparations commenced.

We commenced preparations and departed. Yet, after only two days in Mussoorie, an inexplicable inner urgency compelled me to return early. Originally scheduled to leave on the 24th, we instead departed on the 20th. During our return journey, I expressed a strong wish to visit Haridwar. We proceeded there, and from Haridwar, I returned to Rajkot-alone.

It was from that sacred place-Haridwar-that her soul, having completed its earthly wandering, ascended and embarked upon its final, eternal journey.

I once believed that the unforeseen demise of my elder brother constituted the most harrowing jolt of my existence. Yet, I persevered, anchoring myself in familial duties with quiet fortitude. Alas, destiny struck once more-this time with such a calamitous force that I now know: the grief it has wrought shall remain eternally unresolved, a wound beyond the reach of time's healing hand. Just when the cadence of life seemed poised to slow into contentment, with the children having embraced their responsibilities in full, my 'soulmate', my very essence-Rita-departed this mortal world without forewarning. With her, vanished the very desire to continue this existence. Now, my sole purpose is the passive endurance of old age.

Since Rita's departure, the elders of the family have extended unceasing solicitude. My six children, their spouses, and five nephews-sixteen souls in total-alongside Ayank, Naira, Dev, Kavit, and the recently arrived Yohan (born 27.04.2024), attend to my every predilection with reverent care. The attentiveness with which they accommodate my preferences is both moving and humbling. Childhood companions-Shaili and Jayesh Kumar, Rasik Dekiwadia, Hasmukh Manavadaria, Raju Secretary, Manish Mehta, and Jayamin Goswami-have steadfastly remained my emotional sentinels. Even Jayu-Anup, who were initially present with heartfelt concern, have since receded into the vortex of their own lives.

In recent times, a bond has blossomed with Shri Sameerbhai and his gracious wife, Sonaben-the very individuals who tended to Rita's chronic leg pain through healing. Rita cherished their presence, especially in the context of

their daughter Anushree, whose wedding had inspired Rita to envision a continuous, nurturing presence in her post-marital life. On nights when her pain became intolerable, she would summon Sameerbhai for pranic healing; his hands would summon repose, and Rita would drift to sleep. Even now, in her absence, Sameerbhai and Sonaben honor her memory with persistent concern. Likewise, Paras Buddhadev-Khushboo's childhood confidant-continues to offer me solace through his Reiki ministrations.

Existence, post-Rita, bears no semblance to life-it is merely a mechanical prolongation. The sole vestige of purpose remains the silent companionship I offer my progeny in moments they require me.

A pronounced affliction has emerged in the domain of sustenance. Rita's culinary mastery was such that no replication feels worthy. It is possible that I consumed more than just food; I partook in the love, warmth, and tradition interwoven into each meal. Since her departure, I consume the bare minimum-morning and evening meals alone, administered with accompanying pharmaceuticals. The zest for social gatherings, festivals, or even brief outings has entirely eroded. My daily passage is a monotonous rotation between home and factory-devoid of embellishment.

Had Rita been here, our evenings would still echo with footfalls in the garden, our weekends would involve cherished visits to Manavadar, and we would retreat to the solace of the 'Chandrashruti' residence, enveloped in the nostalgia of shared routines with the elders. Now, even though I still make appearances with friends and visit 'Chandrashruti', the experiences are hollow. Memories of Rita's vibrant orchestration of household activities, her discerning palate guiding the cook, her voice echoing instructions-all haunt my senses. My eyes moisten with every recollection.

As I pen these thoughts, a singular question torments me: What transgression, what unatoned sin, condemned me to this existence without Rita? Having shared an uninterrupted companionship with her since 2006, her abrupt absence has plunged me into unrelenting darkness-a void where no glimmer of dawn appears imminent.

My children do their utmost to kindle fragments of joy within me. I feel fleeting warmth in their presence. But once solitude returns, a funereal silence descends. Echoes resound-piercing and relentless. Each evening at the factory's close, I instinctively expect her call asking what I desire for supper. My reply would be: "Make something spicy today." She'd prepare tangy tomato soup, crisp pudlas, or in season, Mandvi ola foli and sweet paranthas. In winter, she'd lovingly serve her handcrafted adiyas. These seemingly insignificant gestures have become priceless relics of our shared life.

At night, we would converse, often followed by her quiet presence beside me during hospital rounds. She listened attentively, offering corrections when I did. Never did her countenance betray fatigue or disinterest. Her preferences were seamless extensions of mine. Even now, I hear the echoes of her voice. Life, bereft of her, is a hollow existence-I truly grasp this now. At night, even the walls seem to mourn her absence, aching with longing, echoing our unfulfilled dialogues.

Following her demise, I have witnessed a profound metamorphosis in my children's demeanor. They exhibit emotional maturity, each interpreting and responding to my sorrow in their own way. Should my grief become visible, a flurry of calls and messages fly between them. Sometimes, friends are summoned to lift my spirits. This cycle repeats. I am no longer the master of my emotions. I recognize that my melancholy burdens those around me. Yet my profound bond with Rita and her ingrained presence within me renders transformation impossible. I am uncertain if I shall ever transcend this sorrow. I extend my sincerest apologies to my family-both elders and descendants-for the shadow of grief I cast upon them.

Even now, I observe the lingering tremors of this tragedy within the children's hearts. They are, however, more resilient than I-demonstrating commendable responsibility in their personal and societal spheres. My conscious and subconscious mind, however, remain in disarray. I still weep alone, inconsolably.

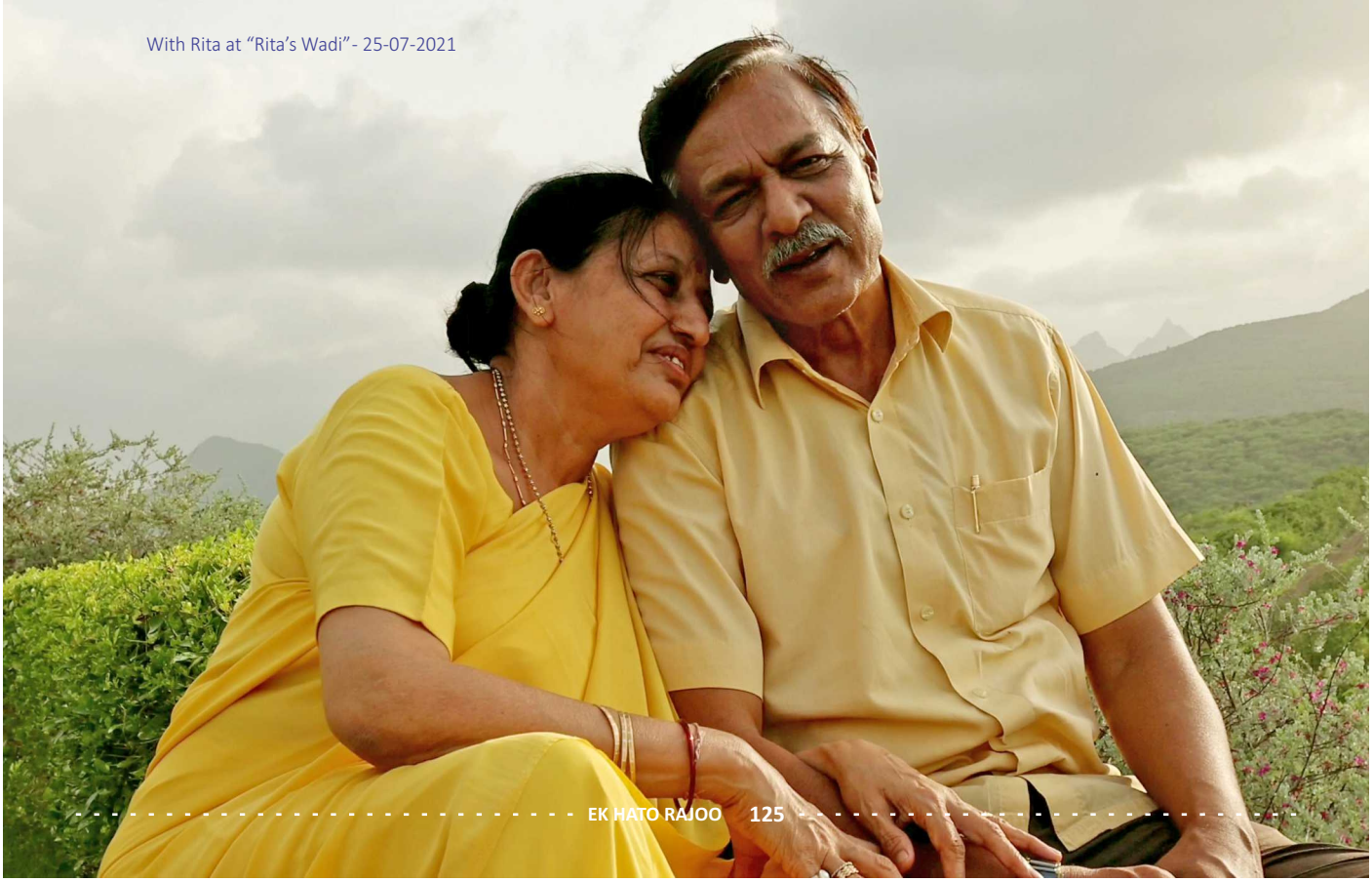
"Jeev," the ardent longing to fulfill each of your heartfelt desires-those tenderly whispered on the occasion of our 38th wedding anniversary, dated 29.11.2023-remains unwavering and enshrined within the sanctum of my soul.

That evening, as we sat immersed in the vintage melody "Baharon Phool Barsao, Mera Mehboob Aaya Hai", your eyes sparkled with childlike wonder. With soft insistence, you mused, "Rajbha, conjure a grove like this… with a swing suspended amidst a garden of blooms." While your corporeal form could not witness its completion, know this-your "Jeev" has been relentlessly weaving your vision into reality. Today, a sylvan haven inspired by that very song is germinating in our garden. When inquisitive onlookers ask what I am crafting, I reply with misted eyes: "A living testament to my beloved's yearning-a floral woodland and an ethereal swing, reminiscent of the song that lit her eyes with dreams."

When we undertook the sacred journey to the Jirawala Jain Tirth in Rajasthan on 3rd February 2022, you were enraptured by the Nakshatra Garden. Your words echo still: "Rajbha, wouldn't such a celestial-themed arboretum be magnificent in our garden? Let each tree be planted by a family member on Karishma's birthday-28th February 2024." True to your wish, the Nakshatra Udyan is now burgeoning with life. As one steps into its verdant serenity, the air becomes fragrant, speech gently dissolves into silence, and one's gaze glistens with unshed tears. It is no longer merely a garden-it is a spiritual ode, pulsating with your breath, your vision, your essence.

Do you recall the Jageshwar Mahadev shrine in Bagasara? It was your sanctum, your daily pilgrimage. In 2012, you turned to me and said, "Rajbha, this temple needs a revival-paint its soul anew." In 2023, long after your mortal presence had departed, the temple priest called upon us, conveying its state of disrepair. Without hesitation, I committed. I journeyed to Bagasara, conferred with artisans and trustees, and initiated the sanctification process. By June 2024, the restoration of your beloved Mahadev's abode was complete. Every stroke of paint, every polished stone, was imbued with your sacred memory.

With Rita at "Rita's Wadi"- 25-07-2021



These are not mere acts of tribute-they are continuations of your spirit. Through flora, stone, fragrance, and silence, your dreams take form, and my grief finds devotion. Providence bestowed upon me the rare blessing of a harmonious joint family - two elder brothers, affectionate sisters-in-law, nurturing siblings, and a lineage of children-ushering into my life an era replete with joy, tranquility, and robust health. Yet, in its inscrutable design, fate also subjected me to trials of profound emotional torment. My father collapsed before my very eyes moments after I offered him my salutations; my elder brother, Chandrakantbhai, departed this world while in mid-conversation with me; and my beloved Rita - my Jeev, the radiant prism that painted my existence in myriad hues-exhaled her final breath nestled in my arms. I am in possession of a tapestry of such grievous episodes that could fill volumes.

One such chapter unfolded on February 24, 2002. Our esteemed elder brother-in-law, Shri Anup Modi, had sought a routine dental consultation with Dr. Poptani in Junagadh. During the examination, the practitioner discerned a suspicious lesion within his oral cavity and expressed concern that it may harbor carcinogenic cells. Without delay, Anupbhai journeyed to Rajkot and procured a second opinion. Diagnostic tests soon confirmed the ominous suspicion-oral cancer. With alacrity, arrangements were made to seek advanced intervention in Mumbai the very next day.

A patron of Raju's enterprise, Shri Nakulbhai Ghiya-proprietor of Ghiya Extrusion-facilitated contact with Dr. Haribhakti, a distinguished relative of Dr. Vikram Sanghvi of Morbi, who practiced at the esteemed Tata Memorial Hospital. We embarked for Mumbai on the 26th with urgency in our hearts.

Dr. Haribhakti, then consulting at Jaslok Hospital, received us and provided an initial consultation. Subsequently, we proceeded to meet Dr. Vikram Sanghvi, with whom we had an in-depth discourse. I fervently urged that the surgical intervention be executed without delay. By divine serendipity, Dr. Sanghvi contacted Bombay Hospital to ascertain the availability of an inpatient bed and the necessary cadre of plastic surgeons. By providential alignment, all requisite arrangements fell into place, and he recommended immediate admission.

At approximately 5:30 in the evening, we arrived at Bombay Hospital. After completing the formalities, I was informed of the need to deposit ₹35,000 and undertake a battery of cardiological and preparatory tests at an adjacent facility. Unfortunately, we were unprepared financially at that juncture. I telephoned Shri Manish Doshi, a supplier of raw materials to "Raju Engineers," and requested that he urgently deliver ₹50,000 to the hospital premises. Without hesitation, Manishbhai arrived, enabling us to finalize admission and secure a private room on the tenth floor.

Anupbhai, habituated to consuming pan masala, would soon have to abandon the practice post-operatively. I gently told him, "The indulgence must now cease, but if you wish to smoke a bidi, do so discreetly in the lavatory." He acquiesced. I then left to retrieve our luggage from the hotel and to inform our household in Rajkot. As a result, our elder brother and sister, Jayabala, embarked for Mumbai on the first available flight the following morning.

On February 27, at 8:30 AM, Anupbhai was wheeled into the operation theatre. As our siblings from Rajkot had not yet arrived, I entreated the hospital guard near the surgical wing to ensure their smooth entry. He assured me of his cooperation. By 9:30 AM, they reached and briefly met Anupbhai. Thereafter, an intensive twelve-hour surgical procedure commenced. At 10 PM, when we returned to the room, the emotional exhaustion was palpable.

Coincidentally, this was the same fateful day on which the Godhra train inferno occurred, inciting widespread communal unrest across Gujarat. With the family elders marooned in Mumbai, our nephews Presho and Pulkit remained in Junagadh with their grandmother. I urgently instructed Rita to relocate them to

Manavadar. Braving the tumultuous atmosphere with our then-seven-year-old son, Utkarsh, she navigated a perilous route rife with arson and communal violence. Yet, through divine grace, they reached their destination unharmed.

A decadal convalescence ensued. Following discharge, Anupbhai returned to Junagadh and abstained from both chemotherapy and radiotherapy. After three months, he visited the plastic surgeon at Brichkandy Hospital for a follow-up. Though healing appeared clinically complete, he complained of lingering discomfort. The physician assured us that such pain was transient and would resolve in due course. I jestingly remarked to Tapshi that he would acclimate to the discomfort in time-and indeed, he did.

Remarkably, despite forgoing adjunct treatments, Anupbhai enjoyed two decades of robust health following the surgery. Only in January 2024 did malignant cells re-emerge in the same anatomical locus, necessitating yet another surgical intervention.

Jaybala, Anup, Prerit and Pulkit

Shaili, Hemant, Unnati and Tanmay

My younger brother-in-law, Shri Hemant Ajmera, was the proprietor of Shell Engineers, an industrial unit dedicated to the hard chrome plating and gas nitriding of alloy steel components, primarily servicing the machinery manufactured by Raju Engineers. Approximately 25% of the unit's operational output also catered to external clientele, thereby establishing a commendable reputation in niche metallurgical processes. The facility was situated adjacent to Raju Engineers, facilitating seamless coordination.

On the afternoon of December 26, 2020, an event of immense gravity unfolded. At approximately 1:00 PM, his long-standing associate, Shri Jaydev Jhala-who had been professionally affiliated with Raju Engineers since 1987-telephonically informed us that Hemantbhai had suddenly collapsed within the office premises whilst preparing for his midday meal. I immediately rushed to the scene. Upon my arrival, I observed him being positioned in the rear seat of a vehicle, evidently unconscious. A quick assessment revealed frothing at the mouth and, upon palpation, the absence of a pulse-an instant that rendered me momentarily bereft of breath.

We expedited our transit to the nearest medical facility in Shapar-Veraval. There, the attending physician grimly conveyed that his prognosis was bleak. Nevertheless, as a final recourse, he advised transferring Hemantbhai to a tertiary care hospital in Rajkot. Without delay, we embarked toward Rajkot. En route, I alerted our kin, informing them of Hemantkumar's precarious condition and the hospital we were heading to. Upon our arrival, we were joined by the entire family. The consulting doctors reiterated the unfortunate verdict-Hemantbhai had already departed from this worldly plane.

Ironically, on the very morning of his passing, he had selected the architectural design for his soon-to-be-completed residence. He arrived at the factory at approximately 11:30 AM, and-as if he had some subconscious prescience of his imminent departure-he summoned the chief foreman and issued a comprehensive set of instructions, entrusting him with the continuity of operations. After delivering this impromptu handover, he proceeded to wash his hands, opened his tiffin, and was preparing to partake in lunch. It was at that precise moment that the divine summons came, and Hemantkumar sought refuge at the feet of Arihant.

His sudden demise cast a pall of profound grief over our family, especially his wife Shaili-my younger sister-and their children, Unnati and Tanmay. The Doshi family, too, was immersed in unfathomable sorrow. However, as dictated by the inexorable law of impermanence, we were compelled to accept the bitter truth-that death is an inevitable culmination for all that is born.

In the months that followed, time moved onward, as it always does. Given Shaili's relatively young age, it became a matter of both emotional and practical concern. Rita, ever perceptive and nurturing, was particularly resolute in her desire for Shaili to find companionship and stability once more. It was Rita who first broached the subject with the Doshi family and proposed the idea of remarriage for Shaili. The emotional process of preparing her for a new chapter in life was both delicate and deliberate. With compassion and careful thought, we engaged both Unnati and Tanmay in conversations, who, with remarkable maturity and grace, offered their wholehearted consent.

Over the next two and a half years, with patience and collective familial support, the idea materialized. We initiated conversations with Jayesh Kamdar-son of Rita's elder sister's brother-in-law-an eligible and unmarried gentleman. Several interactions were arranged between Jayesh, Shaili, Unnati, and Tanmay, allowing for mutual understanding and comfort to develop. After thoughtful deliberation and heartfelt conversations, a mutual decision was made to proceed with the union.

Thus, on the 12th of August 2022, Shaili and Jayesh were ceremoniously remarried. Since then, they have cultivated a life of domestic harmony and emotional completeness. Jayesh Kumar has seamlessly integrated into both family and enterprise-undertaking responsibilities at the factory with diligence, and fostering affectionate bonds within the household. The transition, though born of great sorrow, has been a testament to

the resilience of the human spirit and the healing power of shared love and purpose.

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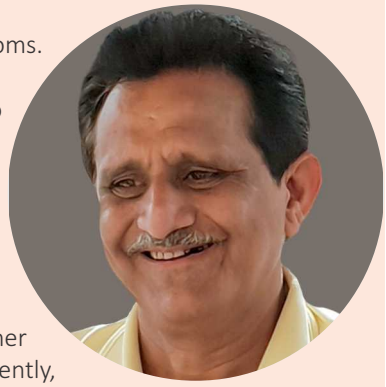
July 12, 2024, shall forever remain etched in the annals of my memory as yet another calamitous chapter-a sepulchral day veiled in sorrow and irreparable loss.

With Shaili, Jayesh, Unnati and Tanmay

At precisely 5:15 AM, the stillness of dawn was pierced by the shrill ring of my mobile phone. I answered before the first chime could fully expire. On the other end, I immediately discerned the unmistakable voice of a monk-none other than my cherished childhood companion, Shri Rasik Dekiwadiya. Amongst the pantheon of individuals I have encountered in my 64 years of earthly existence, Rasik stood apart-a paragon of moral rectitude, exuding simplicity, unpretentiousness, and an unwavering adherence to ethical principles. He lived with an ascetic's conscience cloaked in a householder's garb.

In a calm yet strained tone, he said: "Raju, I've been experiencing acute discomfort in my chest for the past fifteen minutes. I'm perspiring heavily and feel bloated-it seems like gastric distress. What should I do?" I asked if I should arrive there immediately. He declined: "No need to come. Just guide me over the pho ne." I advised him to sit in Vajrasana, a yogic posture believed to aid in gastric relief.



Moments later, his wife came on the line and reiterated the same symptoms. Concerned, I abruptly ended the call and was at their residence within five minutes. Upon my arrival, I found him seated serenely on his bed in Vajrasana, exhibiting no apparent distress-his demeanor was composed, almost buoyant. I inquired about his condition. He smiled faintly and said he had burped twice and just needed one more to feel entirely relieved. I asked about his previous meal. "Just milk and bread," he replied. Encouraging him to take a few more steps, I suggested that even minimal movement might expedite relief. Concurrently, I requested Bhabhishree to prepare warm water infused with asafoetida. She complied swiftly.

The water was ready. As Rasik re-entered his room, he took the glass from her hand. But instead of resuming his place on the bed, he slowly descended to the floor-gently, almost as if in reverence-and, in that final moment, surrendered his mortal coil. His soul, tranquil and unburdened, had silently embarked upon its eternal sojourn.

For nearly two years prior, Bhikhu would remark-always with an enigmatic smile-"Raju, I shall not see the threshold of my 65th birthday. I shall depart before then." I would always rebuff such fatalistic musings, insisting that life unfolds solely at the behest of the Divine. And yet... with a mere 19 days left to complete his 64th year, he fulfilled that cryptic prophecy, departing as quietly as he had lived-with poise, grace, and awareness.

To me, he was more than a confidant-he was an emotional sanctuary. Whenever my ailing father needed solace, Rasik would come unbidden, just a phone call away, offering companionship and thoughtful counsel. After the devastating loss of my beloved Rita-my Jeev, my soul-he was a perennial presence. On days when grief resurfaced, clouding my countenance, my children would sense the sorrow, and I would instinctively reach out to Bhikhu. With measured words and a calm spirit, he would gently lift me from the depths of my melancholia.

This noble soul-an altruist who gave without hesitation, whether affluent or bereft; an incorruptible man who upheld dharma under all circumstances; a radiant family man whose default expression was a smile; a fearless devotee of truth, whose heart was boundless and pure; a man who exuded joy and stood unwavering in his faith in the Almighty-has now embarked upon the boundless voyage beyond. He extended his love and support not only to kith and kin but also to strangers who merely crossed his path.

His absence has hollowed a space that cannot be replenished. This day-marked by the quiet, dignified exit of a righteous soul-remains an unforgettable scar upon the tapestry of my life.

Royal Caribbean Cruise
with Rita, Spain - 20-05-2015

What of this life ? Even time
itself has come to
a standstill in this hardship.
My 'Jeev', how could you do this?
You became my 'Purnangini'
only to leave my side so soon?
What was my fault?
was my love falling short?
or was even Mahadev envious
of our soulful marriage?~

'K' Exhibition with Rita,
Germany - 21-10-213

With Rita on my birthday at
'Rita ni Wadi' - 07-03-2021

With Rita at 'Rita ni Wadi'
07-08-2014

On the occasion of Khushboo's Wedding
with Rita, 17-11-2008

With Rita at Hemu Gadhvi Hall, Rajkot - 22-06-2015

With Rita at 'Rita ni Wadi' Year - 2017-2018

11

An ideal married life- a love story to be envied

The narrative pertaining to the manner in which you assumed stewardship of the 'Rajoo' consortium subsequent to the departure of Chandrakantbhai, along with the multitude of challenges and contingencies that manifested during that transitional epoch, remains to be articulated.

"I shall bestow that chapter upon you in the coming week!"

Thus spoke Rajoobhai Doshi to me in the mid-October of 2023, and scarcely had those words fallen into the stillness between us that I, carried by instinct, replied: "And after that, you will have to inscribe about Rita Bhabhi, for I desire with all earnestness that this chapter be written by none but you…"

But then came his interruption - sudden, unyielding, immovable: "That, I cannot write!" The firmness of his voice struck not as denial but as the trembling mask of a heart burdened with an anguish too profound for ink. I felt no surprise, nor did I suffer shock; for I could hear, even in that resolute cadence, the quiver of tenderness, the ache of memory, and the helplessness submerged beneath. I had heard it before: the moistening of his eyes, the weight in his throat, the unspoken grief that crept each time he invoked the book 'Jeev', composed in the shadow of Rita Bhabhi's departure. For to speak plainly, in the very vernacular of his life, she was his heartbeat-and when that beat was silenced, his world faltered.

Rita with Ayank, Naira - 06-04-2016

Her absence dismantled the cadence of his days, casting him adrift like a solitary vessel lashed by unmerciful tides, heaving upon the boundless sea without mast, without anchor, without compass to guide it home. This was no secret, no hidden wound; it was a truth recognized alike by the Doshi family, by his most intimate friends, and even by those who knew of Rajoobhai merely as a distant name. I, too, bore witness to it.

Even now, two years beyond that calamitous day of April 21, 2022, the wound remains unhealed. Each dawn, like a ritual consecrated to memory, Rajoobhai begins with her remembrance- words etched upon the expanse of social media, as though to ensure she is alive in the collective breath of others. And each night, as darkness gathers, I know the chamber of his solitude is filled with a single song, played in ceaseless recurrence, a lament that refuses extinction, a flame that flickers though it cannot warm: "Woh jab yaad aayein, bahut yaad aayein… gham-e-zindagi ke andhere mein humne, chiraag-e-mohabbat jalaayein, bujhaayein…"

The lines from the song penned by Asad Bhopali (Film: Parasmani, 1963) were resonating through his room. In that moment, Rajoobhai inadvertently forgot to draw a puff from his beedi, and I too was rendered

speechless and inert.

Woh juda kya hue zindagi kho gayi, Shamma jalti rahi roshni kho gayi
Bahut koshishein ki magar dil na behla, Kayi saaj chhede kayin geet gaay
Woh jab yaad aaye bahut yaad aaye, Woh jab yaad aaye bahut yaad aaye

"About her (Rita Bhabhi), my voice falters and my pen collapses; I cannot write of her."

In the vast and opulent premises of Rajoo Engineers Limited, after Rajoobhai Doshi made that declaration, an inevitable and heavy silence clandestinely settled between us. To immediately dispel the gravity of the moment, I expressed a desire to have some coffee, upon which Rajoobhai rang the bell. When I noticed his attention momentarily drifting, I resolved inwardly that I would revisit this subject with him someday. And so, in January 2024, I once again reopened the matter of Ritabhabhi. This time, however, I approached the essence of the conversation differently-invoking it obliquely, through a more subtle and indirect articulation: "After Ritabhabhi's passing, the transformation that emerged in the family members' conduct toward you… that is something you will now have to chronicle."

"Yes, that is precisely what I intend to write in the next chapter."

"Therefore, in that chapter, subsume the dimensions of your conjugal narrative-your marriage and its attendant domains-so that…"

"I cannot write that - I had already told you so earlier!"

This time, Rajoobhai's voice carried a quiver of anguish - the kind of tremor that awakens when pressure is applied to a putrefied wound or an inflamed swelling.

For a brief moment, the words once spoken by Devyanibhabhi, the eldest member of the Doshi family, began to resonate thunderously in my ears: "After Rita's passing, it is as though every hue has been drained from Rajoobhai's life…" Then surfaced Neetabhabhi's lament: "He hardly speaks anymore. He eats and then retreats straight to his room…"

Even the children of the Doshi family (read on the next page) echoed the same sentiment: "He is not the way he used to be. He no longer insists on anything. He accepts

"She accepted whatever life offered with grace. Always happy at every moment, a devotee of Shiva and someone who fulfilled every responsibility of our married life by dedicating her soul to Mahadev -My 'Jeev' is no longer with me in body today, but she will forever flow through my every breath. She will continue to beat within my heart, This Shiva-devoted soul has merged eternally into the divine presence of Mahadev.

રીટા સાથે વરસાદની મોજ – ૧૫-૦૭-૨૦૧૭

whatever we say without protest, yet it constantly feels as if the very zest for life has evaporated from him. Whenever we even slightly mention mood, joy, or interest, he immediately begins to feign a sort of artificial cheerfulness - as though nothing is amiss at all…"

"May I offer a suggestion?" I finally asked, albeit with a certain tremulous hesitation.

"When it comes to you and Bhabhi, I practically know everything now-after writing the Doshi family's and Jeev's narratives. I have observed both of you closely; I have lived alongside you as well. So… shall I be the one to write the chapter on your and Bhabhi's conjugal life in the autobiography?"

"…But do write about the quarrels we had as well!"

"But how would I know anything about the disputes between husband and wife!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Nobody has ever told me such things!"

"Ask Jayoo and Shaili!" Rajoobhai said with utter forthrightness. "They will tell you even about the arguments that transpired between the two of us!"

To say that Rajoobhai Doshi is known for his astonishingly uninhibited candor and adventurous temperament would be only a half-truth. This man is sensitive from head to toe, profoundly family-centric, and possesses a heart as tender as a freshly fractured sapling. His sister, Jayuben, has stated something that is incontrovertibly true: "For anyone who knows Rajoobhai-when calamity strikes or one is cornered by adversity-after God, the very first person they remember is Rajoobhai."

You have already read the preceding chapters, and they testify to this truth.

Yet when it comes to speaking of his own 'Jeev' (Ritabhabhi), his voice begins to choke, and his spirit contracts- and thus, the responsibility of narrating this chapter has inevitably fallen to me.

☐ ☐ ☐

The world is propelled not by the prudent but by the possessed - the mad, the visionary, the obstinate, the dream-ridden, the eccentrically absurd-minded. The clever and composed-the settled, the timid, the decorous, the ones who believe in the sanctity of "as-is"-merely trail behind them.

With Rita, Khushboo, Kruti at Matheran - 12-03-1990

Whether one likes it or loathes it, this remains an eternal and immutable verity. In not one but in a thousand instances, it has been incontrovertibly demonstrated that the individual whom ordinary people deem strange or abnormal is, in truth, extraordinary-singular to the point of wonder. Rajoobhai Doshi is an exemplar of such a rarefied and idiosyncratic temperament. To the commonplace mind, a person of such disposition appears excessively hyperbolic, brimming with exaggeration; but to the extraordinary being himself, this very hyperbole becomes the propulsive principle that impels existence forward. If one were to scrutinise the conjugal life of Rajoobhai and Ritaben Doshi, one realises they were - and remain - two beings animated by the same metaphysical frequency. Rajoobhai was the embodiment of extremity, the very synonym of hyperbole; yet Ritaben, who nurtured his virtues, flaws, frictions, aspirations, and inner ferment with unbroken affection, proved unequivocally that she too was a lover of excess - of passion stretched to its zenith, and that without such congruence, a union of this nature could not have materialised on earth at all. Their intimate friend, Bhikhabhai (Rasikbhai) Dekiwadia, therefore articulates with disarming simplicity: "When one beholds the two of them together, one cannot help but feel a twinge of envy - how can such sublime congruence ever exist between two human beings?"

…But such concordance of spirit existed because, though the world perceived them merely as husband and wife, to one another they were, in essence, paramours-lovers bound by an interior covenant far deeper than matrimonial nomenclature. If one examines the chronology with precision, it becomes evident that Ritaben had fallen into the gravitational field of Rajoobhai Doshi's affection while she was still in her teenage years. (Khushboo was born in July 1982, and at that moment Ritaben was still two and a half months short of completing her seventeenth year!) It is a truth universally acknowledged-indeed almost axiomatic-that adolescent love

possesses a peculiar permanence, clinging to one's existence with an indelible tenacity. And it is no less renowned that one's first love is never effaced, even if its trajectory does not ascend to a summit but instead slips from the slope before reaching its apex.

It was well known that Ritaben was the youngest among the six sisters (and one brother) of the Panchmiya family. A devout and unwavering adherent of Mahadev, she observed a daily ritual of offering milk at Shri Jageshwar Mahadev Temple in Bagsara. In 2012, Rajoobhai himself had the temple renovated and restored, adding yet another layer of sanctity to her devotion. Ritaben's elder sister, Shrutiben, had been married to the Doshi family's eldest son, Chandrakantbhai, in 1980. But scarcely had the year 1982 dawned when catastrophe befell the Doshi household-Shrutiben was diagnosed with cancer. At that time, little Khushboo had not yet begun to toddle, and in this sudden deluge of affliction, Ritaben's frequent journeys between Manavadar and her sister's home increased. She came to assist her niece Khushboo and to tend to her ailing sister; and in the process, Rajoobhai found himself increasingly immersed in the gravitational pull of his sister-in-law's grace. Ritaben, after all, hailed from Bagsara, and the Panchmiya family was, in those days, economically fragile. She herself possessed the gentility and refinement of a queen sculpted in porcelain, yet-like any young woman in love-she carried within her a natural reserve, a delicate maidenly hesitation…

In January of 1984, when the two of them went together to Amrapali Theatre in Rajkot to watch Nadiya Ke Paar, they were entirely unaware that the narrative of that film would, in time, recur with uncanny symmetry within the contours of their own lives.

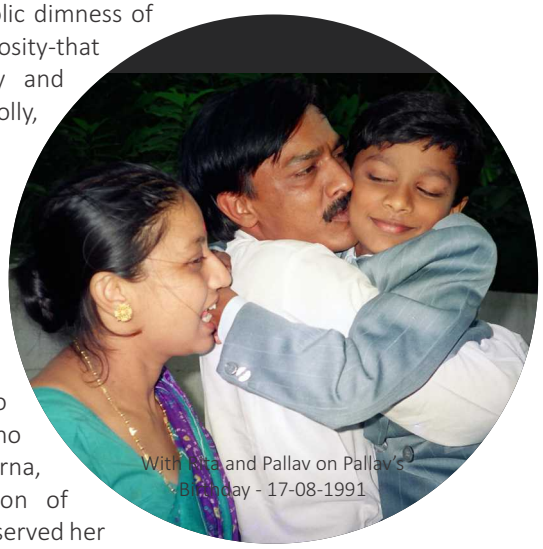
Meanwhile, within Rajoobhai Doshi's heart, affection had already metastasized into a state of exquisite frenzy. Merely to behold Ritaben, he would undertake the relentless circuit of Manavadar–Bagsara–Manavadar. For half an hour of her presence, he willingly endured five to six hours of travel-yet never felt the slightest fatigue, for in love, the mere glimpse of the beloved carries the numinous potency of a divine epiphany. From exchanging blank audio cassettes to the clandestine circulation of love letters, their correspondence persisted for nearly three unbroken years- and in 1985, Ritaben Panchmiya at last became Rita Rajesh Doshi.

With Rita at Goa - 02-12-1985

With Rita at Kashmir - 27-05-2005

November 1985 to April 2022.

These thirty-seven years irrevocably proved that the first five years of romance and courtship were merely a prologue-a fleeting trailer. The full thirty-seven-year cinema was destined to be an opulent saga of tumult, transcendence, immeasurable affection, and unqualified devotion. And the chapter that commenced after 22 April 2022, following Ritabhabi's departure, is being written-and lived-by Rajoobhai Doshi in such a manner that one is compelled to feel that Jeev still hovers amongst us. For within Rajoobhai's heart, she pulsates with an even sharper, more incandescent intensity. In the melancholic dimness of Rajoobhai's eyes, the lamp of Jeev seems to burn with greater luminosity-that very Jeev who surrendered her entire existence, unreservedly and unconditionally, to their shared life, and who offered herself- wholly, irrevocably, and sacrificially-at the altar of their mutual love.



With Rita and Pallav on Pallav's Birthday - 17-08-1991

☐ ☐ ☐

Rajesh Nanalal Doshi and Rita Rajesh Doshi.

At a superficial glance, they appear as two names, two individuals, two temperaments, two inheritances, two affinities and aversions, and two distinct lives. Yet, when one examines the intricate warp and weft of their intertwined existence-their mutual surrender, their temperamental contours, their innate dispositions-one is irresistibly inclined to assign a higher quotient of grace and greatness to Ritaben Doshi. Anyone who has read the book Jeev would harbour no uncertainty about this. In that work, some have revered her as Annapurna, while others have discerned within her the living reincarnation of Gunasundari, the beloved heroine of Saraswatichandra. Those who observed her from close proximity regarded her as an attendant of Mahadev, almost as though she were a devout servitor consecrated to His divine essence. And one beholder, overwhelmed by the sheer sanctity of this couple, went so far as to confer upon them the exalted epithet of "Sivand Parvmselves…

Having been bestowed with the rare privilege of chronicling the life-fulfilment and posthumous sanctity of Ritaben Doshi through the commemorative volume Jeev, I find myself uniquely positioned to distil the essence of the entire work. Every reader of that book has-far more than for Rajoobhai Doshi-experienced an upsurge of reverence, veneration, and heightened esteem for Ritaben Doshi, for the simple yet profound reason that…

In that book, the narrative concerning Rajoobhai Doshi remained-knowingly or unknowingly-submerged beneath the luminosity of Ritaben's story. Undoubtedly, Ritaben Doshi was a soul of exalted calibre, a being steeped to the brim in unwavering devotion to Mahadev. Yet what remained largely unnoticed and unarticulated was this: Rajoobhai Doshi is a believer who often appears like a non-believer. Not the sort who indulges in ritualistic flourishes, sentimental piety, or ostentatious reverence- but one whose very identity is defined by the razor-edge of reason, inquiry, and intellectual exactitude. Despite this, he never once expressed disapproval toward Ritaben's devotion to Mahadev, nor did he ever undermine her ardent faith. And, astonishingly, the very Mahadev temple in Bagsara-which Ritaben had visited with devout regularity throughout her childhood and adolescence-was renovated once again in 2023, and at Rajoobhai's own expense. For the simple and sacred reason that: those Mahadev temples were as dear to Ritaben-his 'Jeev'-as life itself. And anything beloved of Jeev was, for him, inviolably sacred.

Perhaps solely to honour Ritaben's wishes, Rajoobhai Doshi even adorned the attire befitting a Jain follower and performed ritual worship in the derasar (Jain Temple). And it was solely because of Ritaben's faith and resolute conviction that, beginning in 2014, Rajoobhai initiated the sthapna of Lord Ganesha under the appellation "Panchvati ka Maharaja" directly opposite to Shrutina's bungalow-itself situated right across from the Doshi residence. That sthapan continues uninterrupted to this very year, and not a single rupee of its expense is ever permitted by the Doshi family to be borne by anyone else. All the innumerable pilgrimages and sacred excursions Rajoobhai undertook with his circle of five couple-friends were, in truth, driven not by his own spiritual impulse but by the longing-indeed the sanctified desire-of Ritaben herself.

That a husband fulfils his wife's wishes is considered commonplace in any ordinary marriage; but that a husband should continue-with undiminished fervour even into the thirty-seventh year-to fulfil every desire of his wife with the same youthful urgency, is a testament that could belong only to the heart of Rajoobhai Doshi. At times, without any rationale whatsoever, Ritaben would remark-as we ourselves often do- "Rajbha, we too should have our own 'waadi'..." And that single, casual utterance blossomed into 'Ritani Wadi', a resplendent expanse of fifty-eight acres nestled at the foothills of Girnar, created solely to augment the majesty of nature- and solely because she had once wished for it. It was solely due to Ritaben that every single morning of Rajoobhai's life commenced after offering darshan to Mahadev, followed unfailingly by a bell-ringing selfie, the sacred ritual that opened each day. Thereafter came the entire cycle-factory obligations, pressures, outcome-driven exertions- and upon returning home in the evening, the two of them would immediately set out together for their a l t

Khushboo's Simontonayan with Rita at Khushboo's house - 13-12-2015

around nine or ten at night- would Rajoobhai take Ritaben out for soda, every single day. They would sit with their close friends, Bhikhabhai and Sarlaben, at Indira Circle. And why? For the simple, unembellished reason that Ritabhabhi delighted in it and her delight was, to Rajoobhai, an unassailable commandment of the heart.

...During one such nocturnal sit-down, Ritaben expressed her desire to visit the twelve Jyotirlingas and other sacred pilgrimage sites. And within forty-eight hours of that mere articulation, she had already set out-exactly as she had wished-on an exclusively women's pilgrimage, accompanied by two other ladies, to Mathura, Haridwar, Pushkar, and Nathdwara. Before she even landed from her flight, an SUV from Rajkot, along with a trusted driver, had already arrived at Dehradun Airport- a testament to how swiftly and unquestioningly her desires were transformed into reality.

I have encountered many who advance the facile argument that "money can accomplish anything. Yet not one of them has been able to answer my s i mplest question: Tell me your wife's two favourite colours, her cherished hobbies, her preferred dishes... or show me even a mere hundred photographs of her-or of the two of you together-on your phone. Rajoobhai, on the other hand, not only knew all of this with meticulous exactitude- he would accompany Ritaben not merely for her garments, but even when selecting the pānetar for his niece or daughter- a ritual ordinarily performed by a mama or maa. If he brought home vibrant glass bangles or traditional choodlas for Ritaben, he would also ensure that a set of matching bangles, perfectly harmonised with the colour of the saree for the occasion, was prepared and placed upon her wrists. He insisted that the footwear too must correspond flawlessly with the hue of the saree. He would craft a fresh floral gajra of borasalli blossoms and adorn her with it, and accompany her on long walks through the forested girdle surrounding Girnarji. Even Shailiben and Jayooben can instantly recount one distinctive category of spousal quarrel between them: If Ritaben failed to wear the saree that Rajoobhai had selected, his face would fall, his spirits would sink, and his entire mood would darken for the rest of the day!

Ask any husband or wife how a man can do all this for a woman- or when such extraordinary devotion can arise- and you will receive only one answer: Such things are not done by a husband; they are done only by a lover.

Yes. In the eyes of the world, Rajoobhai may have been merely Ritabhabhi's husband,

but in truth, he was her lover-her lifelong lover. Only a lover possesses such possessiveness, extending from attire to ornaments. Only a lover carries the fierce compulsion to fulfil every desire, every half-spoken wish of the beloved. And only a lover can write- even on the seventh day after his beloved has departed to the feet of Mahadev-words such as these:

I can endure the void of myself,
but life collapses into difficulty without you.

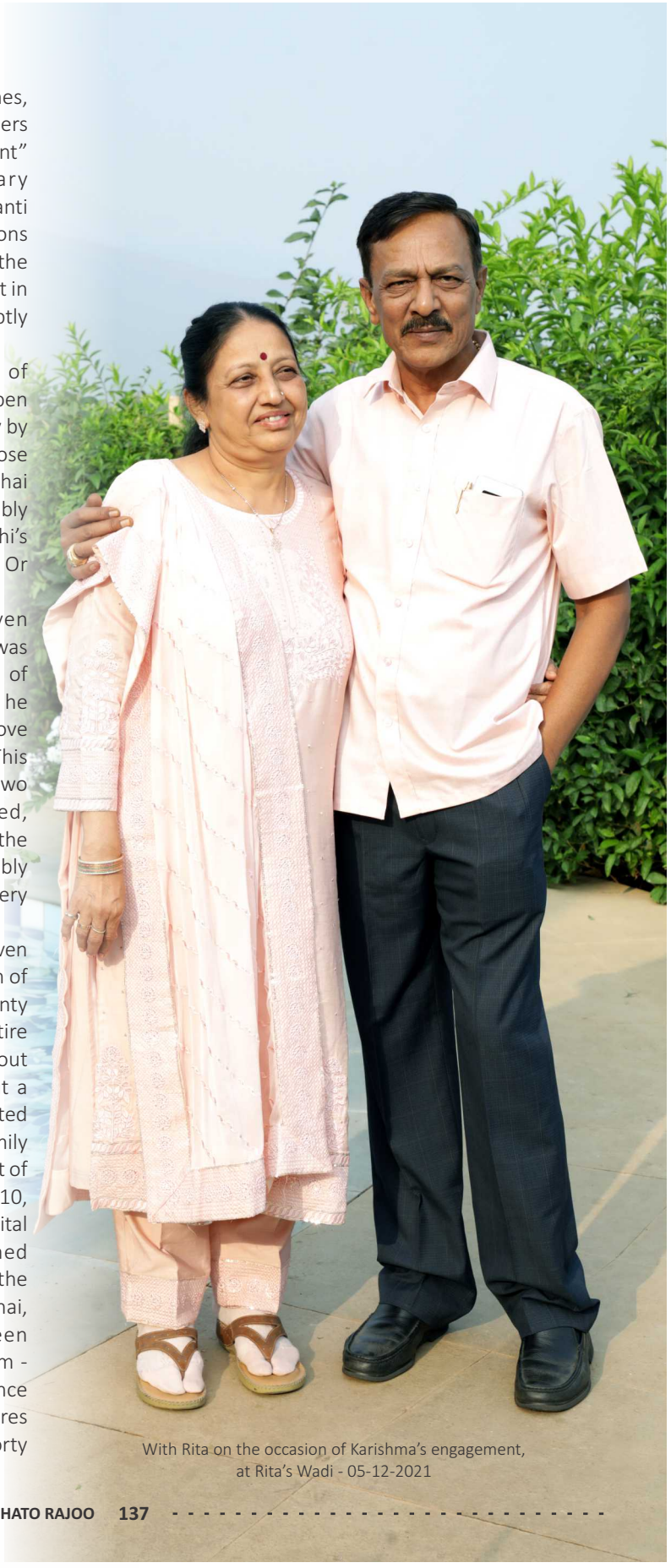
"This father (Rajoobhai Doshi) and daughter (Khushboo Doshi) - both are creatures of a moment!"

Ritaben Doshi had uttered this countless times, and her daughter Kruti Doshi–Rajpura remembers it with absolute clarity. By "creatures of a moment" she meant individuals of extraordinary hypersensitivity - like the leaves of the lajvanti plant that curl at the slightest touch; persons whose emotions soar to the seventh sky over the smallest provocation, or whose spirits plummet in an instant as though a bowstring had abruptly slackened.

…Yet the only person capable of tempering and regulating Rajoobhai was Ritaben herself - a truth affirmed unanimously not only by Utsav, Pallav, and Utkarsh, but also by their close friends Jaminbhai Gauswami and Hasmukhbhai Manavadariya. And thus the question inevitably arises: Should this be regarded as Ritabhabhi's influence? Or as Rajoobhai's surrender? Or perhaps as the alchemy of their mutual love?

With full readiness to be proven mistaken, I must nevertheless assert this: It was precisely because Rajoobhai lived in a state of unwavering consecration to Ritaben that he invariably placed her two figurative rungs above himself-always, and without exception. This posture of lifelong devotion endured for two profound reasons: first, the unparalleled, incandescent love he bore for her; and second, the uncomplaining, single-handed, and impeccably dutiful manner in which Ritaben discharged every responsibility entrusted to her.

When we speak - you or I - of thirty-seven years of conjugal life, we often overlook a truth of far greater magnitude: that during the first twenty years of that marriage, Ritaben bore the entire weight of struggle and responsibility without uttering even a syllable of complaint, without a single sigh that a wife might naturally be expected to release. From 1985 to 1995, the Doshi family was consumed entirely by the relentless pursuit of stability and success. And from 1995 until 2010, because Utkarsh had been born with congenital complications, the entire family remained anchored in Manavadar - along with both the mothers Champaben and Kanchanben. Rajoobhai, meanwhile, commuted tirelessly between Manavadar and Rajkot. Only a wife can fathom - and often cannot even articulate - the difference between a husband who is merely two kilometres away and a husband who is one hundred and forty



With Rita on the occasion of Karishma's engagement, at Rita's Wadi - 05-12-2021

kilometres away, particularly during those innumerable undocumented emergencies of daily life. At moments when even a minor crisis required two to two-and-a-half hours for the husband to arrive, Ritaben carried the entire burden - the ailing child, the aged elders, the house, the uncertainties - for days, months, and years on end. And the manner in which Rajoobhai Doshi, after 2006, began to repay - with fistful after fistful of reverence, devotion, and emotional atonement - those years she had endured, was so overwhelming that the world gradually ceased to see him merely as a successful industrialist. Instead, people increasingly began to perceive him as "the mad lover", the one whose love overshadowed even his accomplishments.

And what sort of lover was - and is - this man?

A lover whom no beloved woman would ever wish for.

Anyone who knows Rajoobhai Doshi from close quarters is aware that he never visits hotels, and on the rare occasion that he does, he rarely eats. Even at home, with regard to food, he appears almost ascetic, indifferent, monastic. One glance at his morning-afternoon-evening diet is enough to make one think: "This man - this believer who resembles a non-believer - carries within him the very DNA of a Jain monk." At midday, his lunch at the factory would consist merely of dal–rice or a plate of sliced apples. At night, he eat only parathas prepared by Ritabhabhi, accompanied by tea - and even then, he insisted upon home-churned butter upon the parathas.

Even when his palate tingled with an occasional craving, the most he would ever say to Ritaben was: "Today, I feel like eating something mildly spicy or tangy."

And on such nights, if Ritaben placed before him a plate of warm, delicately spiced 'poodla', the happiness that illuminated his face was the kind of bliss a man feels upon being offered all the fifty-six celestial delicacies of the divine chhapan-bhog. Tell me - how any women would truly relish a husband like this?

Just as he had no particular inclination toward food, he possessed no real fondness for clothes either. Earlier, he would wear shirts matching in colour with Ritaben's attire; but after her departure, his persona hard ened into a permanent simplicity: uncoloured white hair, plain white shirts, and sandals instead of shoes - a stark, monastic uniform of remembrance.

At Girnar forest with Rita
31-03-2018

For his son's wedding or for other auspicious occasions, he would- solely to satisfy social expectation- reluctantly don a white shirt with a minimal, fine design.

And then there is his one vice - the steady, solitary habit of smoking a beedi.

If an industrialist who provides livelihood to thousands were to walk about in sandals, his wife and children would, in all likelihood, harangue him into submission- for everyone (the wife most of all) wishes that her husband, if nowhere else then at least in public view, should appear ultramodern, impeccably styled, and socially enviable. Yet the beedi that Rajoobhai Doshi first lit in 1979, during his college days-when even a single paisa carried weight- continued to be his constant companion even in 2024.

Perhaps Ritaben found Rajoobhai's habit of smoking beedis distasteful; yet among the one hundred and fifty people I have spoken to, not a single one has c l aimed that Ritaben ever insisted, coerced, or demanded that Rajoobhai abandon the habit. On the contrary, many have affirmed something far more telling: that Ritaben habitually carried a small bundle of beedis in her purse.

After nearly thirty-four years of married life, Rajoobhai did eventually relinquish the beedi- but…

After Ritaben's departure, the beedi, perhaps, once again became Rajoobhai's sole support system.

Addiction to the beedi, indifference toward food, near-complete detachment from clothing, no inclination for cinema, nor any appetite for idle wandering - and beyond all this, Rajoobhai Doshi remains equally disinterested in fame and publicity. He possesses but one singular compulsion: service to society. To alleviate human suffering, to ease the weight of others' misfortunes - and for this purpose, he willingly sacrifices what most families would deem "golden hours", allocating three to four hours every single day to clinic work. While

Ritaben was alive, the two of them unfailingly attended musical performances or theatrical productions about four times a month. Music, too, was a shared passion - yet both these pursuits were of a nature wherein family itself becomes an impediment, demanding solitude, surrender, and a withdrawal from domestic entanglement.

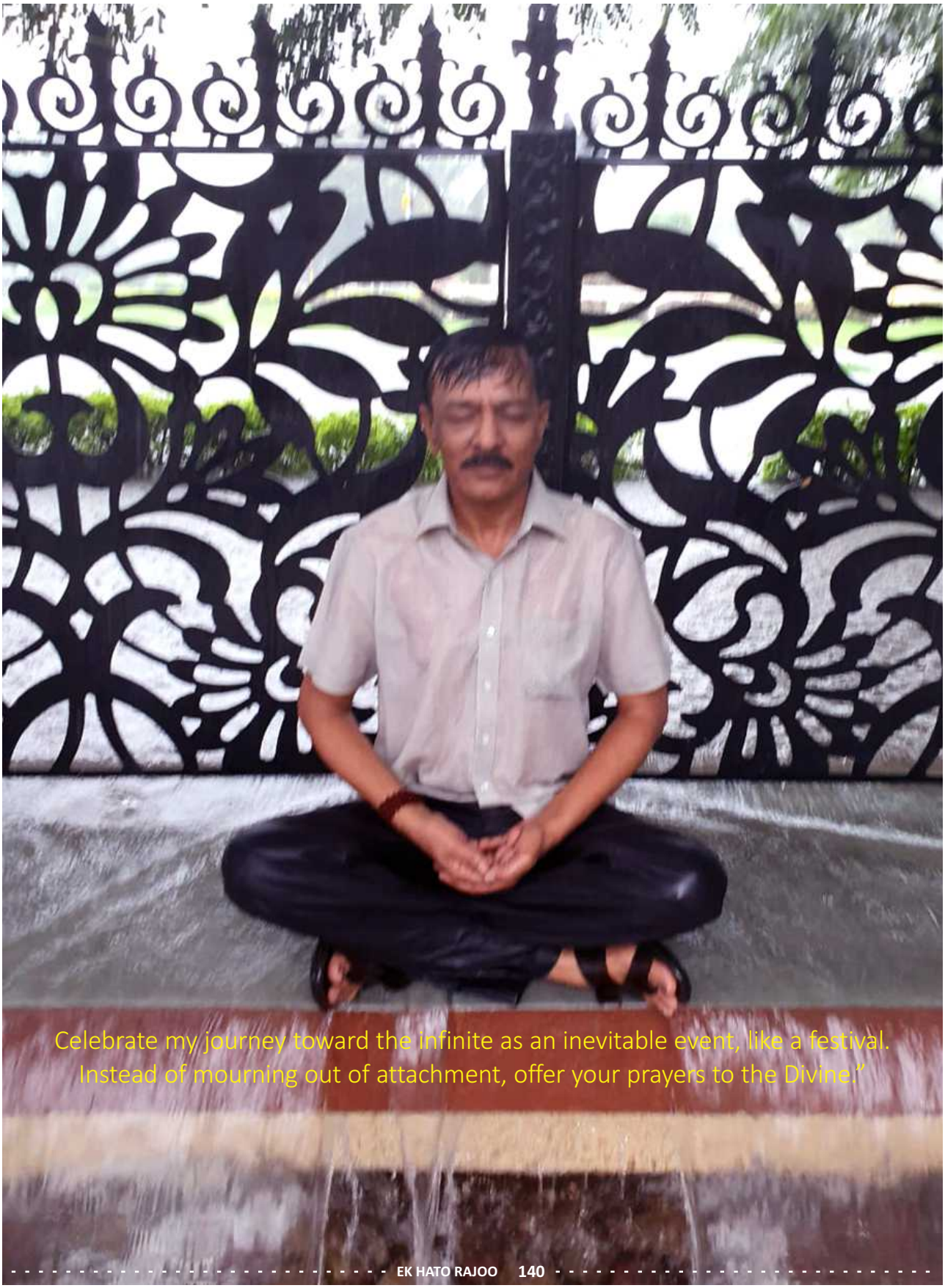
Innate simplicity of temperament coupled with a certain abrasiveness of speech are traits that few wives - and even fewer lovers - find agreeable. Over time, such absences inevitably breed emotional aridity. Yet, Ritaben not only accepted all these peculiarities and paradoxes of Rajoobhai Doshi as singular distinctions, she cherished them with tenderness, nurtured them, and guarded them as one would a rare temperament requiring careful stewardship. Even Rajoobhai Doshi's lavish-heartedness borders on the prodigal. His acts of charity are devoid of ledger or reckoning. Though he is acutely aware that trust often invites betrayal, and though he knows he is vulnerable to being deceived, Ritaben never once voiced resentment. At most, her response would be a quiet, affectionate dismissal: "My Rajbha... he is simply this way."

This, then, is the true provenance of Rajubhai's ardour for Reetaben. When the person before you, instead of weaponising your limitations to render you diminished, recognises those very limitations as distinctive signatures and loves you because of them, you are seized by an impulse to lay everything bare, to empty yourself entirely in return. Ask, ask, ask - and I shall give. For Ritaben, Rajoobhai's disposition was grounded in precisely this causality.

When the beloved does not even articulate a desire aloud, a compulsion arises to listen not with the ear but with the heart, and to fulfil unspoken wishes with an almost fanatical attentiveness. Viewed through this lens, the conjugal life of Raju–Reeta Doshi emerges as nothing less than a fervent amalgam of surrender, acceptance, sensitivity, and magnanimity - a marriage not merely lived, but devoutly practised.

- Naresh Shah

With
Rita at Hotel
Padmini
Mussoorie
20-04-2022


Celebrate my journey toward the infinite as an inevitable event, like a festival.
Instead of mourning out of attachment, offer your prayers to the Divine."

12

My desires: Greed; Temptation; Craving or Selfishness...

Man, being an inhabitant of the corporeal realm, is inherently unable to extricate himself from the entanglements of material existence and its multifarious attachments-such as affinity, emotional entrapment, anticipations, cravings, and aspirations. In accordance with the doctrine of karma, it is postulated that at the moment of corporeal incarnation, the physical embodiment one acquires is the inevitable consequence of the cumulative karmic residue, matured and predisposed to yield its ordained outcomes. The acquisition of progenitors, consorts, and offspring is similarly preordained, aligning precisely with one's predestined karmic trajectory.

One is incarnated into the womb of specific parents as a manifestation of one's existential fate, and the comforts, privileges, and limitations encountered within the parental abode are likewise dispensed in consonance with one's destiny. The quantum of conjugal felicity encountered in marital life is similarly apportioned by fate. It is pertinent to underscore here that the selection of one's parents lies beyond the ambit of volitional agency.

Kith and kin, intimate companions, and cherished affiliations are often perceived as karmic creditors or debtors-their transient presence being governed by unresolved obligations. Upon the cessation of these metaphysical debts, disassociation ensues. As expounded by sages and metaphysicians, those we claim as our own have emerged from inscrutable origins and shall eventually recede into obscurity. Ergo, neither are they intrinsically ours, nor are we theirs. It is delusionary infatuation that shackles the human psyche to the illusion of kinship. Attachment, in its subtle form, operates as a metaphysical tether, binding the soul to ephemeral relationships.

Relationships, then, are progenies of affective tendencies and servile to the dominion of affection. The atma (soul) actuates the manas (mind), which subsequently determines, by its own subjective conditioning, whom to embrace and whom to alienate. Thus, all human affiliations are but manifestations of the soul's emotional interplay exerting its influence upon the psychological substratum.

Death, far from being an aberration, is a profoundly organic and inescapable phenomenon. All entities revert to their primordial origin. Every sentient being is bound to return to its existential root. If one attains comprehension of life in its truest sense, the mystery of death too becomes intelligible. Life may be defined as estrangement from one's ontological source, whereas death signifies a profound recollection or reunion with it. Life is an exodus from the Absolute, and death is the repatriation to the Eternal. There exists no causal rationale for death beyond the fundamental truth that what is engendered must inevitably perish. Physicians may issue death certificates citing physiological maladies as the ostensible cause, yet such documentation is essentially a reductionist misrepresentation-for it fails to acknowledge the metaphysical inevitability: that death is merely the

cessation of that which was once born.

Despite having internalized these existential truths at a profound level, I find myself unable to emancipate my soul from the excruciating anguish of separation experienced during the final departure of my erstwhile consort. The locus of this enduring sorrow lies in the haunting realisation that when my 'Jeeva'-my beloved, my essence-yearned for companionship and presence, I, in my delusional obsession with relentless productivity, surrendered entirely to an unceasing cycle of labour-work, work, and yet more work-like one possessed by an insatiable madness. No quantum of present-day remorse, no torrents of repentance, can summon back the irrevocably elapsed time. The sands that have slipped through the hourglass shall not be reclaimed.

Over the span of our sixteen-year matrimonial journey, I earnestly endeavoured to architect for her an experience of marital completeness, to bestow upon her the serenity and elation emblematic of conjugal bliss. And to a certain degree, I succeeded. Yet, what remains embedded like an immovable thorn in the depths of my heart is the gnawing regret-an ineffaceable sorrow-that no act of redemption can extinguish.

Even now, I find myself endeavouring to honour and actualize the unfulfilled aspirations and latent desires of my departed 'Jeeva'. Whether I shall be granted the divine fortitude to accomplish this sacred undertaking rests solely in the inscrutable hands of providence.

I remain uncertain of the precise duration that remains of my earthly existence, but if the prognostications of the astrologer are to be believed, I am to persist for another ten to twelve years. Yet, paradoxically, my foremost wish is that this celestial forecast proves fallacious-that my exit from this mortal realm occurs far sooner. My secondary aspiration is to chronicle the totality of my experiences, reflections, and truths within the confines of this very manuscript.

if the prognostications of the astrologer are to be believed, I am to persist for another ten to twelve years.

With a resolute determination to emancipate the populace from the deleterious dependency on the pharmacological onslaught of contemporary allopathic medicine, I inaugurated a holistic healthcare centre in 2014. This initiative was established with the explicit exclusion of conventional modalities such as Ayurveda, Allopathy, and Homeopathy. It was my unwavering intent to operate this center entirely at my own personal expense-a vision that materialized fruitfully, owing in no small part to the unflinching support of my family.

Now, nearly a decade hence, this health sanctuary continues to operate with vitality, serving approximately 600 individuals each month. The monthly operational expenditure ranges from ₹500,000 to ₹600,000-an investment in human wellness I continue to make with spiritual contentment.

Over these ten years, I have succeeded in liberating nearly 2,000 individuals from chronic reliance on medications for conditions such as hypertension, hypercholesterolemia, and hepatic steatosis. My clinical interventions have extended care to nearly 10,000 ailing individuals, with outcomes that transcend statistical measurement.

In numerous cases, I have averted amputations necessitated by advanced gangrenous afflictions-preserving limbs, dignity, and life itself. I have even undertaken the humbling and deeply human task of personally dressing necrotic, malodorous wounds-wounds so fetid they defy tolerance-deriving from it an inexplicable but profound spiritual fulfillment.

I have been fortunate to facilitate the recovery of patients afflicted with malignancies of the tongue, intestines, prostate, esophagus, liver, penis, lips, and various other regions-offering them not merely extended survival, but lives liberated from the excruciating torment often inflicted by the conventional, aggressive oncological regimens. Many individuals, previously ensnared by the relentless agony of allopathic interventions, have been granted a reprieve-a life reclaimed in dignity and comfort.

Likewise, I have succeeded in alleviating the chronic afflictions of numerous patients suffering from

degenerative joint disorders such as arthritis and persistent spinal ailments, enabling them to discontinue their dependence on pharmacologically driven treatments. Particularly distressing have been the cases of women coerced into undergoing unwarranted hysterectomies-often based on questionable diagnostics, born from the overtly commercialised ethos of the modern medical establishment. Through my intervention and methodology, many such women-who once stood on the precipice of irreversible surgical procedures-now live with grace and ease, having preserved their uterine health and bodily integrity.

In my native town of Manavadar, I had long envisioned the establishment of a care facility-'Chandrashruti'-designed to house 32 elderly residents in an atmosphere of dignity and affection, entirely underwritten by my own means. This aspiration came to fruition through the unwavering solidarity of my family, and today, 24 elders reside there in serenity and comfort. The operational expenses for this institution currently stand at approximately ₹150,000 to ₹200,000 per month.

As for my remaining aspirations...

A dwelling is not merely a structural edifice -it is a sacred convergence of faith, affection, and tranquility. When these three forces unite harmoniously, the physical structure is no longer just a Vastu-it becomes Tathaastu, an embodiment of divine fulfillment. Every human soul harbors an innate yearning-to one day possess a sanctum that he may call his own. He toils relentlessly toward the realization of this dream, investing not only resources but the entirety of his emotional and spiritual energy. And when at last he crosses the threshold of his own home, a sublime truth dawns upon him-that paradise is no longer a distant notion but within the tangible grasp of his everyday existence. In that moment, the heart reverberates with a singular affirmation: this house, this space, is my heaven on Earth.

Home is a noun without a sound that makes the soul go 'a heart at peace' as soon as it is pronounced!
Home is the address of overflowing emotions...!
Home is the nest where you come back after staying outside all day,
and... half of your tiredness disappears as soon as the door opens.
Home is the place where you are doing extremely important work, but the rattling of utensils or the fuss of children does not disturb you.
Home is the expression of 'mother's' affection and the care of 'father'.

Whether the abode be modest or palatial, ornate or unembellished, every soul yearns for a sanctuary of serenity-where the weariness of the day gently dissolves, and each nook resonates with a sense of belonging. The one who cultivates a profound intimacy in ornamentation inevitably harbors an affection for aesthetic refinement. Such a haven reminds me of the evocative verses once penned by a poet in homage to the sanctity of home.

Nature's grace makes it ring and shimmer, making it... family clans
blooming with the fragrances of happiness, full of... happiness
the rose of love and multiplying virtues... center of gravity
thickening the home-world with the declaration of intimacy... home-courtyard
making the masonry of desire and character eternal with compound growth... consciousness house
a majestic place for living life with awareness and winning... a pilgrimage site
showing a glimpse of vitality and shining like jewels... hyacinths
supporting the cold, the sun, making it possible to walk with a breeze.... Island
After stumbling and stumbling, it gives peace and coolness..... Place
Like a branch of a drowning man, it gives wisdom step by step..... Delo
Satisfying all thirsts with philosophy and basil..... Pilgrimage
Without stopping or getting tired, without getting tired..... Thanak
With a long-sighted view, it gives a glimpse of divine knowledge to every heart..... Devalok
A lucky one for a picturesque abode, a pure and fearless gift... Nandanavan
Becoming synonymous with each other, it illuminates the tradition of family love..... Garland of virtue
A fortunate gift given by God for brotherhood and devotion.... Bhagyabhumi
Free from love and illusion, to enjoy the desired aroma and sweetness..... Motherland
Memorable and true till the end of time..... Pilgrimage place
Adorned with peace, faith, valor, strength and decency..... Auspicious peak
The sum of true affection, relationships with dedication, equanimity and goodwill..... Sukhsadan
Always rocking on the swing of joy, united by energy and love..... Harshavilla

I invoke the divine with a fervent supplication that the collective aspiration of the family's progeny-to cohabit in a veritable sanctum sanctorum embellished with venerable banyan trees and perpetuating the cherished ancestral ethos-may come to fruition.

It is my envisioned ambition to construct a harmonious enclave spanning approximately 8,000 to 10,000 square meters, designed as an enduring bastion for the family's lineage. This envisioned stronghold would comprise a shared culinary and dining arena, an aquatically therapeutic swimming facility, an expansive recreational meadow for the juveniles, a meditative promenade, Vedic provisions for yogic and pranayamic disciplines, and a gastronomic sanctuary dedicated to the preparation of diverse sattvic cuisines. Admittedly, these desires emanate from a profoundly personal yearning-for there exists no greater joy for me than witnessing the holistic well-being of my offspring while safeguarding the continuum of familial tradition. Thus, in its essence, this endeavor is an indulgence of my own gratification.

My insatiable yearning extends to the establishment of a consolidated financial corpus, enabling my six children, four nephews, their spouses-a total of twenty descendants-and their future generations to partake in an equitable, spiritually aligned mode of communal existence. Simultaneously, I harbour the ambition to elevate three of my closest confidants-Jaymin, Raju (the Secretary), and Rasik Dekiwadia-to the stature of millionaires, thereby affirming the bonds of lifelong fraternity. Alongside this, I aspire to institute a healthcare sanctuary rooted in integrative and alternative modalities, where the afflicted enter as patients but depart rejuvenated in both body and soul. In stark contrast to the current medical paradigm-where individuals approach physicians ambulatory and often emerge enfeebled-I envision a paradigm centered on human dignity and vitality.

Thus far, my life's odyssey has transpired with minimal reliance on allopathic intervention or diagnostic scrutiny. Should corporeal ailments emerge in the twilight of my years, my sole entreaty to my kin is this: refrain from summoning medical practitioners and instead allow the natural cessation of life to transpire with untroubled equanimity.

What difference does it make if a lover is in his youth or frailty ?
He keeps his fire today just as distinctive as it was yesterday...

Although I remain incapable of discerning the unspoken aspirations of those who have departed this mortal realm-whether they shall be realized or remain unfulfilled-I feel compelled to give voice to them nonetheless.

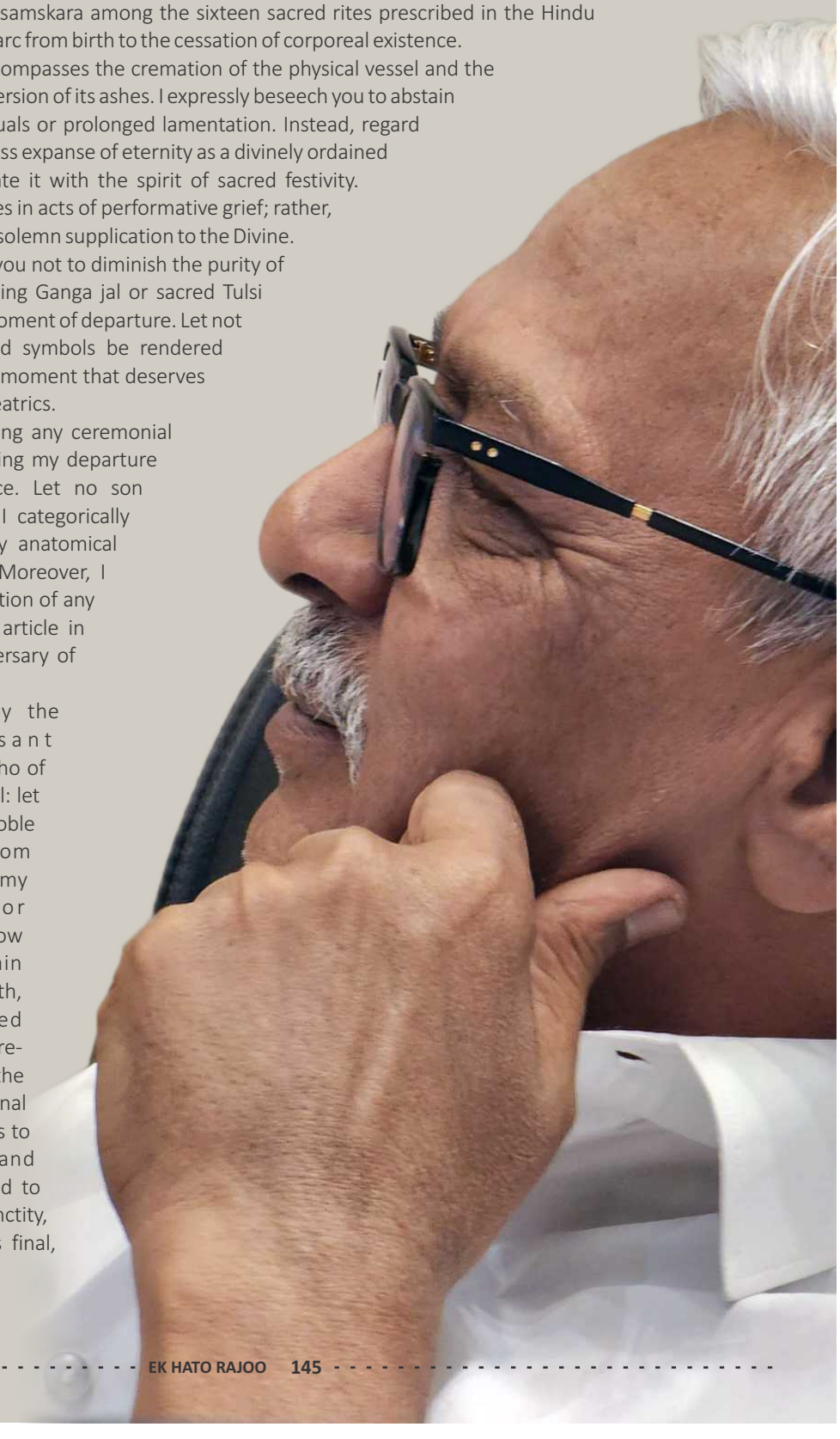
This marks the final samskara among the sixteen sacred rites prescribed in the Hindu sanatana dharma, tracing the arc from birth to the cessation of corporeal existence.

This culmination encompasses the cremation of the physical vessel and the subsequent consecrated immersion of its ashes. I expressly beseech you to abstain from engaging in ancillary rituals or prolonged lamentation. Instead, regard my transition into the boundless expanse of eternity as a divinely ordained inevitability and commemorate it with the spirit of sacred festivity. Refrain from binding yourselves in acts of performative grief; rather, elevate your consciousness in solemn supplication to the Divine.

Moreover, I entreat you not to diminish the purity of life's final threshold by inserting Ganga jal or sacred Tulsi leaves into my mouth at the moment of departure. Let not the sanctity of these revered symbols be rendered ceremonial or redundant in a moment that deserves serene transcendence, not theatrics.

Refrain from arranging any ceremonial seat or symbolic chair following my departure from this temporal existence. Let no son undergo the ritual tonsure. I categorically prohibit the donation of any anatomical part of my corporeal form. Moreover, I expressly disallow the publication of any obituary or commemorative article in the press marking the anniversary of my final earthly day.

I am burdened by the affliction of incessant remembrance-a relentless echo of the past-and thus I implore all: let forgetting be embraced as a noble virtue. Kindly refrain from preserving or displaying my image during sacred or auspicious ceremonies; allow those moments to remain untainted by my memory. Death, in its most unadulterated essence, is a hallowed juncture-the sublime severance of the ephemeral body from the eternal *atma.* It is incumbent upon us to cultivate the discipline and spiritual discernment required to honour and preserve the sanctity, dignity, and aesthetic of this final, transcendent passage.



Verifying patient detail with Rita

Patients coming for treatment

SHRUTINA FOUNDATION

દોશી પરિવાર સંચાલિત
નિઃશુલ્ક હોલિસ્ટીક હિલિંગ સેન્ટર
નીચેની તકલીફોની સારવાર માટે...

કેન્સર, ગેંગ્રીન, આર્થરાઇટીસ, વધુ પડતો માસીકસ્ત્રાવ, કમરનાં દુખાવા, ગોઠણનાં દુખાવા તથા IBS, PCOS, PCOD, EPILEPSY

મળવાનો સમય : સોમવાર, મંગળવાર, બુધવાર, ગુરૂવારના દિવસોએ સાંજના ૭ વાગ્યે

દવા લેવા આવવા માટેનો સમય : બુધવાર, ગુરૂવાર, શુક્રવાર, શનિવારનાં બપોરના ૨ વાગ્યાથી સાજે ૬ વાગ્યા સુધી.

મુલાકાત માટે સમય નોંધાવવા સંપર્ક : ૯૯૨૪૧૧૬૬૧૬

SHRUTINA FOUNDATION
૨૫/બી, ચંદ્ર, પંચવટી સોસાયટી, પંચવટી કોમ્યુનીટી હોલ સામે, રાજકોટ

Nasal Spray prepared at the time of Corona

Indian Board Of Alternative Medicines

Registered by the Government of West Bengal under Act XXVI of 1961, based on the Central Government Act XXI of 1860

This is to certify that

RAJESH DOSHI

Of INDIA

has passed the certificate course of

M.D. in Alternative Medicines

In testimony whereof this certificate is awarded

In this year of 2017

CALCUTTA

KOLKATA, INDIA

Course : M.D.A.M.

Grade / Division: A

Certificate No: IBAM/MAJU/A/0454

Registrar

- The above candidate is NOT authorised to practice the system of Allopathy, Homoeopathy, Unani, Siddha or Ayurveda, which are governed by the respective Government Councils, on the basis of this certificate.
- The above candidate is NOT entitled to use the prefix "Dr" on the basis of this certificate.
- All disputes subject to Kolkata jurisdiction only.

Holistic Healing Center

13

My goal to be come Healer...

In the year 2000, an enterprise was initiated with the objective of manufacturing Ayurvedic formulations. Tragically, this endeavor culminated in the demise of an innocent child-an incident precipitated by the unethical collusion and morally bankrupt avarice of certain medical practitioners in conjunction with the pharmaceutical establishment.

My engagement with Ayurveda traces back to circa 1994, when I developed a profound inclination toward the study of classical Ayurvedic treatises. I became deeply intrigued by the intricate doctrine of Tridosha-the three fundamental bio-energetic principles: Vata (air and ether), Pitta (fire and water), and Kapha (earth and water). Despite extensive consultations with numerous seasoned practitioners and scholars, I encountered a persistent epistemological void-an inability to derive conclusive, holistic correlations between the doshas and the nuanced psychological and physiological attributes of human nature as delineated in ancient Ayurvedic scriptures.

The foundational reason why the methodologies expounded by the sages and seers of antiquity were efficacious lies in the socio-cultural and environmental context of their time. The prevailing lifestyle, dietary regimen, and spiritual alignment were uniform and sattvic in nature. The psychological pollutants of the current era-greed, delusion, obsessive desire, and egocentrism-were markedly scarce, and hence the prevalence of psychosomatic ailments, as we now witness, was significantly minimal. Diseases were primarily corporeal, and their treatment relied profoundly upon dravya guna shastra (herbal pharmacology) and rasa shastra (alchemy), meticulously tailored to recalibrate the Tridoshic imbalance.

In contrast, I assert with conviction that no contemporary Ayurvedic practitioner is in possession of the requisite epistemic depth to definitively elucidate the multidimensional paradigm of the Tridosha, nor to prescribe an authentically ideal lifestyle in consonance with Vedic cosmology. In today's era, individuals with intimate botanical acumen have become an anomaly. Furthermore, many of the flora referenced in the canonical Ayurvedic texts have either entered the realm of extinction or become pharmacologically inert, owing to aggressive industrialization, agrochemical toxicity, and unsustainable cultivation practices.

To illustrate, consider Shilajit-an exudate that oozes from the high-altitude Himalayan rocks under the intense heat of the sun. It is a rare bio-mineral, accessible only in the most inhospitable terrains, and even there, sparsely available-largely because it constitutes a dietary delicacy for primates. Yet paradoxically, the Indian Ayurvedic market witnesses the proliferation of thousands of kilograms of Shilajit sold annually, priced between ₹30 to ₹100 per gram. This incongruity poses a disturbing question: from where is this purported volume of genuine Shilajit sourced?

Moreover, an alarming trend has emerged wherein purported experts reproduce and disseminate derivative content from archaic Ayurvedic compendiums in newspapers and wellness columns, often devoid of critical elements such as seasonal compatibility (ritu), lunar constellation alignment (nakshatra), sacred harvesting rituals (sankalpa), or detailed phytochemical compositions. These omissions render such information superficial and potentially hazardous.

Even though classical Ayurveda mandates diagnosis through Nadi Pariksha (pulse examination) and an intimate understanding of the patient's constitution and prakriti, one now observes self-proclaimed Ayurvedic physicians resorting to digital sphygmomanometers to monitor blood pressure-thereby inadvertently mimicking the very allopathic paradigm they claim to transcend, while prescribing so-called Ayurvedic remedies.

Homeopathy, Unani, and various other alternative medical systems offer efficacious treatments; however, they also place substantial emphasis on a disciplined lifestyle. Certain eminent practitioners of these methodologies engage in prolonged consultations, meticulously examining both the physiological and psychological constitution of the individual prior to prescribing any remedy. Even the most potent of these treatments are rendered efficacious only when accompanied by a sattvic (pure and balanced) lifestyle. In stark contrast, the allopathic or modern medical system has largely marginalized the importance of lifestyle in its therapeutic paradigm.

Contemporary medicine predominantly addresses the manifest symptoms rather than delving into their underlying etiologies. A prime example is constipation, an ailment regarded by many traditional practitioners as a fundamental contributor to myriad physiological and psychological maladies-an axiom of timeless relevance. Yet, it is exceedingly rare for a modern physician to interrogate a patient regarding their bowel regularity.

Ironically, I have often observed that practitioners of Ayurveda, Homeopathy, Unani, and Naturopathy-when afflicted by illness themselves-eschew their own modalities and seek recourse in allopathic treatment, even for pharmaceutical-industry-fabricated conditions such as hyperglycemia, hypertension, and hypercholesterolemia. This, despite prominently advertising themselves as panacean experts within their clinics. In the contemporary medical ecosystem, it is my contention that not more than one percent of the medications prescribed are genuinely requisite. Owing to the symptomatic approach rather than a causative one, each pharmaceutical intervention often precipitates another ailment, thereby entrapping the patient in a perpetual therapeutic labyrinth-a scenario analogous to a camel ensnared in a subterranean pit.

I, too, found myself ensnared in this systemic inadequacy. Following the demise of my elder brother in January 2013, I was compelled to immerse myself in prolonged occupational exertion. Extended exposure to computer screens led to the onset of acute cervical spondylosis in April 2013. I found myself incapacitated-unable to sit on a chair or attain restful sleep. Sleep was only possible on an antiquated recliner with considerable difficulty.

The first drip irrigation line was installed in 2014 During the open house

I bore this torment for approximately seventy-five days, during which I wept inconsolably, both in solitude and in public, due to the excruciating pain. I consulted every reputed orthopedic and spinal specialist in Rajkot: Dr. Avinash Maru, Dr. Shyam Gohil, Dr. Rajendra Mehta, Dr. Vivek Mittal, Dr. Amit Sanghvi, and Dr. Kant Jogani. Each conducted radiographic imaging (X-rays) and prescribed a litany of analgesics, yet the agony persisted unabated. None of them ever advised a correction in

ergonomic posture or work habits. Instead, I was advised to wear a cervical collar. My repeated visits yielded only redundant recommendations-an MRI scan.

However, due to the severity of my pain and inability to recline for even a minute, undergoing an MRI in Rajkot was impossible. Eventually, one physician informed me of a standing MRI facility in Delhi. Desperate, I travelled to Delhi in excruciating discomfort. Unfortunately, they clamped me into position to perform the standing MRI, and the ordeal proved too painful to endure-thus, even this attempt failed.

Upon my return from Delhi, I underwent an MRI scan in Rajkot, facilitated by the administration of a sedative injection to mitigate involuntary movement. Subsequently, I consulted an array of medical practitioners, each of whom proffered disparate diagnoses. Collectively, however, they expressed a singular uncertainty-asserting that neither analgesic injections nor invasive procedures such as surgical intervention or cupping therapy could guarantee the alleviation of my suffering.

Confronted with this profound disillusionment in the diagnostic integrity and therapeutic efficacy of modern allopathy, I resolved to undertake my own inquiry into the aetiology of such chronic pain. Immersing myself in a broad corpus of medical literature, I eventually encountered an insightful formulation in one volume which postulated that prolonged sedentary behavior and ergonomically unsound posture-particularly while seated or engaged in occupational exertion-can precipitate inflammation in the superior thoracic or cervical regions of the spine. This inflammation, in turn, exerts compressive force upon the neural pathways, manifesting as excruciating neuropathic pain.

Though multiple diagnostic reports had ostensibly ruled out spinal abnormalities, physicians continued to suggest irrational and invasive interventions-pharmaceutical regimens and surgeries-for what was ostensibly nerve compression. This glaring disconnect between etiology and treatment underscored the epistemic shortcomings of the prevailing medical system.

Further scholarly inquiry led me to the discovery that bromelain-a proteolytic enzyme predominantly found in pineapple (Ananas comosus)-possesses potent anti-inflammatory properties particularly efficacious in cases of neurogenic inflammation. After extensive research, I calibrated an appropriate dosage and initiated a self-directed therapeutic trial. Remarkably, within a fortnight, the pain dissipated entirely-without recourse to a single synthetic analgesic.

Today, my personal library houses over 11,000 texts, some dating back to the 17th and 18th centuries, many of which contain invaluable insights into the etiology and holistic treatment of myriad afflictions. Ironically, during my formal education, I exhibited an almost pathological aversion to reading. Yet now, in pursuit of humanistic and curative understanding, I approach each volume with fervent diligence.

News of my recovery-and the unconventional yet scientifically grounded efficacy of pineapple-began to circulate among friends, extended family, and professional acquaintances. Many who suffered from inflammation-induced neuralgic pain sought counsel, and a significant majority experienced profound relief. The pathology in most of these cases-chronic pain in the lumbar, cervical, scapular, or knee regions-was rooted in poor postural mechanics, specifically repetitive strain or cervical misalignment. In such conditions, bromelain proved consistently effective. The empirical success of this remedy extended to more than 200 individuals.

One particularly poignant case involved a businessman, Shri Haribhai, who had endured the incapacitating torment of a frozen shoulder for over two years, to the point of contemplating suicide. After adhering to the prescribed pineapple regimen for one month, he experienced total remission of both shoulder and knee symptoms-an outcome that restored his physical and emotional equilibrium.

Encouraged by these outcomes, I intensified my advocacy for non-toxic, natural therapies. In 2014, I encountered another juncture of immense consequence: my wife, along with eight to ten individuals in our close circle, was advised by cardiologists to undergo angiography, surgical intervention, and stent insertion. Instead, through the implementation of gentle lifestyle modifications and non-invasive holistic protocols, these individuals were relieved of cardiac symptoms and released from the psychological burden of impending heart procedures. Tragically, my wife alone did not survive-not due to cardiac pathology, but as a result of a fatal aspiration incident during emesis, wherein the vomitus entered the trachea, causing asphyxiation. She passed

away in 2022.

This tragedy only deepened my conviction. Since 2014, I have pledged myself to a life mission: to emancipate as many individuals as possible from the clutches of toxic pharmacotherapy and mechanistic medicine. To further this mission with formal credentials, I undertook a rigorous one-year diploma course in alternative medicine in 2017. At the age of 57, resuming academic pursuit-studying, taking examinations-was not merely challenging; it was formidable. Nevertheless, fortified by an unyielding purpose, I succeeded, and the journey became a testament to my unwavering resolve to usher others toward natural, integrative healing.

Nearly a decade has now elapsed since I embarked on this unconventional yet resolute path. In the intervening years, I have succeeded in weaning approximately 2,000 individuals off chronic pharmacological regimens for ailments such as hypertension, hypercholesterolemia, and hepatic steatosis. Moreover, I have extended therapeutic support to over 10,000 afflicted individuals through non-invasive and holistic modalities. Among the most poignant of these interventions has been the salvaging of limbs slated for amputation due to advanced gangrenous infection-an undertaking I have carried out personally, meticulously cleansing and dressing necrotic wounds emanating unbearable putrefaction, without hesitation or revulsion.

I have facilitated the remission of carcinomas affecting the tongue, intestines, prostate, esophagus, liver, penis, and lips, among others-rendering individuals liberated from both malignancy and the torment inflicted by aggressively invasive oncological protocols. Furthermore, countless patients suffering from chronic arthritic disorders, spinal degeneration, and muscular afflictions have found sustainable relief and discontinued dependence on synthetic medications. I have dissuaded numerous women from undergoing unnecessary hysterectomies-procedures prompted by speculative or misinformed diagnoses of uterine tumors-and have witnessed them return to comfortable, fully functional lives with their reproductive systems intact, thanks to my therapeutic framework.

It is imperative to note that all such treatments and interventions are rendered entirely pro bono. The intention behind detailing these endeavors is not self-aggrandizement, but to fulfill my larger mission-to induct a greater number of individuals into this sacred yagna of liberation from toxic allopathic dependency. In the current pharmaceutically-driven paradigm, a disconcerting majority of medical professionals function as quasi-commercial intermediaries, prioritizing the management of symptomatic expressions over the holistic understanding of the human condition. The patient is treated not as a sentient being with layered complexities but as a clinical case-a datum in a prescription pad. The result is not healing, but financial hemorrhage and prolonged suffering.

Through this journey-as a practitioner, and more importantly, as a fellow human navigating pain and its many dimensions-I have come to comprehend truths that transcend conventional medical curricula. Paradoxically, it is through my interactions with patients that I have acquired my deepest wisdom; those seated before me in affliction have been, in many ways, my greatest teachers. The pursuit of such understanding necessitates relentless intellectual discipline-daily reading, continued introspection, and an unwavering thirst for epistemic clarity. In the absence of such rigor, one remains susceptible to the deceptive mechanisms of modern medical commerce.

I assert unequivocally that I have discharged my duties with utmost sincerity and integrity toward every individual who has sought solace in my practice. Those who adhere, without hesitation, to my prescribed regimens often achieve remarkable restoration of well-being and liberation from chronic pain. The primary impediment to healing is not physiological, but psychological-fear. Fear is, in essence, a distorted form of belief-a misplaced conviction in harm rather than healing. The prevailing medical establishment thrives on cultivating a climate of apprehension, where diagnostic theatrics and pharmaceutical dependency displace true care. It is this ecosystem of fear, rather than pathology, that continues to disempower the uninformed and the vulnerable.

The following principles constitute the foundational pillars that must be rigorously contemplated and internalized in the therapeutic vocation:

Cultivating the Observer's Perspective: As a clinician, one is uniquely positioned to gain privileged access into the private dimensions of an individual's life-not through intrusion, but through cultivated

attentiveness and empathetic detachment. This observational lens is indispensable for discerning the nuanced intricacies of a client's lifestyle, behavior, and psychosocial environment.

Altruistic Engagement: The therapeutic endeavor must be imbued with a deep sense of altruism-a conscious awareness that one's efforts are not merely procedural, but transformative. To effect meaningful change in another's life is not merely a professional act; it is a sacred responsibility that affirms the healer's moral and emotional commitment to the wellbeing of others.

Relational Intimacy: Authentic and efficacious treatment is predicated upon the establishment of a rapport that transcends clinical detachment. The cultivation of genuine emotional resonance-characterized by mutual trust, empathy, and psychological safety-is essential for facilitating true therapeutic breakthroughs.

Commitment to Perpetual Learning: It must be held as a cardinal truth that human perfection is an illusion. This recognition demands from the therapist a posture of intellectual humility and a continuous engagement with emerging paradigms in medical science, psychology, and human behavior. Such vigilance enables adaptive growth and guards against intellectual stagnation.

Expansion of Epistemic Horizons: There must exist an insatiable curiosity to delve deeper-not only into the unresolved pathologies and psychosomatic concerns of those who seek assistance, but also into one's own subconscious conflicts and latent unresolved issues. This dual inquiry expands the scope and depth of one's therapeutic acumen.

Innovative Cognition: Given the ever-evolving complexity of human suffering, there arises a perennial necessity for cognitive elasticity and creative innovation. The therapist must remain open to pioneering diagnostic frameworks, unconventional modalities, and novel interpretative strategies in order to engage effectively with multilayered personal and collective traumas.

Anchored in the above guiding tenets, I have endeavored, over the past eleven years, to practice therapy not merely as a clinical discipline, but as a sacred confluence of science, compassion, and introspective evolution.

March, 11, 2024

□ □ □

A heartrending chronicle unfolds with the birth of an infant on April 19, 2014, weighing 3.77 kilograms. The child was born into a modest household, where the father earned a subsistence-level income of approximately ₹15,000 to ₹20,000, working in a local agricultural marketing yard.

At just seventeen months, on November 7, 2016, the child was administered the H1N1 influenza vaccine, a well-intentioned act in line with modern pediatric protocols. But what followed defied expectation, and shattered that fragile trust in the name of medicine.

Two days later, on November 9, she suffered her first seizure.

A tremor began in the lips-small, rhythmic movements, subtle but unmistakable. These episodes-localized lip fasciculations-occurred like clockwork once every 24 hours. It was not just a twitch of muscle. It was the first whisper of something far more insidious.

In the world of vaccines, even among the most celebrated, there exists a shadow-adverse events that affect every single recipient to some degree, acknowledged silently in scientific margins. Experts suggest 25–30% of children endure serious post-vaccinal reactions. Among those, seizures are not uncommon-especially following the H1N1 inoculation, which in some cases is known to trigger neurological excitation severe enough to cross the threshold into convulsions.

But no doctor considered that this little girl might be suffering from post-immunization neurotoxicity.

Instead, the pursuit began-a frantic pilgrimage from Rajkot to Ahmedabad, Jamnagar to Hyderabad, in search of healing. Each hospital, each white coat, promised a different answer. And with each promise, the seizures worsened. What began as once-a-day twitching soon spiraled into continuous convulsive activity-status epilepticus. Her tiny body writhed through a haze of drug regimens, scans, infusions, and misdirection.

Chronology of Interventions :

11.11.2016

MRI (Epilepsy Protocol): Focal Epilepsy detected.

18.11.2016 – Rajkot

IV Methylprednisolone (3 days), Fosphenytoin, Levetiracetam, Lacosamide

23.11.2016 – Hyderabad

New MRI, trials with Valproate, Phenobarbitone, Oxcarbazepine, Vigabatrin, Clobazam, Midazolam infusion, Ketamine infusion

11.12.2016 – Ahmedabad

Cefoperazone-Sulbactam, Amikacin, Magnesium Sulfate, oral Oxcarbazepine, Clonazepam, Glycopyrrolate, Levosalbutamol nebulization

23.12.2016 – Rajkot

Sulbacef, Amikacin, $MgSO_4$, ACTH

By December 31, her parents were told, gently but hopelessly:

"There is nothing more we can do. Take her home. Keep her comfortable. Wait."

At that point, she was being fed through a nasogastric tube, her hand pierced with an IV needle. Her frail body no longer belonged to her-it was territory occupied by chemicals.

In just 50 days, she had endured:

12 chest X-rays, 3 MRI scans, 20 blood reports, Urine and sugar reports numbering in the dozens and the exhaustion of ₹12 lakhs, extracted from her parents' quiet desperation

It was around December 10 that I received a video from her father through a friend. The screen showed the baby-face still, nose intubated, arm tethered with saline. I called for him to meet me in person and bring her entire medical history. He arrived with a stack of files-and trembling hands.

When I asked him what the doctors had concluded, he responded through his tears:

"They said nothing more can be done. Just serve her till she's gone."

I knew instantly: this was a delayed neurotoxic reaction to the H1N1 vaccine-and it could be reversed. I told him the truth no one else had dared to say.

I instructed him to immediately stop all allopathic medications. I explained that since it was the season of Amla (Indian gooseberry), he should give her the juice of 10 fresh fruits daily, rich in antioxidant and anti-inflammatory compounds. But more importantly, she needed intravenous Vitamin C-urgently.

When I reached out to local practitioners in Rajkot, none had access to injectable Vitamin C. So, I took it upon myself to source high-grade, concentrated Vitamin C from the United States. After five days, treatment began, combining Amla and IV ascorbate. By December 21, the parents returned with the baby-her seizures were already beginning to calm.

But the storm was not over.

Roughly two months later, a sudden bout of acute diarrhea led to her re-admission to Rajkot hospital. That evening, concerned relatives who visited the child happened to glance at her medication tray.

"Why is she being given a diabetes medicine?" one of them asked.

The father, puzzled, replied that she was admitted for diarrhea-there was no diabetes. Urged by his relatives, he questioned the attending physician.

The reply?

"Yes, it was a mistake."

A sugar-lowering drug had been administered to a non-diabetic infant, three times in one day.

Her fragile body could no longer bear the cumulative toll of negligence.

And on January 25, 2017, she slipped away.

No inquiry. No apology. No accountability.

Just a silent little body and the lingering memory of what could have been saved-if someone, anyone, had truly listened.

Recorded with aching truth on January 25, 2017

29, unmarried, and burdened not by the absence of a husband-but by the presence of pain.

Her story begins quietly, in May 2008, when a routine sonographic scan reported a "bulky uterus with multiple nodular lesions-possibly fibroids." She was told her uterus measured 106 x 92 x 71 mm, exceeding the supposed "normal" dimensions-80 x 50 x 40 mm-used in modern gynecological frameworks. But here lies the first deception: how can a standardized size define the intricate uniqueness of every woman's anatomy? The assumption itself is flawed. What began as a diagnostic observation quickly became a journey into the heart of medical uncertainty.

From that moment on, her life revolved around scans, prescriptions, and silence.

A second sonography in December 2010 recorded a further enlarged uterus-114 x 88 x 83 mm-with a new cyst in the left ovary. Again, gynecological medication followed.

In March 2011, her uterus measured 127 x 90 x 80 mm.

By February 2012, it reached 133 x 114 x 105 mm-officially recorded as a grossly bulky fibroid uterus. And yet, no resolution. Only more prescriptions. Year after year, her body was reduced to a growing list of numbers and new drug regimens. Between 2015 and 2018, repeated sonographies reported marginal size changes:

110 x 88 x 76 mm (April 2015), 108 x 80 x 80 mm (June 2016)

And in June 2018, the radiologist noted that the number and size of lesions appeared to have increased. She had entered the revolving door of gynecological intervention.

The Pharmaceutical Labyrinth

During these ten long years, she consumed an array of medications, each promised as the answer-none delivering relief.

From antifibrinolytics like Texakind, hormonal agents like progesterone and Lam ET, iron supplements (Feton Z, Livogen, Refron N), to drugs for allergies, asthma, gastritis, and even prednisolone-based steroids, her system became a pharmacy unto itself.

At times, her hemoglobin dropped to 4 g/dL, leading to multiple blood transfusions.

And when the bleeding would not cease, some doctors whispered fear into her ear:

"You must get your uterus removed… or you won't survive."

One female gynecologist went so far as to declare her a ticking time bomb-a woman whose uterus, if not cut away, would take her life. But fate intervened through a quiet voice: the husband of that very doctor, also a medical man and a friend of the girl's father, confessed discreetly:

"Don't do the surgery. It is not necessary."

She had been led to believe that the only escape from menstruation was mutilation. By June 2018, despair won. She gave up on dreams of marriage and scheduled a laparoscopic myomectomy. Preparations began-Imferon injections, pre-surgical medications-her admission was just two days away.

The Turning Point

Then came an unexpected detour. A small article in Phulchhab newspaper spoke of our free Holistic Healing Centre. Her father read it, and hope flickered. The next day, she arrived at my doorstep, accompanied by him-her eyes tired, her body weary, her spirit wounded by a decade of disappointments. She narrated her history. I listened, not with a stethoscope, but with attention. When she finished, I looked at her and said, simply but firmly:

"You don't need surgery. You've waited ten years; wait twenty more days. I will show you an alternate way-natural medicines and corrective exercises. If you do them sincerely, you will heal." They hesitated. They left. But the next day, they returned-this time, with trust.

I gave her a three-month course of alternative medication. She followed it with the quiet commitment of someone who had nothing left to lose.

The Healing

Miraculously-but not magically-her menstruation normalized. There were no more clots, no more floods, no more unbearable fatigue. She never returned for another sonography. She didn't care whether the

uterus had shrunk. She didn't need a scan to tell her she was well. Her body had spoken. The hemorrhaging had stopped. And that was enough. Her engagement had once broken under the weight of shame and gynecological distress. Ten years, multiple gynecologists, countless sonographies, and an avalanche of medications-and yet, none had healed her.

All along, it had taken diet, discipline, exercise, and belief in the body's own rhythm. I still recall the words of the very first radiologist in 2008 who had prophetically said: "Eight out of ten women have fibroids. Tear up the report. No medicine needed. Just exercise and watch your food. You'll be fine."

But back then, she hadn't believed him. Today, she does.

Documented with reverence and reflection on 22.09.2018

☐ ☐ ☐

Case Summary: Mr. Ketan Prafulbhai, Age: 42, Resident of Manavadar

On the 28th of February, 2019, Mr. Ketan Prafulbhai presented at the Civil Hospital, Junagadh, with a primary complaint of persistent cranial discomfort (headache). In accordance with medical protocol, a cranial Computed Tomography (CT) scan was conducted. The attending physician prescribed antacids for gastrointestinal hyperacidity, a vitamin B complex for neural support, and sedatives to regulate sleep, alongside a referral to a psychiatric consultant for further psychological assessment.

Two days hence, he consulted a neurologist specializing in cerebral pathologies in Junagadh, who recommended a high-resolution Multi-Slice CT (MSCT) scan of the brain. The radiological findings revealed a hyperdense lesion, measuring 30 x 18 mm-indicative of an intracranial hematoma (blood clot). The gravity of this diagnosis prompted an immediate referral to a tertiary neurosurgical facility in Rajkot, with an urgent recommendation for craniotomy. The neurologist cautioned that postoperative complications could potentially include aphasia (loss of speech) or hemiparesis (loss of motor function in limbs).

Consequently, Mr. Ketan was admitted to the Rajkot hospital on the 3rd of October. Notably, he was instructed to remain present during the weekend (Friday to Sunday), as the surgical intervention was scheduled for the ensuing Monday. In stark contrast to the urgency advised by the Junagadh physician, the Rajkot medical team exhibited a notably deferential stance toward operative immediacy.

On the 4th of October, a CT Angiography of the brain was conducted. The findings demonstrated an arteriovenous malformation (AVM) localized to the left parasagittal cortical and subcortical region, with extension into the adjacent corpus callosum. The lesion measured approximately 18 x 23 x 20 cm. (The report's citation of 30 cm raised questions of typographical or interpretive error, as 30 cm approximates one linear foot-an implausible dimension in this context.)

At approximately 10:00 PM that evening, Mr. Ketan's father, accompanied by Mr. Kishore Khagram (his employer and proprietor of a local electronics showroom), approached me at my residence to discuss the medical predicament. Mr. Ketan's father, visibly distressed, sought my counsel. After listening to a comprehensive account of the symptoms and progression, I assured him that-although the situation did not appear acutely alarming-I would reserve conclusive judgment until a direct clinical evaluation of the patient was conducted the next morning.

On the morning of October 5, 2019, at 8:30 AM, I visited Mr. Ketan at the Rajkot hospital. Upon my entry, he promptly rose from his hospital bed and embraced me. I conducted a rudimentary neurological assessment, testing his motor faculties and equilibrium. Upon verbal inquiry, he reported no alarming symptoms. As a functional test, I instructed him to perform ten squats-he executed twelve with ease and without distress. Convinced of his adequate motor capacity, I advised that he be discharged from the hospital immediately.

I assured his father that I would assume full responsibility for his conservative management and amelioration of symptoms-primarily the headache. Mr. Ketan's father conveyed this decision to the attending physician, who responded with opposition, reiterating the necessity of surgical intervention. Despite multiple attempts, the hospital administration delayed the discharge process well beyond 5:00 PM. Subsequently, I received a telephonic communication from Mr. Ketan's father, informing me that the hospital was obstructing the discharge without financial justification. I instructed Mr. Ketan to rise, vacate the hospital premises, and proceed

home, following which the discharge documentation was duly completed.

Commencing from the 6th of October, I initiated a pharmacological treatment regimen, which Mr. Ketan adhered to diligently for approximately 10 to 15 days. The therapeutic outcome was favorable-he achieved complete clinical recovery. To this day, Mr. Ketan remains employed at Mr. Kishore Khagram's showroom and undertakes technical service appointments related to household electronics such as televisions, refrigerators, and air-conditioning units.

As a point of recent interaction, on June 16, 2024, I encountered a minor issue with a television unit procured from Mr. Kishore Khagram for "Rita's Wadi." I initiated a video consultation with Mr. Ketan for technical assistance. During our conversation, I inquired about his neurological health and overall condition. He affirmed that he remained entirely asymptomatic and continued to perform his professional duties without difficulty.

Case recorded on December 5, 2019

☐ ☐ ☐

Approximately a week ago, during a visit to my native town, I encountered a boy of approximately twelve years of age. Curious, I inquired, "Whose son are you?" He promptly responded by giving his father's name. The boy appeared remarkably robust and vibrant for his age. Shortly thereafter, his father, an acquaintance well known to me, arrived and asked, "Do you recognize this child?" I replied, "Yes, I just asked him whose son he was, and he mentioned your name."

The father then reminded me, "Do you recall that many years ago, my own father had visited you with my wife's hospital file?" His words stirred distant memories, and in an instant, the entire episode resurfaced vividly in my mind.

The incident had occurred sometime around the year 2009. The woman in question-his wife-was nearing the completion of her pregnancy, with merely a week or so remaining until full term. Concerned about the well-being of the fetus, they consulted a gynecologist in Junagadh for a routine sonographic evaluation. Following the scan, the gynecologist delivered a profoundly distressing diagnosis: the fetus, though viable, lacked a vertebral column. Given the gravity of the condition, the physician solemnly advised immediate medical termination of the pregnancy, stating that without a spinal cord, the child would be incapable of ever attaining an upright posture or mobility.

The father, unfamiliar with medical terminology and steeped in traditional sensibilities, struggled to comprehend the implications. When pressed for clarification, the doctor reiterated that the anomaly rendered the fetus nonviable in any functional sense, and thus, abortion was the only rational recourse.

Unconvinced and disheartened, the grandfather sought a second opinion from another gynecologist within the same city. A second sonographic scan was performed, only to confirm the earlier prognosis. The new physician echoed the same fatalistic view-that the fetus, once delivered, would be of no practical existence due to the absence of a spine.

Exhausted, confused, and emotionally burdened, the family returned to Manavadar that very night. They deliberated among relatives and contemplated termination of the pregnancy. In the midst of these deliberations, one of their well-wishers proposed, "Why don't you consult Rajubhai once? Perhaps he might suggest an alternative path."

Thus, I received a call and was summoned to their residence. I listened intently as they recounted their traumatic experience. The patriarch's eyes were swollen from relentless weeping. An overwhelming air of anxiety prevailed in the household. I advised them with utmost clarity: "I have a close friend who is a gynecologist. Let's seek his opinion. Meet him tomorrow."

Someone interrupted, reminding me that the next day was a Sunday-a day typically devoid of consultations. I replied, "Regardless, travel to Junagadh and approach the hospital as if this were a fresh case. Do not disclose prior reports. Let the new doctor form an unprejudiced opinion."

Heeding this counsel, they proceeded to Junagadh the next morning. However, in a moment of hesitation or perhaps misplaced trust, they presented the prior sonography to the new doctor even before he began his examination. Upon reviewing the document, the physician concurred with the earlier assessments-

asserting that a congenital malformation was almost certain. Dismayed, the family returned once again to Manavadar and conveyed the same to me with the finality of their decision: they would proceed with an abortion the next day.

I paused and then implored them, "Reconsider. Would we not be committing a grave sin by extinguishing the life of a child who has not even drawn breath? If indeed the child is born with such a disability, let that truth emerge through natural birth. Otherwise, we shall always be haunted by the guilt of having taken an innocent life based on mere assumption."

After extensive deliberation, resistance gave way to reflection, and the family acquiesced to my appeal. They resolved to await spontaneous labor and natural delivery. When the time came, the daughter-in-law underwent an arduous labor, culminating in the birth of a healthy male infant weighing 3.5 kilograms.

To everyone's astonishment and elation, the newborn exhibited no anatomical abnormalities. Contrary to the multiple diagnostic assertions, the child was perfectly formed. Today, that same child is twelve years old-thriving, healthy, and devoid of any physical or cognitive impairments.

And so I ask-what shall we call this? Was it medical oversight, diagnostic fallibility, or perhaps divine intervention? Would it have been justified to extinguish this innocent life on the basis of what might now be deemed a misdiagnosis? And had the abortion been performed, who among us would have borne the moral culpability for such a transgression?

Medical history recorded on May 20, 2021

☐ ☐ ☐

What an astonishingly deceptive manner in which individuals are ensnared…

Even individuals with no underlying pathology-those who suffer from nothing more than mild, transient abdominal discomfort-and who, perhaps inadvertently, consult a physician, are often subjected to excessive and unwarranted medical interventions.

A particular case involved a woman, aged 66, who experienced mild abdominal pain and visited a doctor for consultation. Upon hearing her complaint, the physician advised her to undergo an abdominal sonography. On 10.06.2021, the radiologist performing the sonography reported a 9 mm x 7 mm cyst in the kidney and the presence of a mass in the intestine.

Alarmed, the woman returned to the doctor with the report. After reviewing it, the physician stated that although there appeared to be a growth in the intestine, further confirmation was necessary, and thus advised her to return the following day for a colonoscopy.

Distressed and disoriented, the woman's husband approached me with the medical report and narrated the sequence of events in detail.

After a thorough discussion of the patient's symptoms, I concluded that the sonography report appeared questionable and potentially inconclusive. I recommended that they undergo another sonographic examination at a different diagnostic facility, entirely independent of the original physician's referral.

By fortunate coincidence, on 11.06.2021, the woman's husband took her to an alternative center for a second sonography, which returned completely normal-no cysts, no masses.

I then prescribed a simple course of gastrointestinal cleansing medications, which she took for fifteen days. As of today, she remains entirely free of any complaints or discomfort.

Had they not sought a second opinion, she might have been pushed into an abyss of unnecessary expenses, invasive procedures, and a regime of unwarranted medications.

Recorded on June 11, 2021

☐ ☐ ☐

I'm not entirely sure what prompted me, but ever since I awoke this morning, an unwavering thought persisted-that I must articulate and document this particular episode in detail and share it here. It felt less like a conscious decision and more like a quiet inner compulsion that refused to fade.

The events trace back to January 2014. As part of my routine, I would depart for the factory by 9:00 AM each morning and return home around 6:30 or 7:00 PM. My wife and I had established a daily habit of taking an evening stroll together-often walking leisurely around our neighborhood.

One evening, however, my wife began experiencing a sensation of heaviness in her chest, prompting us to curtail the walk and return home prematurely. Upon our return, we found a neighbor sitting with my elder brother. Our early arrival aroused curiosity, and casual inquiries were made about why we had come back sooner than usual. My wife, Mrs. Rita, explained that she had felt an unusual heaviness in her chest and therefore did not feel inclined to continue walking.

During the ensuing conversation, the neighbor suggested, rather spontaneously, "Why don't you consult my friend, Dr. Chirag Matiwadia?" Without much deliberation, we acquiesced and accompanied him to meet the doctor.

Dr. Chirag Matiwadia, in a manner that resembled uncanny confidence or unqualified presumption, issued a dire diagnosis without so much as placing a stethoscope on her chest or assessing her pulse. Solely through verbal interaction, he declared that her heart was not receiving adequate blood supply and that immediate angiographic evaluation was imperative to confirm the suspected blockage.

Our neighbor accompanied us back home. After a brief discussion with my elder brother and children, we collectively agreed to proceed with the angiography, particularly because Dr. Chirag was affiliated with Sterling Hospital-a reputed institution.

The following morning, at precisely 8:30 AM, the neighbor escorted us-myself, my wife Rita, my elder brother, and our daughter-to Sterling Hospital. Dr. Chirag, recognizing me as "Raju, the proprietor of Engineers," and presumably perceiving me as financially capable, swiftly had my wife changed into hospital attire and moved into the surgical preparation area.

As we sat in the waiting area, an unsettling intuition gripped me. A voice within began echoing: "Raju, you have been ensnared-find a way out of this entrapment."

Approximately twenty minutes later, I was summoned into the doctor's chamber along with my brother and daughter. There, Dr. Mridul Sharma and Dr. Chirag proceeded to present an angiographic video on a screen. They pointed to three arteries, stating-with dramatic emphasis-that one was 95% blocked, another 85%, and the third 70%. It was clear to me by then that a narrative was being manufactured. I responded calmly but assertively: "These are not my wife's arteries. Her name, Rita, is indeed displayed on the labels, but this cannot possibly be her condition." This comment provoked a reaction from the doctor, who, now visibly agitated, warned me, "You are not taking this seriously. Time is running out. You must authorize an immediate bypass surgery."

The tone escalated into apocalyptic urgency as he declared, "If you don't proceed with bypass now, your wife may not survive the next three hours." My elder brother and daughter appeared visibly shaken. Yet I, mustering all my composure and inner resolve, replied, "Doctor, discontinue the procedure immediately. Kindly bring my wife out of the surgical room-we are not proceeding further."

Despite the angiography being incomplete, I insisted on her release. After settling a fee of ₹8,500, we exited the premises. However, just as we were leaving, Dr. Chirag and Dr. Mridul-who by now seemed to possess an overfamiliarity with impending mortality-approached again with a final warning: "You won't even make it home. Something catastrophic could occur en route." To this I replied with unshaken resolve, "Doctor, she is my wife. If she must die as a result of my decision, I shall accept that fate. But I will never allow her to perish because of your misjudgment." We returned home that very day.

It has now been nearly seven years since that incident. My wife remains alive and well-without any dependency on allopathic medication. Her survival has not been due to invasive medical intervention but through natural resilience and faith.

This experience left me with a profound revelation: arterial blockages are not the death sentence they are often made out to be. The human body, governed by divine intelligence, continuously regenerates cellular structures. When one arterial channel becomes occluded, the heart organically initiates collateral circulation through alternative pathways.

Whether the outcome is beneficial or detrimental depends on the nourishment we provide to the body. If we consume compatible, wholesome food, the body produces vital, regenerative cells. If our diet is misaligned with our constitution, it generates degenerative or pathogenic cells.

Following this incident, I interpreted it as a divine directive-an unmistakable sign from the Almighty-to devote myself to the care of others. And so, in the latter part of 2014, I began providing healing consultations from my home, grounded in empathetic listening and understanding of people's ailments. My entire family supported this endeavor wholeheartedly. I encouraged individuals suffering from chronic or undiagnosed pains to explore alternative modalities. In 2017, I formalized my learning by completing an online certification course through Bengal University. Thereafter, I dedicated myself entirely to spiritual service and inaugurated a free Holistic Healing Center in Rajkot.

Since its inception, I have had the privilege of helping countless individuals wean themselves off conventional pharmaceuticals for ailments such as hypertension and other lifestyle disorders. Many of these individuals now lead healthy, vibrant lives.

Logged on August 23, 2021

☐ ☐ ☐

Gynecological practitioners, regrettably, at times exhibit a disturbing lack of discernment-even toward young women embarking on the profound journey of motherhood for the first time.

A daughter of a close associate, recently wedded and in perfect health, conceived without complication. Her countenance radiated uncontainable joy at the prospect of impending motherhood. In adherence to prenatal protocol, she visited a renowned gynecologist in Rajkot biweekly. With each consultation came a fresh set of instructions, shifting in nature and tone. After three months, the physician requested a Thyroid Stimulating Hormone (TSH) assay-despite the absence of any clinical indications necessitating such an evaluation. Nevertheless, the directive was clear, and the expectant mother complied, submitting the sample to a reputed diagnostic laboratory in Rajkot.

The report returned with a TSH value of 66.9 mU/L. The gynecologist, upon reviewing the result, delivered a crushing verdict: immediate termination of the pregnancy was necessary, citing a grave risk of congenital mental impairment to the unborn child should the pregnancy continue. The pronouncement left the young woman devastated, her joy evaporated, her expression eclipsed by anguish.

Instead of recommending verification through an independent diagnostic facility or questioning the abnormal result in the absence of corroborative symptoms, the physician instilled fear, compelled tears, and sent the young woman home with emotional turmoil.

Distraught, she conveyed the prognosis to her husband and in-laws. The family, trusting the gravitas of the physician's reputation, concluded that medical termination was the prudent course. The subsequent day, she underwent a chemically induced abortion procedure.

Only post-abortion did the girl's father-in-law-my longtime friend-experience a disquieting realization: they had erred in not consulting me. He brought the laboratory report to my attention on the second day following the procedure and just a day after the original TSH report had been issued.

Upon reviewing the report, I immediately expressed concern. "If the woman is asymptomatic," I said, "a TSH level of this magnitude is highly improbable. There appears to be a significant discrepancy." I advised him to repeat the test at an alternative diagnostic center without delay.

He followed my recommendation, and the subsequent report revealed a TSH of 6.6 mU/L-a result that falls within the range of subclinical hypothyroidism, not an emergency. Crucially, such a dramatic decrease in TSH-from 66.9 to 6.6-in the span of 48 hours and without pharmacological intervention, is physiologically implausible.

What, then, transpired? Was it a laboratory error? Or was there deliberate inflation of diagnostic values? Did the attending physician collude with the laboratory, instructing them to falsify the report? Such questions linger, shrouded in suspicion.

But a more pressing inquiry remains :

Why did the physician not question the veracity of such an anomalous reading?

Why was a life-altering decision rendered in such undue haste?

Why was the sacred joy of first-time motherhood so callously stripped from the young woman?

This case is not isolated. Increasingly, women nearing their forties report being coerced into

hysterectomies following complaints of heavy menstrual bleeding-frightened into believing they are in the precancerous stage. Time and again, I have encountered more than ten such women, advised without proper cause to undergo uterine removal. Each of these women, through holistic and alternative modalities, restored regular menstrual function-entirely circumventing the need for surgical intervention.

The uterus, when excised unnecessarily, predisposes women to a multitude of secondary complications and systemic dysfunctions. Yet fearmongering prevails.

Shouldn't we reflect upon why there is growing trepidation surrounding uterine removal?

Shouldn't we interrogate the institutional frameworks that prioritize intervention over inquiry?

Let us not allow medical authority to eclipse humane judgment.

Case documented on 17th March 2022

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Shri Vivekbhai Rabadia, Male, Aged 32, Resident of Junagadh

Initial Consultation Date : 25th August 2022

Presenting Complaint:

The patient reported a longstanding, distressing condition persisting for approximately four years, wherein involuntary defecation would occur concomitantly with urination. This symptom led to chronic soiling of garments and necessitated frequent micturition. Additionally, the patient experienced episodic abdominal discomfort, hyperacidity, and frequent regurgitative belching. His first medical consultation was recorded on 3rd August 2018.

Medical History and Prior Consultations:

Over the span of four years, the patient sought treatment at various tertiary care institutions, including the Kidney Hospital in Rajkot and the prestigious Zydus Hospital in Ahmedabad. He also consulted with multiple specialized urologists. A battery of diagnostic procedures was conducted to investigate potential anorectal and urogenital dysfunction.

Diagnostic Investigations Undertaken:

- Urethrography: To assess structural anomalies in the bladder.
- Catheterization and Uroflowmetry: To analyze urinary flow dynamics.
- Urinalysis: Multiple assessments to detect infections or systemic issues.
- Sigmoidoscopy: To evaluate colonic mucosa.
- Ultrasonography: To assess bladder wall integrity.
- Lipid Profile: To determine serum cholesterol levels.

Diagnosis as per Previous Reports:

- Myalgia in the perineal region (specifically the musculature between the urethra and anus).
- Irritable Bowel Syndrome (IBS).
- Cholelithiasis with cholesterol deposits in the gallbladder.
- Benign Prostatic Hyperplasia (BPH).

Pharmaceutical Regimen Prescribed Over the Years:

The patient was subjected to prolonged pharmacotherapy, including but not limited to:

- Antibiotics & Antispasmodics: Ecopod CV, Cyclopam, Cipzaspa, Droxyl Calv 500, Mahacef, Meftal Spas
- Digestive and Acid Suppressants: Citralka, Diozyme, Oncid Gel, Remicone DSR, Aciloc
- Nutritional Supplements: Bonela 60K, Obfol, Lcef, Anovate Ointment, Sporlac DS
- Neurological & Psychotropic Agents: Zalling (for anxiety/depression), Normaxin
- Prostate Medication: Utiflow
- Others: Matiz, FZ LSR Capsule, DX Tablet, Dysmen Tablet, Alkin Syrup

Many of these medications, based on pharmacological scrutiny, appear to have been prescribed in alignment with pharmaceutical sales incentives rather than medical necessity.

At one stage, urosurgical intervention was advised, and the patient was referred to a urosurgeon. Fortunately, he refrained from consenting to operative measures, thereby avoiding an unnecessary surgical

procedure. Despite persistent pharmacological management, the patient continued to experience the same symptoms-ongoing soiling of clothes, diminished vitality, and exacerbating psychological distress.

Holistic Evaluation and Diagnosis:

Upon a detailed review of the patient's clinical narrative, prior consultations, and systemic symptoms, I arrived at a differential diagnosis of Leaky Gut Syndrome. This condition, characterized by increased intestinal permeability and dysbiosis, often leads to inadvertent fecal discharge during urination or flatulence. In many such cases, the etiology lies in the stagnation and putrefaction of waste material within the large intestine.

Integrative Therapeutic Regimen Prescribed:

1. Prebiotic Cleanse: Soak whole grains in 4 tablespoons of water overnight. Strain and consume on an empty stomach.
2. Alkalizing Detox: Ingest freshly squeezed lemon juice in half a glass of lukewarm water, thrice daily.
3. Hydration Protocol: Ensure a minimum intake of 2 liters of water throughout the day.
4. Bowel Purge (For 4 days): Administer 40 ml Milk of Magnesia C25 diluted in water, combined with half a glass of soda. Consume immediately, two hours post-meal.
5. Dietary Restrictions (15 days): Eliminate wheat, sugar, and dairy products.
6. Colloidal Silver (60 ml): Post-prandial immune and gut support.
7. Pure Iodine (5 drops): Diluted in water, administered once daily for endocrine support.

Follow-Up Outcome:

On the patient's subsequent visit dated 5th September 2022, he reported a remarkable reversal of symptoms. For the first time in four years, he experienced no involuntary fecal leakage, complete remission of abdominal pain, and a noticeable improvement in overall complexion and energy levels. These improvements were achieved without the use of pharmaceutical drugs, invasive procedures, or surgical intervention.

This case illustrates the profound efficacy of targeted naturopathic intervention when the patient's constitution and pathology are holistically understood. It simultaneously highlights the excessive and, at times, hazardous over-prescription of conventional allopathic medications.

September 5, 2022

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Mr. Mukundbhai Patel, Male, Age 63, Resident of Nadiad

Mr. Mukundbhai Patel presented with complaints of increased urinary frequency accompanied by diminished urinary flow, suggestive of lower urinary tract obstruction. On 8th March, he sought consultation with a local physician in Nadiad, who advised Prostate-Specific Antigen (PSA) testing and Magnetic Resonance Imaging (MRI) of the pelvic region.

The MRI findings revealed benign prostatic hypertrophy (BPH) alongside an atypical neoplastic mass localized to the prostate gland, and the PSA level was alarmingly elevated at 192.5 ng/mL-a value significantly above the established threshold suggestive of advanced prostatic carcinoma. Following this, a prostate biopsy was immediately recommended and subsequently confirmed the diagnosis of prostate adenocarcinoma. Conventional oncological protocol proposed radical prostatectomy, followed by adjuvant chemotherapy and radiation therapy.

However, the patient opted to pursue a non-invasive, integrative therapeutic alternative, choosing to consult at my clinic. Over the course of approximately two months of holistic intervention, on 25th June 2022, Mr. Patel underwent a follow-up PSA test. The results were unexpectedly remarkable-his PSA level had precipitously decreased to 0.56 ng/mL, a value well within the normative range. Clinically, the patient reported complete remission of urinary symptoms. All medications were provided pro bono, amounting to an approximate value of ₹1,000.

When Mr. Patel revisited the clinic on 22nd February 2023, he was elated and presented a newly conducted PSA report, now reading 0.50 ng/mL, thus affirming the stability and sustained efficacy of the treatment regimen. This time, however, he expressed concern over a new diagnostic assertion: another physician had suggested hepatic insufficiency and warned of a potential need for liver transplantation.

Upon further anamnesis and a detailed conversation, it became evident that this alarming conclusion was erroneous and most likely stemmed from a misinterpretation of clinical symptoms. The patient's primary discomfort was attributable to chronic constipation, not hepatic dysfunction. Accordingly, a therapeutic intervention targeting intestinal motility was initiated. At the time of this writing, the outcome of that secondary treatment remains pending.

Case Summary Documented on: February 25, 2023

☐ ☐ ☐

A twelve-year-old girl had been afflicted with a chronic dermatological condition for nearly the past decade. Despite the relentless pursuit of every conceivable modern allopathic intervention by her concerned parents, the disorder not only persisted but exacerbated progressively. Over time, the intensity of the affliction escalated to such an extent that it culminated in a devastating deterioration of the skin’s integrity across her entire body.

In the month of March, Shri Sudhirbhai Kotecha brought the child to consult with me. Upon initial examination of her epidermis, even I harbored the impression that the prognosis appeared clinically unpromising. Yet, a moment of spiritual clarity and intuitive conviction arose within me-perhaps the divine grace bestowed upon the child, combined with the natural therapeutic agent I had been formulating, might yield a transformative result.

With cautious optimism, I conveyed my intent to administer a natural, liquid-form antibiotic compound, of my own design. I advised the family to apply it to a localized region of the body and report back after eight days for reassessment.

Exactly eight days later, the child’s mother returned, visibly pleased, and informed me of a marked improvement in the condition of the applied area. Encouraged by this preliminary success, we proceeded-starting in April-to extend the application over the entire integumentary surface.

The subsequent positive physiological response was both clinically and visually evident, and the transformative outcome can be observed in the image attached below.

March 26, 2024

આજનો ફોટો

પહેલા નો ફોટો

૨૦ વર્ષ ની દીકરી ને અકસ્માત ના કારણે ઇજા થઇ હતી તો ઓપરેશન કરી ને ૮ મહિના સુધી ડ્રેસિંગ કર્યું. રૂજ ના આવવાથી ફરી સાથળ માંથી સ્કિન લઈને લગાવી તો પણ રૂઝ ના આવી અને કેલોઇડ્સ થયું.એટલે ડોક્ટર કહ્યું કાયમી રહેશે.

૧૪ ઓગસ્ટ મારી પાસે આવ્યા હતા દવા લઈ ગયા આજે એમને ફોટો મોકલ્યો. આજે એ દીકરી બહુ ખુશ હતી.

ઉપરોક્ત દર્દી મોરબી ના છે.લગભગ આધુનિક સારવાર ૨ વરસ સુધી રાજકોટ ના ડોક્ટર પાસે કરાવ્યા બાદ ડોક્ટરે પગ કાપવો પડશે એવું નિદાન કર્યું

દર્દી ૩૫ વરસ ના હોય એમને પગ કાપવો નહોતો. એ દર્દી મારી પાસે આવ્યા એમને ૪ દિવસ મે જાતે ડ્રેસિંગ કરી આપ્યું પછી દર્દી ને શિખવાડ્યું એટલે એમને ઘરે ડ્રેસિંગ કર્યું.

૩ મહિના માં પગ એકદમ સરસ થઈ ગયો આજે લગભગ ૩ વરસ થઈ ગયાં છે અને પગ બિલકુલ બરોબર છે .

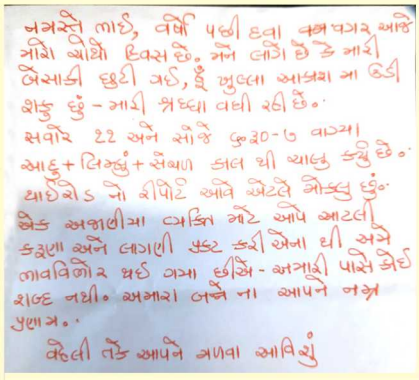
આ ડ્રેસિંગ કરવા માટે આશરે રૂપિયા ૧૫૦૦ ની દવા વપરાય હશે જે મારા ક્લિનિક માંથી વિના મૂલ્યે આપવામાં આવી.

રાજકોટ snk સ્કૂલ બસ ના ડ્રાઇવર હતા.મોમાં આટલું મોટું થયું ત્યાં સુધી એકપણ પ્રકાર ની સારવાર નહોતી કરાવી.કોઈ રિપોર્ટ પણ નહોતા કરાવ્યા.

એક દિવસ ત્યાંથી બહુ લોહી નીકળવા લાગ્યુ તો એમના સબંધી મારી પાસે લઈ ને આવ્યા.

એક મહિનો દવા ખાધી અને પરિણામ આવ્યું.એક મહિના પછી મારી પાસે આવ્યા ત્યારે મોઢા પર કપડું બાંધી ને આવ્યા હતા મારી પાસે આવી ને મે પૂછ્યું કેમ છે તમને ત્યારે કપડુંખોલી બતાવ્યું તો મારા આશ્ચર્ય નો પાર ના રહ્યો.

એ પછી લગભગ 4 મહિના પછી હદય રોગ ના હુમલા ને કારણે દેવ ગતી પામ્યા.



બનસ્તે ભાઈ, વર્ષો પહેલાં દવા લઇ ગયા આજે
મોકો ચોથો દિવસ છે. મને લાગે છે કે મારી
બેસાડી છુટી ગઈ, હું ખુલ્લા આકાશ ના ઉડી
શકું છું - મારી શ્રદ્ધા વધી રહી છે.
સવારે ૧૨ અને સાંજે ૯૩૦-૬ વાગ્યા
આદુ + લિમ્બું + સેંધા કાલ થી ચાલુ કર્યું છે.
ટાઈરોડ નો રીપોર્ટ આવે એટલે મોકલુ છું.
એક અજાણીયા વ્યક્તિ માટે આપે આટલી
કરુણા અને લાગણી બતાવી કરી એના થી અને
ભાવવિભોર થઈ ગયા છીએ - અત્યારે પાસે કોઈ
શબ્દ નથી. અમારા જીવન ના આપને નમ્ર
પુણામ.
વેહલી તકે આપને જણવા આવિશું

71 વર્ષ ની ઉંમર ના એક મુંબઈ માં રહેતા મહિલા દર્દી ના ફોટો છે.કોકિલા બેન અંબાણી હોસ્પિટલ માં દોઢ વર્ષ સારવાર કર્યા બાદ એમાં જીવાત થઈ જે દેખાય છે.

મારા એક દર્દી મારફતે વોટ્સએપ ના માધ્યમ થી સંપર્ક કર્યો,અહીંયાથી દવા ઓ મોકલી અને વોટ્સએપ ના માધ્યમ થી ડ્રેસિંગ કરાવ્યું. માત્ર દોઢ મહિના માં એકદમ સરસ સ્કિન આવવા લાગી. 3 વર્ષ પછી પણ એકદમ સરસ સ્થિતિ છે.

દિનાંક-૦૬.૦૬.૨૦૧૬

પરમ્ આદેય શ્રી આર.એન. પોલી સર,

મૈં ડૉ રાજીવ दीक्षित सर से काफी प्रभावित था. इसीलिए मैंने उनसे कभी मनदीक्ष से तो नहीं सुना था उसके बावजूद भी काफी प्रेरित था। आपलोगों की टीम जो डॉ राजीव दीक्षित सर के सपने को पूरा करने में जुटी है वे काफी सराहनीय तारीफ है। आपकी पूरी टीम को बहुत-बहुत धन्यवाद एवं डॉ राजीव दीक्षित सर की मृत्यु नहीं हुई है वे तो हमलोगों के दिल में आज भी जिन्दा है।

मैं ज्यादा दिन से तो नहीं लगभग पिछले एक वर्ष से सोशल मीडिया की साइट से डॉ राजीव दीक्षित सर के टेज से जुड़ा था। मेरे एक दोस्त की छोटी बहन को दोनों कानों में समस्या थी। मेरे दोस्त ने एक दिन मुझे फोन किया और बताया कि छोटी बहन दोनों कानों में समस्या है और वह दोनों कानों से एकदम नहीं सुनती है। उसकी उम्र करीब २० वर्ष है। उन्होंने कहा कि मैंने पटना, बिहार के बड़े-बड़े चिकित्सक को दिखा दिया लेकिन वे कहा रहें हैं कि इस बच्ची के दोनों कानों का नस सूख गया है जो कि ऐलोपैथी (Allpathic) में इसका कोई इलाज नहीं है। यहाँ तक कि पटना, बिहार के AIIMS में दिखा लिया वहाँ भी यही बताया गया कि इसके दोनों कानों का नस सूख गया है जिसका कोई इलाज नहीं है वहीं मशीन के दोनों कानों में मशीन लगाना ही पड़ेगा। फिर वे दिल्ली के AIIMS में इलाज करवाने की तैयारी कर रहे थे। मैं उन्हें कहा कि आप सभी उसके कान की जाँच रिपोर्ट Whattsup पर भेजिये। उन्होंने मुझे छोटी बहन की दोनों कानों की टेस्ट मोबिकल रिपोर्ट भेजी। मैं उस रिपोर्ट को एक मेरे जान-पहचान के ENT Specialist को भेजी।ENT Specialist ने भी सारी रिपोर्ट देखने के बाद बोले कि इस बीमारी का कोई इलाज नहीं है। आगे के लिए दोनों कानों में मशीन लगना ही पड़ेगा। इसके अलावा कोई विकल्प नहीं हैं मेरी मेहनी भी व्यर्थ गयी। मुझे आयुर्वेद पर और डॉ. राजीव दीक्षित सर के किये गये आयुर्वेद के शोधों पर पूर्ण रूप से भरोसा था। मैंने एलोपैथ के इलाज के सारे रास्ते बंद होने के बाद आयुर्वेद के इलाज का दरवाजा आपके द्वारा चलाये जा रहे डॉ. राजीव दीक्षित सर के फेसबुक पर खटखटाया।

मैं डॉ. राजीव दीक्षित सर के सोशल मीडिया पर चल रहे फेसबुक पेज Dr. Rajiv Dixit- A Hero पर मैसेज किया। मैंने छोटी बहन के बीमारी और एलोपैथ के इलाज और मेडिकल टेस्ट की रिपोर्ट्स मैसेज किये। अगले दिन ही मुझे उधर से मैसेज आया कि इस बीमारी का दो तरह का इलाज हो सकता है- एक तो होमेयोपैथी किया जायेगा और दूसरा उस बच्ची को खून में डालने व खून के नीचे लगाने के लिए दवाई दी जायेगी। मैंने तुरत अपना जयपुर, राजस्थान का पता मैसेज किया। मेरी उन दिनों पोस्टिंग जयपुर, राजस्थान में थी। अब वर्तमान में राँची, झारखण्ड में हूँ। फिर उनके तरफ से एक मैसेज आया कि दवाई भेज दिया जायेगा। तीन-चार दिनों में उनकी दवाई खोरिपर के माध्यम से मिल गया।

उनके 'द्वारा भेजी गयी दवाई बिलकुल निः शुल्क थी। मैंने पूछा कि इन दवाईयों के कितने शुल्क लगेंगे। उन्होंने बताया कि कोई शुल्क नहीं बच्ची का इलाज तो जाने यही हमलोगों के लिए खुशी है। उस दवाई को मैं उसके घर पर भेज दिया। छोटी बहन ने दवाई खाने में एवं नीचे बताये हुए निर्देश के अनुसार डालना एवं लगाना शुरु कर दी।

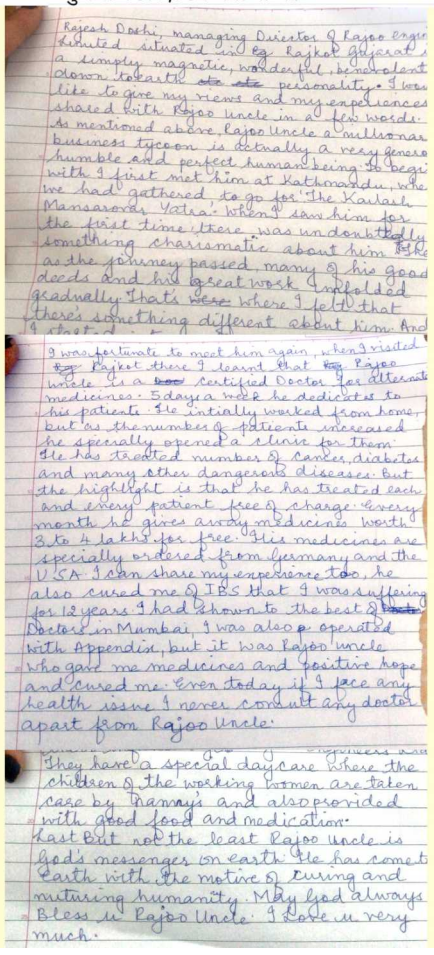
लगभग आठ या दस दिनों बाद मैंने अपने दोस्त को फोन किया दवाई का क्या असर हुआ है। उसने मुझे ऐसा जवाब दिया कि मुझे विश्वास नहीं हो रहा था। उसने बताया कि दवाई खाने असर किया है और दो दोनों कानों से अब धीरे-धीरे सुन पा रही है। आज आठ- दस दिनों के दवाई डालने के बाद ही। मैंने उसे दवाई डालते रहना बंद मत करना। दवाई खाना होने के पहले बताना ताकि मैसेज करुंगा दवाई मंगवाने के लिए। लगभग २-३ महीने दवाई प्रयोग करने के बाद अब दोनों कान की बीमारी लगभग पच्चास पैंसठी ठीक हो चुकी है। इसका मैंने दवाई मंगवाने के लिए मैसेज किया तो फिर आपसे द्वारा पुनः यह दवाई निःशुल्क इस घर मेरे द्वारा दिये गये नालंदा, बिहार के पते पर भेज दिया गया है।

मैं अपने दोस्त से पूछा कि अब कैसी है। उसने बताया कि डॉ. राजीव दीक्षित सर का फेसबुक पेज मेरे लिए किसी चमत्कारिक से कम साबित हुई। मुझे आशा नहीं था कि इस बीमारी का इलाज हो पायेगा। मैं सोच लिया था कि इस बीमारी का इलाज नहीं हो पायेगा। मैं सोच लिया था कि अब मेरी बहन को सब दिन पूरी जिंदगी दोनों कान में मशीन लगाना पड़ेगा लेकिन डॉ. राजीव दीक्षित सर के अधूरे कार्य व सपने के पूरे कर रहे लोगों व उनकी पूरी टीम के द्वारा तैयार की गयी दवाई से बच्ची असर हुआ है। अभी भी वह दवाई प्रयोग कर रही है मुझे विश्वास है कि पूर्णतः ठीक हो जायेगी।

मैं पुनः अपने एवं अपने दोस्त की पूरे परिवार की तरफ से बहुत-बहुत धन्यवाद डॉ राजीव दीक्षित सर के पूरी टीम को। आपलोगों के द्वारा जो निःशुल्क दवाई व इलाज किया जा रहा है वह डॉ. राजीव दीक्षित सर के सपने व अधूरे कार्य को पूरा करने में महत्वपूर्ण योगदान है।

धन्यवाद।

तरुण कुमार
मो- शिवनगर,
पो.-थाना- हिलसा,
जिला-नालन्दा,
राज्य- बिहार



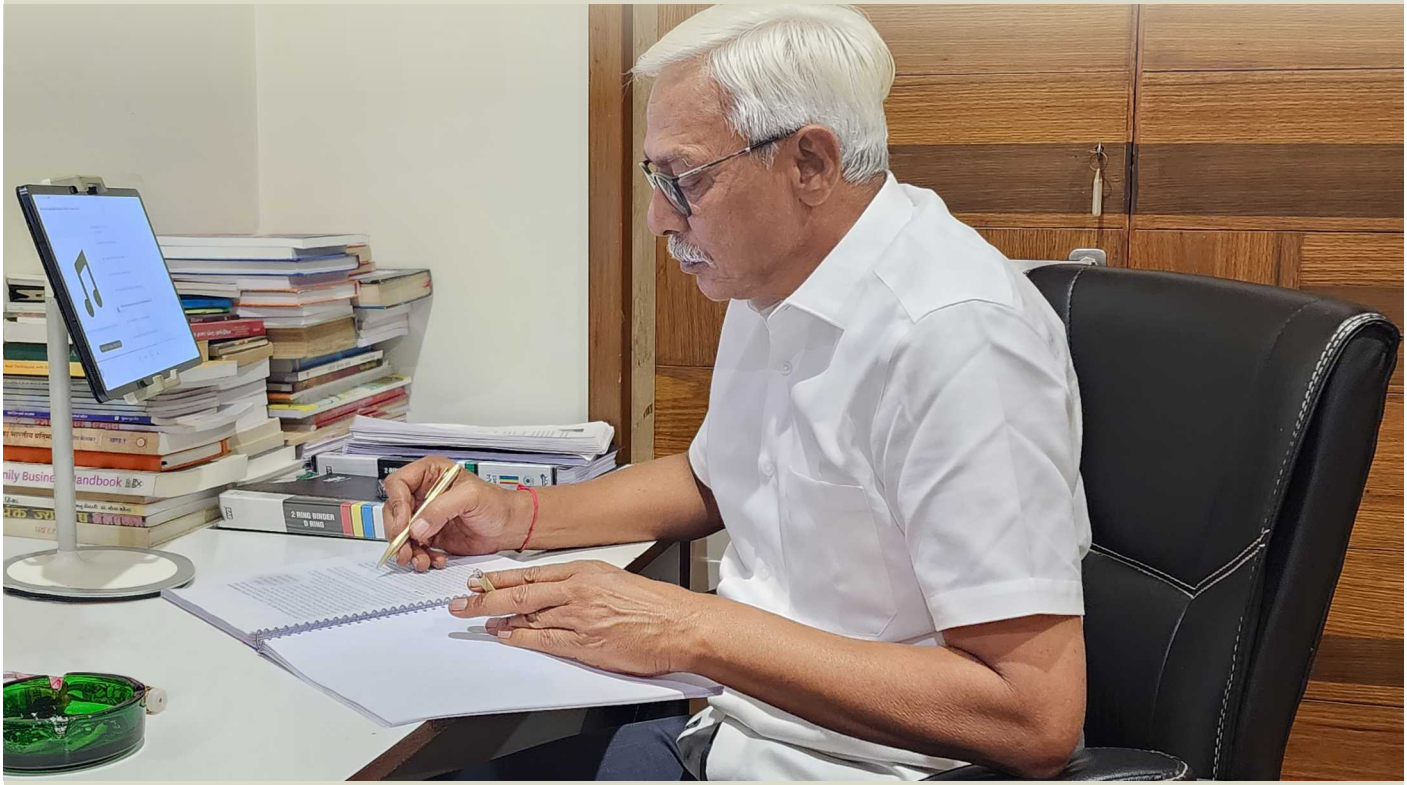
Rajesh Doshi, managing Director of Rajoo Engineering Limited situated in Rajkot Gujarat is simply magnetic, wonderful, broadminded down to earth personality. I would like to give my views and my experiences shared with Rajoo Uncle in a few words. As mentioned above, Rajoo Uncle a millionaire business tycoon is actually a very generous humble and perfect human being. To begin with I first met him at Kathmandu, where we had gathered to go for 'The Kailash Mansarovar Yatra'. When I saw him for the first time, there was undoubtedly something charismatic about him. As the journey passed, many of his good deeds and his great work unfolded gradually. That's where I felt that there's something different about him. And I started

I was fortunate to meet him again, when I visited Rajkot there I learnt that Rajoo Uncle is a certified Doctor for alternate medicines. 5 days a week he is dedicated to his patients. He initially worked from home but as the numbers of patients increased he specially opened a clinic for them. He has treated a number of Cancer, diabetes and many other dangerous diseases. But the highlight is that he has treated each and every patient free of charge. Every month he gives away medicines worth 3 to 4 lakhs for free. His medicines are specially ordered from Germany and the USA. I can share my experience too, he also cured me of IBS that I was suffering for 12 years. I had shown to the best of Doctors in Mumbai, I was also operated with Appendix, but it was Rajoo Uncle who gave me medicines and positive hope and cured me. Even today if I face any health issue I never consult any doctor apart from Rajoo Uncle.

They have a special daycare where the children of the working women are taken care by Nanny's and also provided with good food and medication.

Last But not the least Rajoo Uncle is God's messenger on earth. He has come to Earth with the motive of curing and nurturing humanity. May God always Bless u Rajoo Uncle. I Love u very much.

If I may allude to my own conduct, I remained entirely unacquainted with the practice of masking throughout the duration of the so-called Corona epoch. While the relatives of individuals who had tested 'positive' would sequester them in isolated chambers or consign them to hospital wards, my wife and I would routinely visit the residences of nearly twenty such designated patients, seat ourselves upon their very beds, console them, and administer the requisite micronutrients, vitamins and mineral supplements.



World Health Organization
Pandemic Politics, Vaccinal Ventures & the Pharmaceutical Cartel: My Unfiltered Introspection

In my studied understanding, the World Health Organization (WHO) - far from being a sentinel of global health and humanitarian protection - functions more as a fiduciary extension of pharmaceutical conglomerates and a curated circle of the planet's top 10 to 15 percent of affluent elites. Rather than serving as a neutral arbiter of medical integrity, WHO appears to orchestrate a systematic alignment of global health policies that benefit its benefactors at the financial and societal cost of the remaining 85 to 90 percent of the world's populace. For the vast majority of mankind, the acronym 'WHO' could more aptly stand for World HAZARDOUS Organization.

Since its inception in 1948, WHO's dominion has stretched through the veins of every nation-state under the guise of global health cooperation. Its decrees - disseminated under the illusion of scientific consensus - are often blindly adopted by national health ministries, resulting in a cascade of compromised medical autonomy. The resultant effect is a systemic suppression of indigenous knowledge systems and non-allopathic modalities of healing, and an unapologetic promotion of synthetic pharmaceuticals manufactured by multinational corporations. This alliance with corporatized medicine is neither incidental nor accidental; it is engineered, perpetuated, and strategically fortified.

At the epicenter of this pharmaceutical-industrial complex stands figures such as Bill Gates - the organization's second-largest financier, having contributed upwards of $751 million. This financial entanglement unmistakably begets influence, and influence shapes narrative. One must ask: whose interests does WHO truly protect, and whose voices are deliberately silenced?

In June 2019, yet another mechanism was institutionalized - GAVI (Global Alliance for Vaccines and Immunization) - a brainchild of Gatesian philanthrocapitalism. This entity, under the noble pretext of "vaccine equity," has become a geopolitical apparatus for mass experimentation, where children across the globe are systemically exposed to ever-expanding immunization schedules engineered not solely for public good but also for commodified health profits. GAVI, in concert with WHO and leading vaccine-producing nations, has maneuvered itself into a position of unchecked global influence.

These organizations, I believe, were never designed for the well-being of common humanity - and they never will be. Rather, they appear to serve a narrow cadre of families and institutions driven by megalomaniacal ambitions and profit-laced paternalism. By institutionalizing fear through the viral lexicon of Anthrax, Rubella, HIV/AIDS, Avian Influenza, Swine Flu, SARS, Ebola, Nipah, Herpes, and now COVID-19, they engineer global compliance, legislative overreach, and pharmaceutical dependency - thereby feeding the economic engines of drug empires.

Let us not forget that as early as 2015, Gates prognosticated in his TED Talk that the gravest threat to humanity would not be nuclear annihilation but rather pathogen-induced genocide. His words would materialize

chillingly in 2019, with the advent of the coronavirus pandemic - a phenomenon as socio-politically engineered as it was biologically contagious.

History will reveal whether these events were accidental byproducts of a hyperconnected world or precisely calculated inflection points designed to reorder the priorities of global governance and public health. But my convictions stand unmoved: these institutions - cloaked in humanitarian rhetoric - are the very architects of medical authoritarianism.

Corona was not an ailment in the truest biomedical sense; rather, it was an orchestrated phenomenon of collective dread. Medical practitioners and institutional healthcare establishments allegedly exploited this manufactured trepidation, thereby precipitating the demise of innumerable individuals. The World Health Organization, by proclaiming COVID-19 a global pandemic, effectively placed the entire planet under a regime of coercive apprehension. Conventionally, an outbreak attains the designation of an 'epidemic' only when a decadal proportion-ten out of every hundred individuals-succumb to an identical pathology; yet this criterion was eclipsed, and the world was compelled into submission under the pretext of emergency.

According to the dubiously fabricated and strategically disseminated statistics circulated by the insidious operatives of the WHO and other unreliable actors, it was asserted that in the purported cataclysm termed 'Corona,' approximately 700 million individuals were alleged to have come under its supposed influence, of whom nearly 6.9 million were recorded as deceased worldwide. This figure constitutes scarcely one percent of the purportedly affected population and merely around 0.09% of the global demographic aggregate. Within India, an estimated 45 million individuals were reported to have fallen within the ambit of this so-called contagion, and of these, roughly half a million were officially categorized as fatalities attributed to it. A considerable proportion of these proclaimed deaths, however, pertained to individuals already undergoing pharmacological regimens for pre-existing morbidities such as cardiovascular disorders, diabetes mellitus, oncological conditions, and similar chronic afflictions.

In stark contrast, the entity euphemistically designated as the 'so-called Corona' is attributed with merely six hundred thousand fatalities - a figure constituting only 0.045% of the nation's aggregate populace, or an incidence of 2.33 deaths per thousand citizens. This mortality quotient is demonstrably and substantially inferior to the nation's inherent demographic attrition rate under ordinary circumstances.

India's prevailing mortality index stands at approximately 7.460 deaths per thousand individuals. In stark contrast, the entity euphemistically designated as the 'so-called Corona' is attributed with merely six hundred thousand fatalities - a figure constituting only 0.045% of the nation's aggregate populace, or an incidence of 2.33 deaths per thousand citizens. This mortality quotient is demonstrably and substantially inferior to the nation's inherent demographic attrition rate under ordinary circumstances. By what conceivable epidemiological rationale, therefore, can such a phenomenon be exalted to the classification of an 'epidemic'? The very proposition transcends the frontiers of my cognitive apprehension.

All strata of the media apparatus were complicit in amplifying an atmosphere of pandemic-induced trepidation, thereby ensuring the proliferation of fear among the populace. Concurrently, the so-called Coronavirus remained an entity neither directly observed nor feasibly observable by the lay public. For the ostensible identification of individuals 'infected' with this virus, the WHO sanctioned a diagnostic protocol known as RT-PCR-a technique originally conceptualized for detecting any molecular entity exhibiting structural affinities to RNA, the intrinsic genetic substrate of living systems, rather than for the definitive clinical diagnosis of pathological conditions within the human organism. This methodology was expediently endorsed by the WHO, purportedly because its Nobel Prize–laureate inventor had passed away in 2016, thereby leaving no authoritative figure to repudiate or contest the method's deployment.

In virtually every major metropolitan center and peripheral primary healthcare outpost across the nation, individuals would assemble in interminable queues under the blistering, oppressive sun to undergo

ostensibly 'free' rapid antigen examinations for the so-called coronavirus. During these protracted waits, it was commonplace to observe people nonchalantly engrossed in mobile gaming or conversing cheerfully with companions. Yet, at the precise moment their turn arrived, should the medical personnel pronounce them 'corona-positive,' an abrupt psychosomatic collapse would ensue: an immediate onset of profound enervation, respiratory constriction, and an overwhelming sense of bodily debilitation. A mere minute earlier, the same individual-animatedly tapping at a smartphone screen or chatting with familial associates-upon receiving the verdict of positivity, would precipitously descend into an abyss of unending distress.

The catalyst for this precipitous transformation was not any virological pathology but rather the meticulously cultivated psychogenic terror instilled within the populace. In Rajasthan, for instance, the state authorities subjected 170 individuals who had been designated corona-positive to verification using a Chinese-manufactured rapid antigen apparatus, and astonishingly, 93 of them yielded negative results. Such discrepancies underscore the predominance of fear over factual infirmity.

Remdesivir was initially engineered as a therapeutic intervention for the Ebola virus; however, owing to the absence of pervasive media sensationalism during the Ebola outbreak, the epidemic itself subsided prematurely, leaving the pharmaceutical formulation to be deployed without discernment. Consequently, the same compound was indiscriminately and injudiciously repurposed during the so-called Corona crisis, applied with little regard for its contextual efficacy or therapeutic legitimacy.

Remdesivir was initially engineered as a therapeutic intervention for the Ebola virus; however, owing to the absence of pervasive media sensationalism during the Ebola outbreak, the epidemic itself subsided prematurely, leaving the pharmaceutical formulation to be deployed without discernment.

The proliferation and commercial dissemination of the Corona vaccine generated astronomical financial windfalls for pharmaceutical conglomerates and segments of the medical fraternity, accruing profits amounting to billions of rupees. Subsequently, once this lucrative enterprise had reached its zenith, diagnostic surveillance for Corona was abruptly curtailed, and the so-called pandemic conveniently dissipated. As previously delineated, approximately 700 million individuals were categorized as Corona - positive, of whom roughly one percent were recorded as deceased; the remaining vast majority experienced spontaneous recuperation. This statistical configuration indicates that the phenomenon was less a bona fide pandemic and more a pre-orchestrated epidemiological tableau. The rationale underpinning this assertion is that annual mortality attributable to ordinary influenza surpasses the fatalities ascribed to the so-called Coronavirus. According to figures attributed to the WHO, an estimated 830,000 individuals in India succumb each year to seasonal influenza during the months of December through February-constituting nearly one and a half times the aggregate death toll attributed to Corona over the entirety of its two-year tenure.

It was proclaimed with relentless cacophony and near-liturgical insistence that Corona was a hyper-contagious malady. Citizens were enjoined to maintain an inviolate bipedal spatial perimeter of two meters; even while standing in queues, this mandated interhuman interval was to be scrupulously observed. One was exhorted to don facial coverings upon venturing outdoors; no more than three occupants were permitted within an automobile; compulsory vaccination was decreed; and employees-from micro-industrial laborers to corporate staff-were threatened with cessation of wages should they decline inoculation. In this manner, an extraordinarily aberrant sociocultural milieu was engineered, one that generated a pervasive psychic atmosphere of dread. But was such punctilious distancing inexplicably unnecessary aboard aircraft? Not a single seat was vacated on the Indian government–operated Air India flights of that era; passengers were seated in contiguous rows with no spatial buffer whatsoever. A pilot even initiated legal proceedings before the Bombay High Court challenging this conspicuous inconsistency. Yet, notwithstanding such objections, the flights operating under the exalted designation 'Vande Bharat' continued to ferry individuals in large numbers, their

operations unabated and unrestrained.

□ □ □

If I may allude to my own conduct, I remained entirely unacquainted with the practice of masking throughout the duration of the so-called Corona epoch. While the relatives of individuals who had tested 'positive' would sequester them in isolated chambers or consign them to hospital wards, my wife and I would routinely visit the residences of nearly twenty such designated patients, seat ourselves upon their very beds, console them, and administer the requisite micronutrients, vitamins, and mineral supplements. My elder brother and sister-in-law, during the infernal heat of the second wave-when serpentine queues for ambulances coiled outside the Civil Hospital-would go there expressly to distribute coconuts and potable water both to patients and their attendants. Yet, remarkably, not one among the four of us ever experienced dyspnea, rhinorrhea, pharyngeal irritation, or even the faintest vestige of a cough. My daughters, too, would occasionally accompany us when certain patients arrived. The irony-indeed, the almost theatrical absurdity-lay in the fact that even during the draconian lockdown, provisions, groceries, and other essential commodities were procured online with consummate ease. Should one then presume that the so-called Corona virus, endowed with such allegedly selective virulence, would graciously 'absolve' the individual's delivering food to countless households?

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Neither I nor any member of my family has received even a solitary dose of the vaccine, and I am firmly persuaded that a substantial contingent of India's medical practitioners, public luminaries, and influential political figures likewise abstained from actual inoculation. Instead, they merely procured documentary attestations purporting that they had been vaccinated, while the medical establishment and the media apparatus collectively engendered a climate of trepidation through the dissemination of disinformation, thereby coercing the general populace into compliance. Consequent to the purported adverse sequelae attributed to this so-called Corona vaccine, individuals have reportedly manifested an array of physiological aberrations-ranging from herpetic eruptions, ostealgic distress within the femoral region, aberrant platelet proliferation, and renal dysfunction, to the resurgence of menstruation in post-menopausal women, abrupt cardiac arrest, and various other unanticipated somatic perturbations.

From the very moment of infancy, noxious agents have purportedly been insinuated into the bloodstream under the exalted pretext of immunization, and now two additional inoculatory formulations have emerged. One has been promulgated as a contrivance for introducing such substances into the circulatory system of a thirteen-year-old girl under the ostensible justification of purportedly averting future mammary carcinogenesis; the other has been advanced as a rationale for administering analogous substances to a fifty-year-old woman so that she might ostensibly be safeguarded against herpetic afflictions. Since the inception of vaccination in 1783, individual autonomy in matters pertaining to corporeal well-being has allegedly been imperiled. The inaugural smallpox inoculation, historically recorded as the first of its kind, marks the commencement of this long-standing encroachment.

In antiquity, it was widely presumed that the deliberate inoculation of purulent matter extracted from a smallpox-afflicted individual into the physique of an otherwise healthy person would confer protection against the malady. Concurrently, it was also conjectured that cowpox constituted a markedly attenuated affliction in comparison with smallpox, and that an individual who had once contracted cowpox would thereafter be impervious to smallpox.

Upon this speculative foundation, the British physician Edward Jenner amalgamated cowpox-derived suppuration with smallpox-derived exudate and fabricated an inoculatory concoction. He administered this formulation to a healthy subject and, immediately thereafter, introduced into the same individual an injection

containing smallpox pus. Observing that the subject did not subsequently manifest smallpox, Jenner proclaimed the efficacy of his formulation as empirically validated.

Historical mortality registers record that between 1701 and 1796, approximately 3,548 individuals perished of smallpox, whereas between 1801 and 1871, despite widespread vaccination, 7,912 deaths were documented.

Presently, Amitabh Bachchan is promulgating promotional material for SHINGRIX, a vaccine manufactured by the pharmaceutical conglomerate GSK. The advertisement proclaims that the administration of this inoculum at the threshold age of fifty purportedly forestalls the onset of the aforementioned grievous and excruciating dermatological affliction known as shingles. Such propagative messaging will, whether overtly or obliquely, accrue substantial pecuniary advantage to Amitabh Bachchan, while potentially foreshadowing the emergence of yet another enigmatic malady in times to come.

Within India's population of 1.4 billion, nearly one million individuals had been documented with this dermatological condition by 2018. Observers later perceived a marked rise in such cases after the administration of multiple vaccine doses, though this remains unverified. Consequently, the latent repercussions of such medical interventions remain opaque, and the promotion of new vaccines for those over fifty-fronted by prominent public figures-provokes apprehension about unforeseen future implications.

It is deemed by certain sceptical observers to be more judicious to abstain from an inoculation whose prospective physiological repercussions remain wholly inscrutable. Bill Gates, Adar Poonawalla, Pfizer, and various other pharmaceutical magnates are portrayed by such critics as having transcended Edward Jenner's primordial discovery and as rendering innocent children inadvertent victims of their biomedical enterprises. In contemporary times, it is further alleged that approximately thirty percent of paediatric vaccinations exhibit immediate adverse sequelae. Thus, in this viewpoint, the existence of a single inoculative dose may suffice to devastate the life of an otherwise innocent, vigorous, and flourishing child.

World Health Organization-an entity perceived by detractors as having effectively monopolized the global architecture of public health-has been cited as acknowledging, within a single line of its own archival bulletin (W.H.O. 1975-52-209-22), that vaccines are allegedly devoid of substantive utility in the absolute eradication of diseases.

After purportedly compromising the lives of millions, the institution bearing the ostensibly benevolent yet, according to critics, deceptively appellated title of the World Health Organization-an entity perceived by detractors as having effectively monopolized the global architecture of public health-has been cited as acknowledging, within a single line of its own archival bulletin (W.H.O. 1975-52-209-22), that vaccines are allegedly devoid of substantive utility in the absolute eradication of diseases. Furthermore, commentators claim that physiological reactions such as acute stress responses, convulsive manifestations, and analogous neurogenic disturbances are observed with greater frequency in children subsequent to the administration of formulations such as the DTP or VG-H1N1 vaccine.

Currently, as the interval of two years has elapsed since the administration of the Corona vaccine, reports of purported adverse sequelae are being disseminated from numerous quarters. The somatic architecture of every individual is intrinsically distinct. Each person's immunological apparatus differs idiosyncratically from that of another. Every human exhibits unique gustatory inclinations, possesses a singular genomic constitution, and adheres to a lifestyle that is uniquely self-determined and non-replicable.

– On what basis, then, can a standardized vaccine be justified for individuals whose biological parameters differ so profoundly?

The purported post-vaccinal sequelae associated with the Corona vaccine are being described in the following manner : reports of sudden fatalities among young individuals during routine physical activity,

observations of diminished hemoglobin and platelet indices, the reemergence of herpetic manifestations, various forms of renorenal discomfort, and accounts of post-menopausal women-aged sixty-five to seventy-experiencing unexpected menstrual episodes. Additionally, narratives of apparently inexplicable mortalities across multiple regions of the globe are likewise being circulated.

When the HPV vaccine was introduced in 2006, it encountered widespread dissent and resistance. Numerous nations even imposed prohibitions upon its use. Nevertheless, according to critical commentators, and allegedly contrary to the preferences of entities such as the WMF, WHO, IMF, and various interest-laden consortia, governments across the world ultimately incorporated this vaccine as a compulsory component of their national healthcare infrastructures.

https://qvive.in/india-news/trial-and-error-ethical-violations- of-hpv-vaccination-trials-in-india-noxious-vaccines-by-bill- gates/.....

In 2009, the HPV vaccine trial was undertaken in the Khammam district situated along the Andhra Pradesh–Telangana border, as well as in the Vadodara district of Gujarat, wherein more than fourteen thousand economically disadvantaged girls were enrolled as participants. According to critical accounts, several among them allegedly succumbed, while many others purportedly experienced grave adverse sequelae. Subsequent official narratives asserted that the deceased girls had committed suicide, a claim publicized following post-mortem examinations by the relevant health authorities.

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Since 2016, this inoculatory formulation has been administered to girls between the ages of eleven and fifteen under the aegis of the Government of India's national health programme. The pecuniary valuation of this vaccine oscillates between approximately ₹3,000 and ₹4,000 per dose.

The HPV vaccine is administered with the intention of mitigating the prospective risk of cervical carcinoma in women. Yet, according to statistical summaries cited on the WHO website, in the year 2021 approximately 640,000 women-within a global population of nearly eight billion-were reported as having developed cervical cancer, and an estimated 240,000 women allegedly succumbed, in part, to the rigours of oncological treatment. Against this backdrop, sceptical observers pose the question: what epistemic or practical necessity, then, undergirds the deployment of such a vaccine?

WHO is not truly a World Hazardous Organisation?

Bill Gates is portrayed as the progenitor of the Global Vaccine Alliance, an apparatus disseminating inoculatory formulations to virtually every sovereign nation. In 1999, Gates endowed this consortium with USD 750 million, forging its infrastructural pre-eminence. Under its constitutional architecture, the health minister of each participating nation accedes to membership, after which the nation's immunization machinery is administered in strict concordance with GAVI's prescriptive ordinances.

I am unwavering in my conviction that shielding our daughters from this vaccine ensures the preservation of their lifelong felicity.

This vaccine, it is argued within this narrative, is promulgated through seductive advertisements contending that it forestalls breast malignancy. If the heightened propensity for breast carcinoma arises from the pharmacological agents employed in contemporary gynecology, then the antidote lies not in novel inoculations but in repudiating the very hormonal regimens that engender such risks.

Breast cancer may or may not be averted through such inoculation; yet, what if the consequence is the forfeiture of a young woman's future biological integrity? This appears, within this discourse, to be a calculated stratagem to enlarge the commerce of toxic gynecological compounds in the decades ahead.

American physician Herbert Shelton (1895–1985) asserts that medical control boards have historically

orchestrated fictitious epidemics and fomented mass hysteria for pecuniary advantage-such as in Philadelphia (1925), Kansas and Baltimore (1921), and New York (1925)-until an indignant print media forced the Health Commissioner to rescind the panic.

Dr. William S. Tabb (MD, PhD) proclaims that in every region where vaccination prevails, oncogenic incidence proliferates.

Dr. Robert A. Gunn (MD) avers that any discerning mind that scrutinizes vaccination-even without consulting anti-vaccination literature-will discover, within the very writings of vaccine proponents and the public record, overwhelming evidence of the futility of all vaccines. Were the suppressed documentation exposing this inefficacy ever exhumed, no vaccinator or manufacturer could raise his head again.

Mr. Mitchell, member of the British House of Commons, contends that vaccination has effectively legalized homicide, and that Jennerian vaccinationism constitutes an egregious fraud perpetrated upon the health of humankind.

Behind the newsreaders, the pediatricians, the physicians, the televised personalities, the venal bureaucrats, and the opportunistic politicians, pharmaceutical conglomerates-producers of vaccines-are portrayed as underwriting salaries directly or indirectly, thereby ensuring their triumph in fabricating artificial epidemics and amassing colossal revenues.

Whenever a novel disease is heralded as an existential menace to humanity, one must interrogate:

– Who stands to profit from the diffusion of the disease and the marketing of its prophylactic?

– What is my empirical probability of contracting this affliction without vaccination, and what ensues if I submit to inoculation?

– What hazards accompany the vaccine itself?

– What precisely is this so-called spreading malady?

– Does irrefutable evidence exist attesting to the efficacy of such vaccines?

Soon, humanity shall discern that introducing toxic agents into a healthy organism does not cultivate vitality; thus, entrusting pharmaceutical entities with custodianship over one's health is untenable.

In most instances, disease does not erupt from a solitary event but emanates from a confluence of social, psychological, and physiological perturbations.

Mr. Mitchell, member of the British House of Commons, contends that vaccination has effectively legalized homicide, and that Jennerian vaccinationism constitutes an egregious fraud perpetrated upon the health of humankind.

Every joyous or grievous occurrence leaves an imprint upon the organism's biological responses at different points in time. Historically, the guiding axiom of physicians two centuries ago was that nature perpetually strives toward equilibrium, and that intrinsic forces ceaselessly regulate and re-establish harmony among the body's normative constituents. Health endures so long as this balance is preserved; illness ensues when it is disrupted by life's manifold influences.

Thus, the physician's mandate is to apprehend fully the patient's totality and articulate how the equilibrium among the body's intrinsic components has been destabilized. The healer must be sufficiently attuned to identify the experiential catalysts of physiological discomfort. Diagnosis predicated solely upon laboratory reports stands in stark contradiction to the complex dynamism of human nature. The algebra of life's experiences-summed or subtracted-produces disturbances not easily recognizable as disease in the conventional sense.

Every cell possesses a diagnostic expression of its own; and owing to the aforementioned influences, each cell reacts divergently across individuals. Thus, the ailment of every human is inherently unique. If two individuals display symptoms of a common cold, the aetiology for each may be radically distinct: one succumbs to a chill, another does not.

A truly consummate physician is one who apprehends the totality of his patient's being and imparts his wisdom with ungrudging generosity. Time, empathy, and perceptive intuition must be dispensed with unfeigned cheerfulness, and diagnosis should unfold with a tenderness commensurate with the sanctity of human life. Countless sufferers under the guardianship of such physicians-even while acutely aware of the gravity of their ailments-often recuperate through the physician's benignant presence and the patient's own interior reassurance.

Yet, in contemporary practice, most physicians appear bereft of the leisure to heed their patients' voices. And even if they momentarily attend, many seem unable to divine the nature of an ailment without an arsenal of reports. For the slightest fever or banal chill, they requisition an array of blood analyses, radiographs, CT scans, and comparable investigations. They prescribe pharmacological regimens quadruple the necessity demanded by the findings; and after such intervention, the patient is instructed to repeat the entire constellation of tests within four days. A physician, in principle, ought never to assure a patient that three days of medication will culminate in total restoration.

When the patient inquires about the aetiology of his malady, many physicians display irritation or respond with preposterous pronouncements-such as claiming that "your blood has caught a cold, so recovery will be protracted." One is left to wonder whether medical science has advanced or whether humanity has simply devolved. Representatives of pharmaceutical conglomerates visit physicians daily, extolling their potent pharmacopoeias; physicians, in turn, inundate patients with medications under the rubric of treatment, yet seldom divulge the attendant perils or adverse consequences.

Every joyous or grievous occurrence leaves an imprint upon the organism's biological responses at different points in time. Historically, the guiding axiom of physicians two centuries ago was that nature perpetually strives toward equilibrium, and that intrinsic forces ceaselessly regulate and re-establish harmony among the body's normative constituents. Health endures so long as this balance is preserved; illness ensues when it is disrupted by life's manifold influences.

As for cancer, no universally curative therapy is known; yet through the magnanimity of physicians and pharmaceutical institutions, patients believe themselves to be receiving commendable interventions. A physician will implore a cancer patient to commence chemotherapy, promising favourable outcomes. The patient, placing quasi-divine trust in the physician, consents. After one or two rounds, the patient's condition often deteriorates, prompting the anguished question: "Sir, why has this occurred?" To which the physician replies, "Only you experience this; others do not," leaving the patient to indict himself. Modern practitioners seldom endeavour to discover the primordial source of disease; instead, they endeavour merely to subdue symptomatic expressions through pharmacological suppression.

Three decades prior, the majority of women underwent natural childbirth, experiencing the quintessential fulfilment of motherhood-even when labour arrived in the dead of night. With the advent of modern clinical interventions, most women are now dispossessed of this maternal consummation through the prevalence of caesarean procedures, and nocturnal births have become uncommon. Why this alteration? Why are infants frequently delivered prior to their intrinsic gestational maturity? The maternal instinct, which once caused milk to flow immediately upon hearing the infant's cry, now stands disrupted, and newborns strain for nourishment. Such conditions, within this narrative, are attributed to the ministrations of gynecologists and the contemporary medical apparatus.

Even Ayurvedic practitioners now rely on sphygmomanometers to diagnose hypertension-an irony, given that classical Ayurveda conceptualizes elevated blood pressure as a manifestation of aggravated vāta doṣa. The blood pressure apparatus, invented in 1875, inaugurated an era in which many have become ensnared by yet another mechanized parameter.

The distilled essence of this discourse is thus:

If one desires to live life in its unadulterated, unfettered form, one must maintain a circumspect distance from the conventions of modern medical practice.

કોલેસ્ટેરોલ
સત્ય કે મોટું જુઠાણું

ફેટી લીવર..... લીવરના મહત્વનાં કાર્યો
ફેટી લિવરના લક્ષણો
કુદરતી ઉપચાર
નીચેનો ખોરાક ના લેવાય.
ઘઉંનું ચૂલું...ઘઉંના ફોતરા...
ઘઉંનું ચૂલું

એસિડીટી, કોલેસ્ટ્રોલ અને બ્લોકેજ માટે ડરાવતા મોટા ભાગના ડોક્ટરો જૂઠા છે?
'તમારા ડોક્ટર જૂઠા છે' નામની બુકમાં ઉપર જણાવ્યા મુજબની કેટલીક વાતો લખવામાં આવી છે
જ્યારે પણ જમ્યાબાદ પહેલો ઓડકાર આવે મુકીને ત્યારે ભગવાન નો કુદરતને થાય કરવા જોઇએ

માણાવદરનું 'ચંદ્રશ્રુતિ' એટલે વડીલો માટે ઘરનું ઘર

ડિપ્રેશન-હતાશા-મનની સ્થિતિ

સોશ્યલ મીડિયામાં અવનવી રેસિપી જોઈને અખતરા ના કરશો
લોકો જાતભાતની રીતે વાનગી બનાવવાની રીતો મુકે છે, પણ તેમાં ખોરાકના ગુણધર્મો ધ્યાનમાં લેવાયા ના હોવાથી દર્દીઓની સંખ્યા જ વધે છે

ખાંડને કારણે સ્વાસ્થ્યને થતું નુકશાન

માનવીની જીવનશૈલી જ તંદુરસ્તીનો આધાર

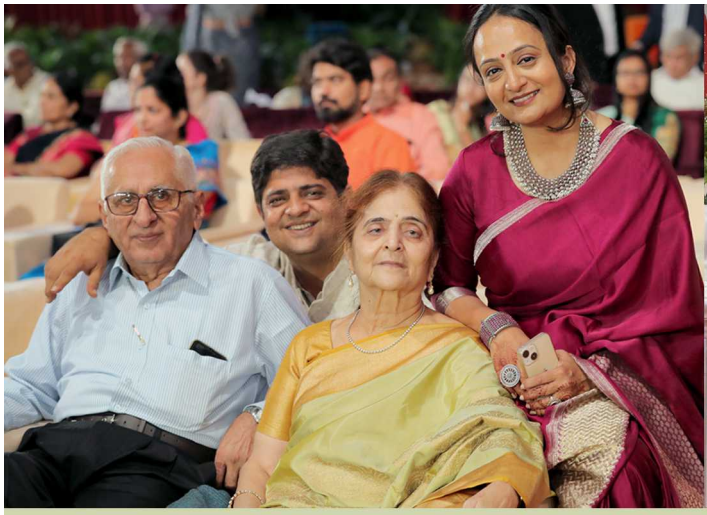
જઠરની જાળવણી : એ શરીરને ઇંધણ પુરું પાડનાર એક અગત્યનું અંગ છે
ખોરાક માટે જરૂરી એવા એકાદ હજાર પાચક રસ જઠર બનાવે છે

ભેળસેળ કરનારને મોટા ભાગે સજા થતી નથી, એટલે છુટ્ટો દોર મળી જાય છે
લોકોના સ્વાસ્થ્ય સાથે ભયંકર ચેડા થઇ રહ્યા છે : ખોરાક અને ઔષધિ વિભાગ

ચશ્મા ઉતારો ફ્રીર દેખો યારો : નંબર ઉતારવાના ઉ

પરફેક્ટ
સત્ય-પ્રેમ-કરૂણાનો ત્રિવેણી સંગમ એટલે રાજુભાઈ દોશી
સફળ ઉદ્યોગપતિ શાથી સફળ તબીબ રાજુભાઈ દોશી માનવ સેવાને જ મનુસેવા માને છે
દર મહિને અમેરિકાથી ૫ લાખની દવા મગાવી દર્દીઓને નિઃશુલ્ક આપી તેઓનો સારવાર કરે છે
રાજુભાઈને મણકાનો દુઃખાવો થતા સફેરના નામાંકીત ઓર્થો. તબીબની સારવાર લેવા છતાં દર્દ દૂર ન થતા પુસ્તક વાંચી આયુર્વેદીક ઉપચાર કરી પોતાનું દર્દ દૂર કર્યું
હાલમાં તેમના સેન્ટર પર ત્રણ દિવસ સાંજે દર્દીઓને સારવાર અપાઈ છે

હૃદય રોગ માટે કોઇ ખાસ ખોરાક છે?
રાજેશ દોશી



Rameshbhai-Pallaviben-Shwetang-Khushboo

Vijaybhai-Jagrutiben-Chintan-Kruti

Gopibhushan Day-Krishnaben-Konkana

Mansukhbhai-Jyotsnaben-Pallav-Chandni

❮ Chhayaben-Ankit-Karishma

Bansidharbhai-Preetiben ❯
Utkarsh-Urvashi

Rameshchandra Monani - Shwetang's Father

Rajoobhai Doshi is, at his very essence, a man woven out of love and familial devotion. His tenderness and proximity towards the children of the family carry a rare kind of sanctity. Even those who merely align themselves with his wishes and expectations find themselves deeply moved, for his affection does not remain superficial - it seeps into the heart. My personal acquaintance with him truly began during the time of my son Shwetang's union with Khushboo. Prior to that, there was no connection. In truth, our roots were intertwined long before, through the kinship we shared with his maternal uncle, aunt, and grandmother. That association was so profound that even today, both his sisters - Jayooben and Shaileeben - address me as 'Mama,' a testament to bonds that transcend time.

After the marriage of Shwetang and Khushboo, our relationship with the Doshi family blossomed into something far more intimate. Such is their affection that whenever my health falters, the entire family - including the younger family members - rushes to inquire after me. This kind of care is not ordinary; it springs from the vastness of Rajoobhai's heart.

His magnanimity is evident in every gesture. He extends the same compassion to his staff as he does to his own kin. Instead of turning the six thousand mangoes from his orchards into profit, he chooses to distribute them generously amongst those who serve him. He gifts cans of groundnut oil with the same quiet benevolence. The annual Ganesh festival is organized entirely at his own expense, a symbol of devotion untainted by ostentation. For Rajoobhai is a man of faith, God-fearing and reverent, yet untouched by the chains of superstition. Within his being rests a rare balance - devotion coupled with immense fortitude.

I recall with piercing clarity the time when my wife, Dr. Pallaviben Monani, departed this world merely four months after Rita, (Rajoobhai's wife) passed away. That double blow left me utterly undone. For months, even the sight of Pallaviben's photograph would reduce me to tears. In those unbearable days, it was Rajoobhai and his family who shouldered every burden, who quietly filled the void when I could not summon the strength to stand. And I shall never forget how Rajoobhai journeyed all the way from Hardwar to Rajkot with Rita's mortal. To imagine myself in his position is impossible - I know I would not have borne it with such composure.

Life has hurled upon Rajoobhai more than one searing loss, more than one trial that would have broken a lesser man. Yet through each, he has preserved his dignity, never once allowing his inner wounds to spill into the open. He has mastered the art of carrying sorrow with silence, of wearing strength as his second skin.

Gopi Bhushan De - Kankana's Father

Before he could render his reflections on the book 'Ek Hato Rajoo', he departed for the celestial abode. His void shall remain irrevocably eternal.

Vijay Rajpura – Chintan's Father

Since the year 2012, in the parlance of worldly relations, Rajoobhai Doshi was my son's father-in-law and my brother-in-law; yet, I have always proclaimed that although the Rajpura and Doshi households are two separate abodes, we constitute but a single family. Rajoobhai Doshi was, beyond all measure, a man of rectitude and unswerving commitment, and there is an incident that I must recount.

My association with the Rajoo Group dates back to 1995, when I was serving as the head of the company's design department. In 2009, on account of professional exigencies, I was required to travel to Daman in the company's vehicle. At that juncture, no familial bond existed between us, though I was indeed a senior staff member. En route, near Bagodara, brigands intercepted our car, assaulted the driver, and forcibly abducted me nearly two kilometers away from the highway. There, in a frigid winter night, they bound my limbs and abandoned me amidst a thicket. The driver, tied up at a distance so that I might not perceive him, eventually extricated himself with immense struggle and made his way back to the highway. Failing to locate me, he

telephoned Manavadar and conveyed the entirety of the calamity.

Rajoobhai Doshi, who at that time regularly commuted between Rajkot and Manavadar, was apprised of my disappearance. Without a moment's hesitation, at around half - past two in the night, he set out for Bagodara in pursuit of me. En route, he mobilized nearly a hundred individuals (along with vehicles) through telephone calls. By half-past seven in the morning, they discovered me lying in that desolate field. Such is the measure of Rajoobhai Doshi-not merely for kinsmen, relatives, or friends, but even for a member of his staff, his solicitude and sense of responsibility knew no bounds.

I have journeyed with him to Germany and America as well. I observed that even in six degrees below freezing, he would not don a jacket. The only beverage he ever partook was tea, brewed from leaves he carried himself. Even abroad, his sustenance was confined to the humble thepla and his home-prepared tea. Thus, while profoundly down-to-earth, he was simultaneously magnanimous of heart, farsighted in vision, and unequivocal in opinion. Ritaben too embodied the same qualities. When I had gone missing, Ritaben had taken a vow for my safe return - a fact revealed to me only much later.

Mansukhbhai Kothiya – Chandni's Father

In the realm of humanity, the entire Doshi family stands several cubits taller than most, yet in my sixty-eight years of existence I have seldom encountered a man of the stature of my daughter Chandni's uncle-in-law, Rajoobhai Doshi. To speak in the idiom of the vernacular-there is no want, no diminution, no deficiency in Rajoobhai's persona. My daughter's father-in-law, Kishorbhai, is equally affectionate, yet Rajoobhai surpasses even that measure.

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Ordinarily, one might perceive the Doshi household merely as the matrimonial home of my daughter. Yet, in truth, they comport themselves not as in-laws but as parents in their own right. Rajoobhai cherished Chandni in such a manner that, even as her own father, I often felt myself eclipsed. I have a son, Sagar, and a daughter, Chandni. Though I have always endeavored to give them more than what they asked-for water, I would offer milk-yet Rajoobhai and the Doshi family exceeded me even in this.

When Pallav and Chandni's nuptials were being contemplated, it was my earnest wish that my elder son Sagar's marriage might be solemnized concurrently with Chandni's. With this calculation in mind, I requested the Doshi family to defer the wedding, and with magnanimous patience they waited for six months. Alas, Sagar's alliance did not materialize in that span, and so we resolved to proceed with Chandni and Pallav's marriage alone. It was the Doshi family's heartfelt desire that the celebration be held in Goa.

Out of a sense of duty, I inquired as to the prospective expenditure in Goa, so that I might prepare my share accordingly. Upon hearing this, both Kishorbhai and Rajoobhai insisted that I need not concern myself with any such financial obligations. To me, the fact that my daughter found in the Doshi family not merely a marital home but a veritable house of her own-that, I regard as the most benedictory grace ever bestowed upon me.

Chhayaben Shah – Ankit's Mother

Rajoobhai Doshi (together with the entire Doshi family), the father-in-law of my one and only son Ankit, I deem as the choicest dividend of the meritorious deeds of my former existence. For I raised Ankit single-handedly. Though Ankit is competent and accomplished in every respect, it is natural that, as a mother, my heart should remain anxious for him. Yet, once-prior to the solemnization of marriage but after the engagement-Rajoobhai Doshi spoke to me these ineffaceable words: "You are no longer required to harbor concern for Ankit; he is now a son of the Doshi household."

The tranquility those words imparted to my spirit can scarcely be captured in syllables. At that time, Ankit was residing in America, pursuing the intricate processes of citizenship. I had inwardly prepared myself for his luminous future to be established abroad, for indeed, many of my own kinsmen dwell in America.

But after his union with Karishma (daughter of Rajoobhai Doshi), Ankit returned with gladness to India-Rajkot in particular. For this homecoming, the warmth, courage, and boundless affection of the Doshi family were preeminently responsible. It is solely owing to Rajoobhai and his household that today I may behold my son's countenance each morning upon waking and each night before I sleep. That blessing, I hold, is nothing less than divine benediction - bestowed upon me by virtue of becoming a part of the Doshi family.

Pritiben Ghaghada - Urvashi's Mother

Although since 2014, through Utkarsh, I had often heard manifold accounts about Rajoobhai, the providence to meet him in person arrived only after seven years. In 2021, at the time of Utkarsh and Urvashi's betrothal, our acquaintance finally took form. During those occasions-and in the rare conversations that followed-there always resounded within me an indelible realization: Rajoobhai's love for children was boundless, immeasurable, and all-encompassing. At the very inception of relationships, it was impossible to discern whose parents belonged to which child, or to distinguish between a daughter of the house and a daughter-in-law; such was the intimacy, warmth, and seamless kinship within the family that I was profoundly gladdened.

Rare indeed would one hear from Rajoobhai's lips the words "daughter-in-law" or "son-in-law." For him, they were never separate entities-only sons and daughters, without discrimination, without demarcation. As acquaintance deepened, the realization grew ever stronger that he embodied not merely the stature of a father-in-law to his daughter's spouse, but verily the essence of a father himself.

It was only shortly after the sudden and sorrowful demise of Ritaben that the decision for Utkarsh and Urvashi's marriage was undertaken. The gravity of that moment was immense. Yet his words-that he was not receiving a daughter-in-law, but a daughter, and that both he and the family would love her with the fullness of parental affection-dissolved much of my anxiety and filled me with solace.

Beyond this, no higher benediction from the Divine need I ask for, nor do I desire.

Subsequently, we too were beneficiaries of Rajoobhai's gift of alternative healing. In 2017, nearly all physicians had diagnosed Urvashi's father, Bansidhar, with an incurable condition: a persistent ulceration that had emerged as an adverse effect of certain m edications. For four to five months, despite relentless modern treatments, the lesion refused to recede, until finally the doctors pronounced it as cancer. At Utkarsh's urging, Rajoobhai commenced his alternative therapy, and within merely a month, remarkable healing manifested-the wound dried, and new skin began to flourish.

This experience, coupled with the affectionate bond he nurtured with my daughter Urvashi, has left me with a lifelong sense of contentment-that we are, in truth, a part of Rajoobhai Doshi and the entire Doshi family. Beyond this, no higher benediction from the Divine need I ask for, nor do I desire.

'Our eldest brother, Chandrakantbhai, also used to let Rajoobhai have his way, as he is the favourite of both his elder brothers'.

It seems as though his ardor for life itself has waned, as though the tether binding him to existence has grown fragile. ■ **Devyani Doshi**

Whatever thought or sentiment may arise in Rajoo's mind or heart, he would, in all likelihood, share it first with me. ■ **Kishor Doshi**

I am blessed with a brother-in-law who is invariably the first to apprehend the subtleties of my predicaments. ■ **Nita Doshi**

Likewise, I have always confided first in my 'mother,' that is, my kaka. He would listen with a serenity rare in this world and take every necessary measure thereafter. ■ **Khushboo C. Doshi**

cut my finger and blood flowed out, every drop would still owe a debt to my father and mother. If I dedicated the wealth of seven lifetimes to God, even then my parents would remain my creditors. ■ **Utkarsh Doshi**

His intentions are honest, his heart is pure and stands by to what he says ■ **Shwetang Monani**

I feel that among all the daughters of the Doshi family-from Jayuben to Nayra-the most cherished figure is Rajoobhai. ■ **Jaybala Modi**

You, as Papa, Mama, Kaka, Uncle, Friend, Mentor or any other role, have been a key figure in all our lives ■ **Karishma Doshi**

Rajoobhai is utterly devoid of self-interest ■ **Saili Agmera**

Rajoo papa is more than just a father-in-law to me. ■ **Ankit Shah**

Among his six children, I am perhaps the most timid, yet when my eyes rest upon him, an extraordinary courage awakens in me. ■ **Kruti Doshi Rajpara**

he always says, “I have six daughters,” and truly no outsider could tell who is a daughter and who is a daughter-in-law in this family. ■ **Chandi Pallav Doshi**

People see only the volatile veneer of his temper, but Rajoo possesses a childlike innocence equal in magnitude to that anger. ■ **Kantilal Gohil**

His ability to work nonstop without boasting or keeping anything on head is so very inspiring. ■ **UNNTI AJMERA**

Devyaniben Doshi - Bhabhishree

If there exists a principal distinction between my two brothers-in-law, it is this: Kishorbhai possesses a temperament of calm composure, whereas Rajoobhai is endowed with a razor-sharp intellect. Kishorbhai is inclined to let matters pass swiftly, but Rajoobhai seizes upon them with intensity; thus, he is deeply sensitive by nature. He is a veritable workaholic-for him, labor is the very quintessence of existence. Rajoobhai is capable of sleepless vigils, of audacious undertakings, ever animated by an insatiable desire to create something novel each day. For him, family is of paramount sanctity, and yet philanthropy, too, constitutes an integral facet of his being.

Though I am, by relation, his sister-in-law, he has ever treated me with the tenderness accorded to a mother, while rendering me full measure of respect. Even the precepts I have established are observed by him with unfaltering fidelity. For many years, I have upheld a rule within our household: no telephones are to be present at the dining table. My two co-sisters, Nita-ben and Rita-ben, occasionally relaxed this ordinance, yet Rajoobhai, along with the children, abided by it scrupulously. They were ever mindful that, should a phone be touched at the table, my displeasure would be swift.

Within the Doshi family, never has my word or insistence been disregarded. On the contrary, both Kishorbhai and Rajoobhai have ever been more eager to fulfill what I declared than even I myself. Undoubtedly, since Rita's departure, I perceive in Rajoobhai a profounder despondency. It seems as though his ardor for life itself has waned, as though the tether binding him to existence has grown fragile.

Kishorbhai Doshi - Brother

To those acquainted with us, it might appear that my elder brother Chandrakantbhai and my younger brother Rajoo shared the greater attunement. Yet, to me, it has always seemed that my intimacy with Rajoo has been far more profound. Whatever thought or sentiment may arise in Rajoo's mind or heart, he would, in all likelihood, share it first with me. The truth is that Rajoo invariably acquiesces to whatever I say. Even when his own desire is otherwise, he will suppress it and act as though it were my wish alone.

Rajoo, being the youngest among us three brothers, has always been indulged by the two elder ones, allowed to follow his inclinations freely. Yet this does not mean that his nature was reckless or unbridled. Not at all. Within the Doshi family, spanning three generations, there has been a tradition: children may be scolded, but never struck. I can recall but a single exception-when Pallav was once given a slap-but that remains an anomaly. The ethos of the Doshi household has ever been to grant each individual the sky to soar according to their own will.

Rajoo possesses an extraordinary intensity of familial feeling. Should any grievance arise concerning the family or our children, one cannot restrain him thereafter. Be it an incident in a hotel in Leh-Ladakh or a youth scraping his bicycle against my car, Rajoo's hand would be raised instantly, without a thought for consequence.

He is exceedingly touchy. If Khushboo should delay in factory work, Rajoo's temper would flare. When I underwent laser surgery on my eyes without informing him, his indignation erupted likewise. His fervor for family matters is astonishingly fierce. My elder brother too was possessed of a violent temper, yet Rajoo's wrath, though intense, is somewhat less in comparison. Still, I must acknowledge that after Chandrakantbhai's untimely departure, Rajoo assumed the stewardship of "Rajoo" (the company) with an extraordinary hand-revealing his dogged, relentless nature. Industrious beyond measure, he is not equally shrewd in worldly dealings. In my estimation, my younger brother Rajoo is guileless in the truest sense. Even if deceived, he will not let the other party feel diminished in respect.

I could narrate innumerable such episodes, yet one instance rises foremost to memory. Someone, having obtained his number from somewhere, once telephoned Rajoo from the Kidney Hospital, claiming an urgent need for money. Immediately, Rajoo rang me and instructed that the sum be dispatched without delay. I

accordingly arranged to send the money through another, yet to this day neither Rajoo nor I know the name of that man.

Such is the divergence between Rajoo and myself: before extending help, I pause to deliberate-Rajoo, on the other hand, renders aid first and only later, if at all, considers.

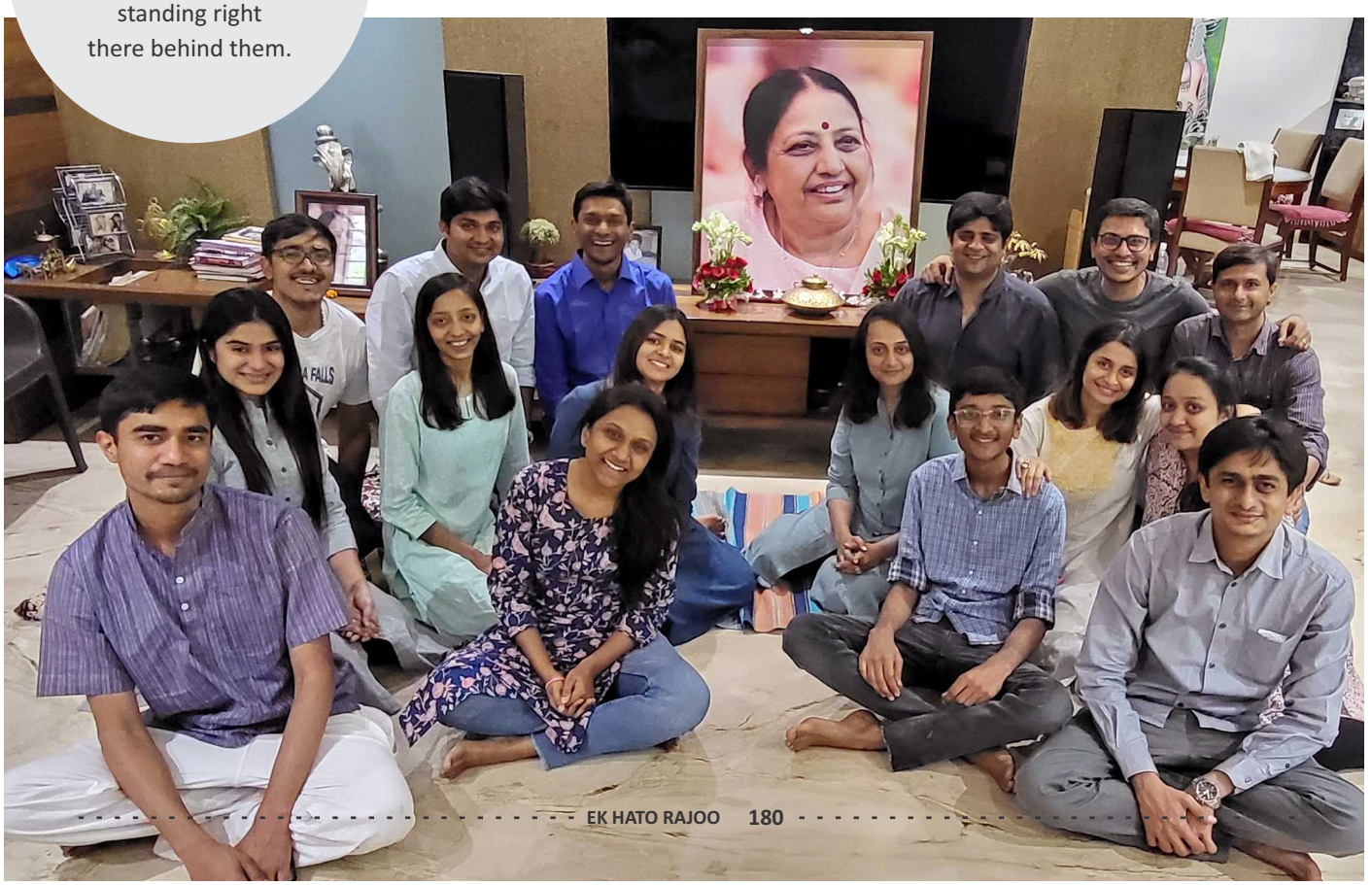
Nita Doshi - Sister-in-law

One may designate Rajoobhai as my devar (younger brother-in-law), yet to me he has always been infinitely more than that appellation conveys. We have lived through days that scarcely admit of imagination. I still recollect those times in Manavadar when, exhausted from endlessly rolling out rotlis, I would collapse in weariness, while Rajoobhai never seemed to tire of consuming them. In jest, I would complain to Ba (my mother-in-law): "Pray, bid your son to rise from the plate now!"

Though I address him as Rajoobhai, he has always appeared to me less as a brother-in-law and more as a son. At times, indeed, it seemed that Khushboo, Pallav, Utsav, Kruti, Karishma, and Utkarsh were not merely his nephews and nieces, but his very own children. Among all, it was he who manifested the greatest solicitude. Should even one of them suffer the slightest hurt, Rajoobhai could not endure it.

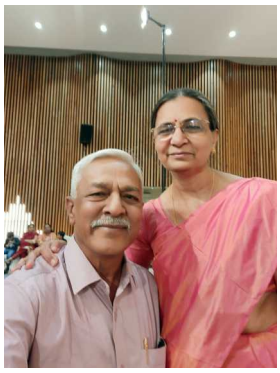
Now, of course, our children have grown, but in earlier years it was always he who would take them on excursions. One incident remains vivid in my recollection: once, during a ropeway ride at Rajkot's Funworld, young Pallav-seated at a lofty height-spat downwards. That spittle, perchance, struck an unsuspecting passerby. Upon alighting, the aggrieved person began to scold Pallav sternly. Witnessing this, Rajoobhai and Ritabhabi, who had accompanied the children, instantly intervened. Without a moment's hesitation, Rajoobhai gave that man a tongue-lashing, left and right, in fierce defense of his child.

All our children have this pride that no matter what they do, their uncle is always standing right there behind them.



I assert with audacious candour that my competence extends not merely to nurturing children, but also to navigating the labyrinth of my own emotions, for I am blessed with a brother-in-law who is invariably the first to apprehend the subtleties of my predicaments. While the world discerns only the incendiary edge of his temper, I perceive the profound reservoirs of sentiment concealed beneath. Since Rita's departure, Rajoobhai has undergone a conspicuous transmutation-he has grown markedly reticent, his speech reduced to sparse utterances. Rather than remaining amidst familial company, he now habitually withdraws into the seclusion of his chamber-an alteration in behaviour that is both disquieting and disheartening.

Jaybala Modi - Sister



Among my three brothers-indeed, among all five of us siblings, who share a striking semblance in disposition-Rajoobhai remains the most mercurial, the most temperamentally capricious, and the most emotionally permeable. His every undertaking must unfold in accordance with the sovereign dictates of his own volition. Our orchard in Gir stands as a testament to the sheer force of his obstinate will. His resoluteness manifests in three escalating gradations: first, he articulates his reasoning with elaborate persuasion (even when no one assents); then he lapses into ire; and ultimately he erupts into full-fledged fury.

Sensitive souls harbour an almost unbearable intensity, and Rajoobhai embodies this to excess, for he internalizes every triviality as though it were a wound to the heart. When Shruti Bhabhi was once constrained to consume uncooked food for health reasons, he too adopted the same ascetic diet in solidarity. Every Wednesday, he would undertake the pilgrimage for Datar's darshan. After the unforeseen and devastating departure of Rita Bhabhi, he renounced mangoes and confections entirely. Should anyone cajole or insist, he reacts with indignation or withdraws into self-imposed abstinence. If he deems his convictions to possess even a semblance of rationality, he becomes impervious to external persuasion. Even our eldest brother, Chandrakantbhai, acquiesced to his whims, for Rajoobhai was, in truth, the cherished 'darling' of both the elder brothers.

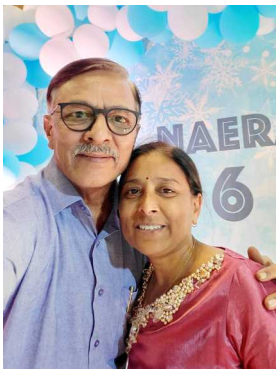
Among the three brothers, it was Shaili and I who forged the deepest filial affinity with him, for Rajoobhai invariably positioned himself as our unwavering sentinel. Whenever there was a Garbi in Manavadar, he assumed complete responsibility for our safety, enabling us to revel in Garbi until one-thirty or two in the morning without the slightest apprehension.

Rajoobhai is utterly devoid of self-interest, a trait inherited in equal measure from our father and from Chandrakantbhai. Yet, he surpasses even them by a proverbial finger's breadth, for he not only extends financial assistance but also offers the irreplaceable gift of his time. In fortitude, he eclipses us all. When he travelled to Mumbai for Anup's treatment, he conversed with the surgeon inside an elevator and, through sheer force of conviction, secured the doctor's preparedness for the operation.

I recall an incident from the 1980s: while we were watching a cricket match at the Rajkot stadium, our view was entirely obstructed by the towering turban of the Sardarji seated before us. When polite requests yielded no remedy, Rajoobhai-undaunted and unhesitating-delivered a slap to the man right there in the stadium. Such is the paradox of Rajoobhai: fierce yet benevolent, impulsive yet magnanimous, tempestuous yet profoundly tender-hearted.

He is the kind of compassionate, emotionally resonant, and unfailingly helpful human being whom people instinctively remember-unfailingly and unequivocally-before even invoking God, whenever calamity befalls them. Such is my Rajoobhai.

Shaili Ajmera - Sister



I have three brothers. The eldest, Chandrakantbhai, has always embodied the role of a paternal presence for all of us. Kishorbhai is the vertebral axis-the sustaining backbone-of the Doshi family. And if I were to define Rajoobhai in a single expression, I would call him the family's great Alleviator of Adversities-the one who quietly dissolves impediments before they are even perceived. What the three brothers share in common is an inherent audacity; all three possess an instinctive courage. Yet in our childhood years, it was perhaps Rajoobhai and I who were the most unruly and tempestuous. Even so, in every misadventure of mine, Rajoobhai invariably became my shield, absorbing consequences that were never his to bear. There was an instance when, in class, I struck a fellow student. I knew with grim certainty that the matter would escalate-first to the principal, and then inevitably to home, where Ba's reprimand would be swift and severe. Upon returning, I confided in Rajoobhai at once, narrating my so-called act of valour. An immediate calm settled over me, for I was certain that Rajoobhai would dismantle the situation entirely. And that is exactly what transpired.

Even today, I feel that among all the daughters of the Doshi family-from Jayuben to Nayra-the most cherished figure is Rajoobhai.

There has never been any scarcity or conditionality in his affection.

For him, family has always occupied the foremost place, without negotiation or exception. Yet there are concerns that linger within us. None of us are at ease with the fact that Rajoobhai smokes beedis excessively. Nor does it sit well with us when, often after Reetabhabhi's passing, he declines meals or eats inadequately. These small absences weigh heavily on those who observe him closely. There is another peculiarity of his that perpetually unsettles me-and all of us. Rajoobhai never articulates his own struggles. His dilemmas, confusions, sufferings, or afflictions remain unspoken. Ba and Ritabhabhi possessed the rare sensitivity to instantly perceive when something troubled him. But both those who stood closest to him are no longer among the living. And so there persists a quiet, unfulfilled wish-that Rajoobhai might, at least once, unburden his inner world before us.

But Rajoobhai is, after all, the Alleviator of Adversities. He is the one who absorbs the obstacles, ailments, and anguish of everyone else's life. How, then, does one persuade such a man to speak of the weight he carries within his own heart?

Kantilal Gohil London - Brother

In 1986, when I journeyed to London with my family, I possessed the airline ticket but not the means to sustain the journey, for the municipality in which I was employed had withheld my salary for nearly eight to ten consecutive months. To even embark for London, I first had to reach Mumbai, yet I lacked the funds to travel from Manavadar to Mumbai. In that moment of acute helplessness, it was Rajoo who surfaced in my memory.

Although a prior misunderstanding had precipitated a quarrel between us, our relationship had subsequently regained its equilibrium. I approached Rajoo, divulged my financial destitution, and requested five hundred rupees. It was through that modest yet life-altering sum that I was able to reach Mumbai and eventually step onto the aircraft that carried my family and me to London. When we arrived at Heathrow Airport-my wife, my two children, and I-I had a mere seven pounds in my pocket (the pound being valued then at thirteen rupees and eleven paise). What followed was years of relentless toil. I laboured through night shifts for thirty-three unbroken years and painstakingly carved out an entirely new world for myself in London. Yet, in the grand tapestry of that journey, the five hundred rupees that Rajoo gave me remains an indispensable cornerstone.

Rajoo is younger than I by a year and two months, yet he surpasses many elders in his lucidity of speech, his fearlessness, and the ironclad tenacity of his resolve. People see only the volatile veneer of his temper, but Rajoo possesses a childlike innocence equal in magnitude to that anger. The world often exploits this guilelessness, yet Rajoo proceeds forward with the implacable stride of a Gajraj-majestic, steady, unperturbed. His existence is a testament to self-generated strength and unyielding determination; therefore, in my estimation, he is akin to a lion.

Indeed, exhaustion seems foreign to him-an attribute that has always distinguished him. I have witnessed this indefatigability time and again while living alongside him and while travelling with him across America, Canada, and Europe. Rajoo is, to me, the embodiment of courage, innocence, endurance, and unshakeable fortitude.

Khushboo Chandrakant Doshi - Daughter

Likewise, I have always confided first in my 'mother,' that is, my kaka.

Every child receives their deepest sense of sanctuary from their mother; I, however, received that very 'maternal safeguard' from my kaka (uncle). Just as a mother absolves a child of every transgression and shields them from every cruel vicissitude of the world, so did my kaka cradle me as though I were an extension of his own life-breath.

Although we are six siblings, I have always been the closest to him. My kaka has been the place where I 'off-load' every burden of my heart. Daughters remain closest to their mothers through every epoch of life-through marriage, maternity, and every t r ansition in between. Likewise, I have always confided first in my 'mother,' that is, my kaka. He would listen with a serenity rare in this world and take every necessary measure thereafter. He preserved the unity of the household and continually inspired all of us to remain bound together.

When I was small, he would seat me upon his shoulders and take me through the marketplace-shoulders that later transformed into a bicycle, from bicycle to Luna moped, from Luna to a scarlet 'Suzuki' bike, and from that to a Fiat car, and eventually to my very first automobile. When I entered the family business, he once again lifted me metaphorically upon his shoulders, unveiling the intricate universe of commerce, offering me the chance to learn, and instilling the conviction that I too could succeed.

By social definition, 'Kaka' is my father's younger brother; to the moderately fortunate he may appear merely fatherly, but to someone extraordinarily blessed-like me-he is a mother incarnate. The relationship I share with him is indistinguishable from the bond a child shares with her mother. The affection and tenderness I feel for 'Kaka' is the same as that reserved for a mother. And just as a child sometimes says 'tu' to her mother, I too occasionally address Kaka as 'tu'; and he receives it with immense love.

It is said that children first learn to utter 'Ma'; yet everyone in my family claims that when I was an infant, my very first word was 'Hajoo'-Rajoo.

Even Kaka's anger resembles that of a mother's-when he is furious, he punishes himself rather than others: he starves himself, inflicts deprivation upon his own body, and that self-imposed suffering pains me until I recognize my error.

Like every child, I too manufactured excuses to avoid school. I once told Kaka that it was unbearably hot in class, so I did not want to go. Without any interrogation or analysis, he listened to my complaint and arranged to have a ceiling fan installed in the classroom. He never said, 'Yes, it is hot, but you must still go to school.' Instead, he ensured my comfort in every conceivable way. Even today, I never need to ask for anything from him-whatever I might desire arrives before the thought is fully formed within me. That is my Kaka.

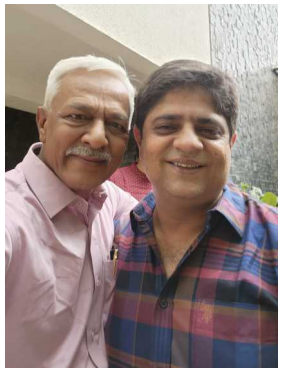
The warmth a child seeks-that warmth is my kaka. His faith in me grants me the very strength with which I navigate life. When I was in sixth standard, I had to submit a school project. I neither knew what to make

nor how to begin. When I told Kaka, he helped me create an 'Aryabhatta' model, which was later selected by the school. Whether it was a school assignment, a wedding responsibility, or designing a new machine-Kaka always stood beside me as my pillar of courage. His unwavering trust in me has been the force that propels me forward.

There is so much to say, so much to write about him, yet if I reveal everything, this narrative will cease to be his autobiography and will instead become an ode to the love between Rajoo and me.

In essence: Kaka is my mother.

Shwetang Ramesh Monani - Son



Things that first come to my mind when I think about kaka - strong, fearless, loyal, honest and most of all person with full of love, empathy and kindness who cares about everyone around him.

For me it has always been someone whom I can turn to in the hardest of times with whatsoever problem I have and then be literally carefree. I have never seen him as my wife's father; the relation I share with him is of father and son. May be the relation started because of Khushboo but as far as I can remember I was never treated as a son in law, the love and care I have got has been no less than any of his children have received, in fact sometimes I feel I have got more than others.

My first interaction with him which I remember was when I was being vetted for Khushboo for marriage. He had taken me to Ahmedabad on pretext of selection for new home being constructed in Manavadar, Khushboo was in London. It was the worst interview a guy could give to a girl's father; I practically knew nothing he asked me. At that time I was scared if he would say no for the marriage. Maybe I was in luck or he saw something in me (I was honest in whatever answers I gave), he accepted me with open arms and there was never looking back after that.

He is someone who puts trust blindly on the people he loves and expects the same in return, and to protect them he could go to any extent. It is hard to find people like kaka who have a strong will power and adhere to what they commit.

When I see kaka, I see a role model who personifies strong will power and determination to do what it takes to achieve his goals and fulfill his commitments. He is definitely very short tempered and all the children are pretty much scared if something sensitive has to be conveyed to him and I have always wondered why?

In fact for me whatever the matter it is, if I have committed a crime or I have a completely different opinion in any matter, I have never felt scared of him because with him I have felt secure. It is like talking to someone who loves you unconditionally, who would go any length to protect you and stand by your side no matter what we have done. He might get angry, scold you but would never do anything which would hurt you. Sometimes it may take more than a couple of tries to put forward your point, but we all have our beliefs and he respects it and gives your beliefs a shot if you can logically put forward your point.

He is different than anyone, I have met. Is he a bit arrogant? yes and why he shouldn't be, his intentions are honest, his heart is pure and stands by to what he says. For me to be who he is, a bit of arrogance is needed. Actually I would rather say he is proud man - a person who takes pride in his actions, his beliefs and his family. All call him KAKA, with love, respect and admiration. For me he has been

more of a father, and bond I share with him is unique. I was surprised with the lovel have received from him and also I am scared of losing it. There are times when I see his energy and how he works, it inspires me and makes me do my best. But it also terrifies me at times as it is just impossible to match up to his speed. He just doesn't get tired of working, it is amazing to see such energy but at same time scares me if I can match his energy level, maybe someday I will.

Over the past two years after losing kaki, I have seen him in immense pain. I can see him smiling, but his eyes tell a different story. I understand the loss he has to deal with on a daily basis but it scares me to see him in so much pain. Sometimes when I am sitting near him I have no idea what to talk and just leave from there.

Sometimes it feels like he is losing his will to be himself and is pushing along, and some days one can see a small spark when he is reviving to be his old self like when I saw him with Dev sleeping on his chest and the smile he had was something I had not seen in a very long time. It is hard to describe him and my feeling for him but he is someone who is like a pillar of strength. I know in my heart and in my mind that I can turn to him without any fear whenever I need him.

Utsav Kishor Doshi - Son

The Individual under discussion is not merely my 'uncle' but, in every existential, emotional, and spiritual sense, my father. Even today, the vast majority of those affiliated with our business are convinced that Rajookaka is my biological father.

My bond and tacit understanding with him are far stronger than those I share with my birth-father, Kishorbhai. After Khushbooben, the most extraordinary attunement within the Doshi family exists between me and Rajookaka-and this is unanimously acknowledged. From the moment of my birth in 1988 until this very day, I am perhaps the only son of the Doshi lineage who has unfailingly shadowed him.

Though I was born in Bhavnagar, my father was transferred there, and I was enrolled in St. Xavier's. But I detested the idea of going to school. Each morning, when my mother attempted to rouse me, I would clutch a hairpin in protest and cry inconsolably-even with a toothbrush stuck in my mouth. In those moments, my mother, Nitaben, would telephone my uncle in Manavadar and say, 'Utsav has woken up-and is weeping because he refuses to go to school. You speak to him.'

And then the telephone would ring. The moment the receiver was placed in my hand, a single sentence from my uncle-'Get up, my son; let us get ready for school'-would dissolve every tear. I would instantly compose myself and walk to school in silence. This was not some ephemeral charm that lasted a week or two; this ritual persisted for three consecutive years.

Even today (in 2023), when I reflect upon it, I realize I never abhorred school-I had merely become addicted to the warmth that overflowed from my uncle's voice. He has always been, for me, an angel in human form. Throughout my schooling, whenever I had a project to complete, my disinterest in academics would surface, and my uncle would sit with me-though in truth, I merely sat beside him while he created the entire project. At the science fair, a satellite-and-constellation project crafted by him reached the national level, though the acclaim it received belonged wholly to him.

My uncle's words have been a kind of sacred mantra for me since childhood. I later went to Germany for higher studies. After three and a half years of study there, I felt a strong desire to pursue a PhD. As always, I spoke to my uncle first. He said nothing at that moment-but the following week, I received an email: 'You should return to Rajkot. I need you here at Rajoo Engineers.' On the third day, I flew back to Rajkot with luggage weighing over a quintal. For me, nothing-absolutely nothing-has ever outweighed my uncle's wishes.

Another truth must be stated: I am the first child, after Khushbooben, to join Rajoo Engineers. She had been trained by our elder father, Chandrakantbhai, but I am a disciple entirely shaped under the tutelage of Rajookaka. I know every contour of his nature. He ends phone calls the moment the business at hand is concluded-never with a 'goodbye.' For us children, nothing he says is ever dismissed as exaggerated or impossible.

Once, from Germany, I sent him a photograph of a Porsche Boxster simply because I admired the model. I did not even know then that a Porsche begins at one crore. His response was instantaneous: 'If you like it, buy it.' At one point, he even contemplated procuring a helicopter.

I owe more of who I am today to my uncle than to my father. During my studies, I was indolent to the point of negligence. I never once stepped into a laboratory in the 12th standard. As exams approached, I confessed this to my uncle. He personally ensured that the laboratory of Manavadar Government High School was opened exclusively for me, for several days, so that I alone could learn every practical-Physics, Chemistry, and Biology.

From 1988 to 2023, my memories with him are so innumerable and so deeply carved into my being that words fall short. I could recount thirty-five years in meticulous detail. For instance, his shortened name is R.D. (Rajoo Doshi), known among his friends simply as R.D.-a title that Rajoo interprets as 'Darbar.' Yet this Darbar is a court of the heart, governed once by only two people: Khushbooben and Ritakaki. After Ritakaki's departure, a seismic transformation occurred in him.

His conversation diminished, his laughter extinguished, his humour silenced. A complete quietude descended upon him.

In truth, the man called 'uncle' by the world has always been-irrefutably, unquestionably-my father.

Pallav Kishor Doshi - Son

'Aham Brahmāsmi'-the proclamation that the essence of Brahman and the self are indivisibly one-perfectly encapsulates what Rajookaka signifies to me. The vitality, the inward luminosity, the quiet certitude, the sensitivity, the temperament, and the profoundly awakened persona that this Mahāvākya embodies have always manifested before my eyes in the character of Rajookaka. For me, if ever there were an immaculate embodiment of 'Simple Living, High Thinking,' it is unquestionably him.

Over the years, many have offered divergent interpretations of Rajookaka. They have spoken of his irascibility, his obstinacy, his mercurial moods, his fierce aversions, and his incandescent anger. Yet I contend that the very traits others categorise as limitations or flaws are, in truth, the sublime peculiarities that shaped the singular being known as the One and Only Rajookaka.

The remarkable paradox within him is this: he is simultaneously contemplative and deeply pragmatic. He perceives others with clarity, and he possesses the rare humility to recalibrate himself-his thoughts or his words-when he deems it necessary. He has delighted me, indulged me, and enveloped me in affection beyond measure. Between 2006 and 2009, while I was studying in London, I did not work part-time like other students. Consequently, I travelled back to India three or four times a year-and during those years, the only unwavering pillars who supported me were my elder father (Chandrakantbhai Doshi) and Rajookaka.

Even today, I feel my attunement with him is exceptional-and all six of us siblings acknowledge it, for in his eyes, none of us is 'special,' yet each of us is wholly cherished.

His love for Rita Kaki is a phenomenon of such purity that it has shaped my own understanding of devotion. From him, I learned that one must never fear risk and must never retreat from responsibility. After her departure, the colour has drained not only from his attire but from his life itself. The earlier sharpness in his affirmation and negation, in his 'yes' and 'no,' has been subdued. His love for her inspires me to love my own wife with an unconditional, steadfast tenderness. The love between Rajookaka and Ritakaki remains, for me, exemplary-almost sacred.

Once, if Rajookaka said 'no,' no power on earth could compel a 'yes.' Now, if we insist, he acquiesces-not because he has changed, but because love has softened his once-impenetrable boundaries. When we children convinced him to join us on a trip to Kerala, he agreed only to humour our sentiments, yet he adhered to his self-imposed condition that he would not accompany us on any sightseeing excursion.

I express my reverence and affection for Rajookaka in this manner-through thoughts steeped in gratitude, devotion, and awe.

He is all about others and selflessness.
He just doesnt want to let others down,
is also what keeps him going continuously.
His heart is pure and stubborn like a child.
He is literally everything for all of us.
Nobody in our family can live without him.
Our love for him is as pure as Dev's smile.

He is the fuel, he is the fire,
He is the cold, he is the warmth.
For who he is, he is our Beyul
With him even the deads want to live, sing, dance
He is not perfect, he is far from perfection.
But he is the best kind of most lovable imperfection.

Chandni Pallav Doshi - Daughter

Kaka is the very definition of love - a love that protects every child selflessly and without limits. For him, his children are his entire world, and for me, he is the greatest ideal of a human being. His nature is a beautiful balance of stubbornness and affection. His anger and his love both have their own unique intensity. Whenever something goes wrong, the first thought that crosses our mind is - "What will kaka say?" Will he scold us, or will he explain with kindness? No one can ever predict it.

Whenever I have a question or confusion, my instinct is to go straight to Kaka. He explains everything with love, and Kaka truly knows everything. Ask him anything - the answer will always be right and meaningful.

Let me share an experience. A short time after Pallav and I got married, I still did not know Kaka very closely. Kaka always referred to all the children as my children. One day, he called me and said, "Son, if you are free today, come and meet me in the factory." I went, not knowing what he wanted to talk about. He sat with me and began to explain how to live at home - not as if he was lecturing a daughter-in-law, but as if he was lovingly guiding a daughter. For Kaka, daughters and daughters-in-law are not two categories - he always says, "I have six daughters," and truly no outsider could tell who is a daughter and who is a daughter-in-law in this family.

But the truth is, when you wear what Kaka selects, you automatically look beautiful.

I could write endlessly about Kaka and still feel the pages are too few. His relationship with every person is unique - it cannot be fully described in words. And the love between Kaka and Kaki… even imagination falls short. Those who have seen it understand. The way they wore matching clothes every day, the way Kaki would be at Kaka's side while he ate, the way she made tea for him no matter where they were, the selfies at temples - it was a love unlike anything we have ever seen. Even their little arguments looked like those of newlyweds - a playful fight followed by someone convincing the other. Watching them, we would feel, "This is what true love looks like."

Kaka knows everything that goes on in the family - who is happy, who is upset, who has gone out, who is travelling, who needs advice, and who needs teasing. Only Kaka can take care of everyone with this level of attention and love. And yes - Kaka's anger is unforgettable. When he gets angry, a strange silence falls over the entire house. Everyone acts as if they cannot speak - that's how powerful his presence is. Yet his humour and playfulness are equally strong. In all this time, I have only seen him truly angry two or three times.

Shopping is fun only when Kaka is there. I love taking him along, though if Kaka chooses a saree, then I must buy it - there's no discussion. But the truth is, when you wear what Kaka selects, you automatically look beautiful. His love is something that cannot be expressed fully in words. Only those who are truly blessed get the chance to experience it.

Kruti Chintan Doshi-Rajpura - Daughter

My father - a man of quick temper yet boundless tenderness. To a daughter, a father is nothing less than a sovereign king.

Whenever life presents a crisis, my very first thought is always the same: Father is there - and he will make everything right. Even after a decade of marriage from 25-11-1988, whenever something goes wrong, instinctively my heart still whispers, What would father tell me to do?

From learning to ride a bicycle in childhood, to sipping soda in the examination hall during final exams, from wedding shopping to childbirth - every milestone of my life has unfolded under his protective shadow. Among his six children, I am perhaps the most timid, yet when my eyes rest upon him, an extraordinary courage awakens in me.

The most devastating chapter of my life has been the absence of my mother - and

even in that unbearable void, my strength comes from simply looking at my father. 'A father is the one who buries his own wounds in silence just to preserve his child's smile.' Every morning he calls to ask how I am and veils his own suffering behind casual words. Whenever I ask him over the phone how he is, he always replies with only two words: "High class." And yet, only his daughters can decipher the seventeen hundred concealed agonies behind that single answer.

Whenever any of the twelve grandchildren falls ill, my father arrives instantly - without needing to be called. He phones at least three times a day to inquire about their health. In obtaining anything or facing any hardship, his support stands like a pillar; with his backing alone, convincing the entire household becomes effortless - whether it be marriage or any difficult decision.

They never express their problems, confusion, pain or distress

'Patience as vast as the earth, stature as high as the sky - God sculpted this human form out of His own thirst for love. He absorbs every ounce of his child's pain within himself - and we call this living image of God Father.'

Just two days ago, little Naira came to me and said, "Mommy, why don't you take me to buy toys? We are fine, but if we want something, we ask Nana." Even if a child refuses to go to school, only Nana can persuade them - not mother.

I know you, Father - but language trembles before what you truly are to me. The ground beneath my feet gives me the right to stand, but you are the sky that allows me to live.

Chintan Vijay Rajpura - Son

Rajoo Pappa - a name that, merely upon reaching the ear, sends a surge of adrenaline through the body. It evokes strength, warmth, assurance, and an inexplicable sense of safety. Before marriage, all I had ever heard was the legend of the fiery and formidable Rajoobhai. But after marriage, I learned, I witnessed, and I felt - and what I discovered was entirely deeper, richer, and more extraordinary than the stories.

The eleven years I have spent in his presence have imparted lessons that are nothing short of a philosophy of life :

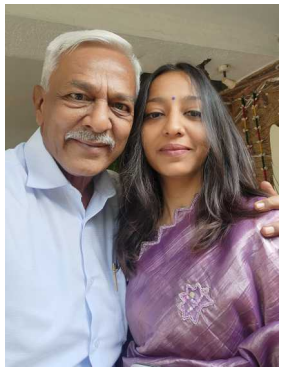
1. Live life with unshakable fearlessness.
2. Compete not with the world, but with your own yesterday.
3. What you resolve to do - pursue relentlessly until success becomes unavoidable.
4. Never capitulate to frustration.
5. If a person wishes to attempt something new, become their greatest supporter.
6. Give your family the gift of your time - the rarest currency of love.
7. Eat sparingly - always less than what the stomach demands.
8. Honour time - remain mentally equanimous in both prosperity and adversity.
9. Live simply. Think wisely.
10. Do not chase wealth blindly - pursue purpose, and prosperity will follow.
11. And through it all - retain the ability to laugh, to enjoy, and to remain childlike.

One of the greatest teachings he offers is that he rose above his own unbearable physical suffering, acquired rigorous knowledge of alternative medicine, and then used that wisdom not for profit, but for the service of humanity. We always claim that everyone has only twenty-four hours in a day and no time to do anything new - that life is consumed by the cycle of home to work and work to home.

Yet even today - at this age - Pappa manages the household, the factory, the farms, the old-age home, and several other responsibilities simultaneously, with a tirelessness that defies imagination. In twenty-five years he has worked with the intensity of fifty. Through him, a spark of power flows in our blood - and I feel that this flame must continue to burn for another decade or two.

He is not merely a person - he is a life-force.

Karishma Rajesh Doshi - Daughter



Papa and my forever favourite,

Father, you are my guiding star in life. You have been a constant source of strength, wisdom, and love and your ever- present aura lights up the pages of my life.

A few memories that are forever etched in my heart include 'Chakkar nights' - every single day, without exception. It was a tradition for all of us: Mom, Dad, and we 3-4 siblings. We would go for a 'chakkar marva' every evening after dinner. All of us would eagerly pile into the car for a ride. On the way, we'd indulge in ice creams, or drink fresh fruit juices without the usual ice and sugar, or sometimes, even skip a snack. Throughout the ride, we'd chat about our day and share interesting stories along with all the laughter and chatter and singing old songs. What made those moments truly special was how you - papa, initiated these efforts to ensure that even the most mundane activities can be an integral part of our lives. You were teaching us that life's spice lies not just in grand adventures but also in the everyday bonds of family. Your dedication to our family has always left me in awe.

And saying this, I cannot help but emphasize that you have always been the same for all of us, whether it's 6 or 10 siblings. You, as Mama, Kaka, Uncle, or any other role, have been a key figure in all our lives. Your relationship with each one of us, sons and daughters alike, has always been the same, or I say, even better for us daughters. For us, you have been not just a father but a friend, a confidant, and a source of unwavering support. Your consistency in treating us all with lo respect is a testament to your incredible personality and the profound impact had on each of our lives.

Another invaluable lesson and the most important life blueprint from whether as a brother, father, uncle, or friend, is the importance of empathy in relationship. You have shown us that kindness and compassion towards others not just virtues but essential aspects of a fulfilling life. Your actions speak volum about the significance of lending a helping hand and being there for everyone of anyone who's in need. 'Empathy,' you once told me, is the thread that weaves the fabric of strong and meaningful relationships. This life insight from you has not only resonated with me but also it has left a deep- rooted stamp on my heart and soul and has transformed the way I interact with the world.

This legacy of emotional intelligence and resilience is a proof to your wisdom,

Your ability to express your emotions openly and then swiftly move forward with a clean slate is a valuable lesson you've unknowingly imparted on me. It has illuminated the significance of effective communication, forgiveness, and the inner strength derived from addressing problems rather than allowing them to fester.

This legacy of emotional intelligence and resilience is a proof to your wisdom, and it has not only fortified our bonds but has also influenced us to be more compassionate and understanding in our interactions with others.

These memories, along with countless others, continue to shape me and fill my life with warmth and love. Thank you for being not just my father but my mentor, my friend, my problem solver and my eternal favorite. Your influence in my life is immeasurable, and I am forever grateful.

Ankit Ajay Shah - Son

Rajoo papa is more than just a father-in-law to me. He is a mentor, and a role model. Listening to stories from Karishma when we were dating, I had always heard that 'Papa ne bov gusso aave', 'papa ochu bole', so naturally I maintained my distance with him in the beginning. But it was he, who took interest in my life and in getting to know me and make me feel comfortable. Very soon I realized, the tougher he seems from the outside, the softer he is from the inside.

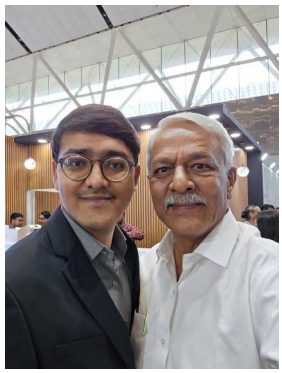
Within a few months into my marriage, I was showered with not one but two dads. While, Kishor Papa made my social involvement in the family a breeze and made me feel like a family member from day one, Rajoo Papa on the other hand took interest in my profession and started giving me ideas and motivation on how I can use my skills and knowledge to identify a business opportunity. Rita mummy and Rajoo papa would call me every two days to check on me when I was in US.

It is surprising to us that how Rajoo papa is able to manage and find time for everything. If we discuss an idea with him or just ask him for his guidance something, within a few hours he will send us so much information on the topic that it would take us 2-3 days just to go through it. His energy, enthusiasm and the willingness to never sit idle is contagious. Always, when we would go to see him in his office at Rajoo after our lunch at the canteen and feeling a little lazy, just a short conversation with him would energize us.
One of the things that I admire most about Rajoo Papa is his unwavering work ethic and entrepreneurial spirit. He has inspired us to pursue our own passions and has given us the tools and motivation to identify business opportunities that we may not have otherwise considered.

He is a great listener as well. If you talk to him about something casually, 3-4 months later he may try to help you with that problem and at that time you will think "How did he know", but then you will realize after a few minutes "Oh yes, I told him this 3-4 months ago".

He has been a constant source of guidance and support, always there to offer advice or lend an ear when I need it most. I am grateful to have him in my life.

Utkarsh Rajesh Doshi - Son



One day I received a message from my father. He wrote, 'I am composing my autobiography - its title shall be Ek Hato Rajoo. I need your unvarnished reflections written from the standpoint of "Pappa", "Kaka", "Mama", and "Bhai". I wish to include them in the book. Help me keep this work authentic. I will remain indebted to you.'

Until that moment, I had never written anything for anyone. I did not know how to begin nor what to write. To contribute to my father's autobiography seemed impossible - not because he lacks stories, but because there is nothing about him that the world does not already know. After much contemplation and hesitation, I finally began to write.

The love of Rajoo Pappa has always been incandescent - a love distinguished by its ferocity of affection and immeasurable warmth. Everyone knows he smokes beedi; very few know that there was a moment in his life when he was prepared to quit - and that I was both the reason he resolved to stop and the reason he resumed smoking.

I was born in 1995. My father was inside the operation theatre during the delivery. After the caesarean was completed and I was born, he stepped outside, flung his beedi and the entire box to the ground - that was his first reaction to my arrival. The paediatrician present examined me and then informed Dr. Rajesh Doshi that there was no opening in my body through which excretion could take place. The doctor came out and told my father of my congenital condition. Upon hearing this, my father immediately picked up the same beedi he had thrown and asked only one question: "Does Rita know?"

From the moment of my birth, my parents relentlessly sought every possible treatment for my condition. Within hours of my arrival into the world, my father opened the Jetpur–Gaman railway gate and took me to Rajkot for medical intervention. By the time I reached the age of five, I had undergone seven major

surgeries before my family could finally see me slowly move towards health. The strength of my mother, my father, and my family made those seven surgeries - and the long battle after that - survivable. Rita mommy was always beside me.

Because of my medical condition, my mother and father lived apart for nearly ten years. My father travelled between Manavadar and Rajkot for work while my mother cared for me and Champa Baa with tireless vigilance. One night my father slept in Rajkot, the next night in Manavadar.

Whenever he came to Manavadar, we would have dinner together on a single tipi in our old home, Vatsalya, and then I would sit on his lap on the swing as we watched movies late into the night. Even today, the ritual of eating together on the same plate has never changed between my father and me.

To safeguard my health, my father established an English Medium School in the village of Manavadar - simply so that I would not have to travel far. I studied there from LKG to 10th standard. I consider myself extraordinarily blessed to have Rajoo Pappa as my father. All fathers will give everything for their children - but not every father will conceive of building a school for his child. While writing this, I dare to confess that if one were to cut my finger and blood flowed out, every drop would still owe a debt to my father and mother. If I dedicated the wealth of seven lifetimes to God, even then my parents would remain my creditors.

Pappa has always supported our mischief. With him, all children become fearless. I do not remember a single instance where I - or any child - was scolded by him for mischief.

God has endowed my father with extraordinary acumen - the ability to control expenditure without compromising quality and the genius to recognise and implement new technologies. His relentless work ethic is a perpetual inspiration to us - to keep striving, to persevere without hesitation until we reach our goals.

Rita mommy remained with me physically from my birth until 21 April 2022. Those years were the happiest of my life. My mother - my friend - taught me countless lessons of living. When she passed away, it felt as though an entire chapter of existence had come to an end. Grief has two layers: the first is her absence; the second is learning to continue life within that absence.

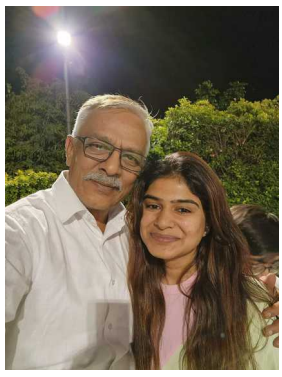
After her passing, whenever my father returns home in the evening, his face carries a sorrow that words cannot describe - a silence, a numbness, an unspoken ache. Seeing that disappointment and emptiness on his face makes my heart collapse from within.

His abandonment of colourful clothes, wristwatches, rings, evening snacks, and sweets - all of it hurts deeply. Even when his body aches, he says nothing; I know that if Rita mommy were here, he would have told only her. He does not allow anyone to press his legs when he is in pain. He stays awake late into the night and rises early as always - a routine that is silently destroying his health. He will never admit it, but every member of the family carries worry for him in their heart.

Before marriage, my wife Urvashi and I had dreamed of spending time with both - Rita mommy and Rajoo father - especially at our farmhouse. Fate did not allow us that time with Rita mommy. Now whenever father goes to the farmhouse, we long to accompany him - but he never takes us along.

I often feel I could not do enough for my mother. But for my father - for as long as breath exists in my body - I want to spend my life doing more and more for him.

Urvashi Utkarsh Doshi - Daughter



January 17, 2015, a notification popped up on my screen inviting me to accept a friend request from Rajesh Doshi (Utkarsh's father).

A very sophisticated and informative Facebook wall profile covering almost all the practical subjects like medical science, political issues, fun family photos, and so on. At first glance, anybody would think a young social media enthusiast would have turned out it. Curiously, I accepted to know more about it, and I believe that day was the very first conversation I had with him. And that was a 360 degree opposite experience from what I have heard from Utkarsh.

While working in Pareewartann and dating Utkarsh in those days, I guess we have met many a times from A Facebook Friend / To Utkarsh's father / To Mr Doshi/ To RND/To Rajoo Uncle / To Pappa/ To Naanu...

A person who is humepenthe and has demonstrated a dedicated, giant balloon-sized heart, performing so many roles over these years with an earnest attitude, without expecting anything in return.

One day, I was called up by Rita Maa to Shrutina for a casual meet. During my first visit to Utkarsh's home, I talked with Rita Maa for around one hour. At that time, Naanu was at the factory. But when I was about to leave, he entered the house, greeted me and went to the clinic as he was rushing.

In August 2021, our families met and decided on the engagement date. All these times, I had the majority of interaction with Rita Maa. With Naanu, I had a minimal conversation as and when he was around during a phone call with Rita Maa.

Soon after my engagement, it was my first Ganpati Mahotsav of Panchavati Ka Raja. On the day of Ganpati Visarjan, I went with everyone for the visarjan. There were many friends of Naanu, and all were planning to go to Kedarnath. The second innings group was all set to plan to go to Kedarnath. All of them invited me to join the trip, but unfortunately, I could not go as my university exams of masters were on head. I wish I could have gone on the journey as I would have been able to spend more time with Rita Maa.

In March 2022, Rita Maa called to plan Rajoo Pappa's birthday. And we were discussing getting him some jeans as a gift. Those days when Naanu used to match clothes with Rita Maa, and now Naanu only wears a White shirt as if he has thrown away all the colours from his life.

After the demise of immortal Rita Maa, my interaction with Naanu even lessens. I find myself longing for the days when Rita Maa was around, as she was the bridge that connected me to Naanu. Without her, our interactions have become few and far between, leaving a void in my life.

During the finalising of the wedding date, Utkarsh & I thought to prolong the engagement considering my final year exams for my masters, but Naanu did not favour the same. He stated his disapproval with slight anger at that time, and after that, he texted me 'Sorry' and said that Utkarsh & I could plan a wedding when we wanted to. But luckily, we both, Utkarsh & I were ready to get married on the glorious date of 29th November 2023.

During the wedding bookings, when I was there at Shrutina, I heard many times Naanu saying that it was not the wedding of my son; it was the wedding of my daughter. As rightly noted by Utkarsh about Naanu, then his affection is beyond imagination. I am truly blessed to have Naanu in my life.

Now Naanu only wears a White shirt as if he has thrown away all the colours from his life.

A few days before my wedding, we went to Manavadar along with Nita Aunty & Naanu to collect all the jewellery of Rita Maa from the bank locker. Naanu showed me all the pieces of jewellery to me and asked me to try each of them. I could see his love and pain for Rita Maa and losing her at the same time.

I remember Rita Maa's words regarding visiting Manavadar that we would go altogether and do a night halt at Manavadar. Alas!

We could not cherish those wished moments. After the wedding, Naanu planned a visit to Manavadar, but we eventually cancelled the plan as Rita Maa's words hummed into my ears.

When I used to talk with Rita Maa, per her, Naanu's routine started around 8 in the morning, and he would always be in a jolly mood. Rita Maa mentioned that Naanu would usually begin his day by enjoying a hearty breakfast and catching up on the news. Despite his busy schedule, he never failed to greet everyone with a warm smile and a cheerful attitude. But now, his routine has changed. At times, he seems distant and lost in thought in a total blue funk. It feels that he is not the same person; he has two different personalities.

Rita Maa used to ask the factory's employee by a direct call to check whether Naanu had lunch or not. She used to call him to decide the food menu for dinner. But now, when I or anyone else from the house calls him for the dinner menu, he gets irritated.

With Rita Maa, he used to visit the temple within the home, but now, he only worships Rita Maa through dhoop. Naanu!!

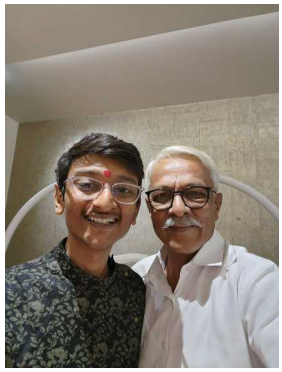
A person who he is more like a mother figure to Utkarsh and me after Rita maa's demise, not only he is that but he playing both the roles of Maa and Papa... but papa without maa?

Unnati Hemant Ajemra - Niece

Someone has rightly given the name Ma+Ma = Mama, my Rajoomama personifies this by giving us the ocean of love. When I see him, the three things that I always feel is the epitome of strength, an undying quest to gain knowledge and kindness to all beings around. These are the most important things which I would want to imbibe in my life as well. His energy is extremely infectious, the times when I feel low or not that great in life, the moment I see him I get the boost of energy within me. His ability to work nonstop without boasting or keeping anything on head is so very inspiring.

His kind hearted nature to help selflessly or his fun loving nature to make other people smile or he just by being himself inspires the world around are all the things that I look upto. I know whenever I will need him, he will be just a call away and the great thing about him is he will receive it in just one ring. He plays a major role in the lifestyle that I am blessed with today. Thank you mama for everything. I would pray hard to get you as my mama in all my births.

Tanmay Hemant Ajemra - Nephew



Penning down my memories with mama

Introduction :

Much of what I know about my mama comes not from his direct accounts, but rather from my mother's vivid stories. Over the years, she has shared numerous anecdotes that paint a remarkable picture of my mama's life journey. These tales range from his fearless and daring childhood escapades to his unwavering determination and tireless work ethic as he went on to establish the renowned company, Rajoo.

Inspiration :

Among the many stories my mom shares about my mama, one stands out vividly. It's the tale of his relentless work ethic as he poured his heart and soul into building the empire known as Rajoo. My mama's commitment was awe-inspiring; there were days when he worked around the clock, pushing himself to the limit with 48-hour marathons. He is the only person, I had the privilege of witnessing the journey up close, and build such a great empire. He is my greatest inspiration.

Superscooter :

One day, completely out of the blue, mama surprised me with a superscooter. I was around 14 years old at the time, and that gift was nothing short of legendary. When it arrived, he unveiled it that very night, leaving me in sheer amazement. The scooter was so cool that it turned me into an instant sensation, not just at school but throughout the entire city. Mama's thoughtful gesture not only brought immense joy to my teenage years but also reaffirmed why I'm so proud to call him my mama.

Debates :

In a friendly and spirited debate centered around a fiction book, mama and I found ourselves exploring the merits of reading. He playfully taunted me, suggesting that reading should be about something useful to those around you. I couldn't help but challenge his perspective, staunchly defending the value of fiction literature. He posed the question, "Isn't expanding one's vocabulary a commendable endeavor?" To which he readily agreed. However, I countered with, "In that case, why not just read a dictionary?" We both shared a chuckle as I made my point. Undeterred, I pressed on, emphasizing the importance of nurturing our imaginations. "What about the benefits of enhancing one's creativity and imagination?" I asked. My mama nodded in agreement once more. Then, I seized the opportunity to drive home my argument, explaining that reading fiction accomplishes both goals simultaneously. Our debate, punctuated by laughter and camaraderie, highlighted the diverse ways in which literature can enrich our lives, whether through expanding our vocabulary or fueling our creative spirits.

Close to my heart :

Reflecting on the painful loss of my father's loss 2 and half years back, I find solace and strength in the unwavering support of mama and our family. I am eternally grateful for his support. I couldn't have asked for a better Mama who is like a father figure for me. Words can never fully capture the depth of pain and sorrow my Mama is going through since losing Mami. I wish to send him lots of love which I hope comforts and heals him, however little.

My Mama possesses an uncanny ability-through intuition, interpersonal acumen and sheer relational influence to accomplish tasks that no one else can achieve, regardless of how much money they may offer.

Conclusion :

In conclusion, he is my real-life super hero. he is the one whose story I hear and I aspire to be like him. I aspire to be so generous and helpful to society like him. I aspire to be such a strong pillar for our family like him and I aspire to be so hardworking and fearless like him.

Pulkit Anup Modi - Nephew

Countless have altered the trajectory of time itself,
yet only the select and the sublime have succeeded in conquering love.

These lines of Saif Saheb were first recited to me by the one who has triumphed in love, my beloved 'prem mān fāvi jānar' - Rajoo Mama. In my childhood, during our journeys from Junagadh to Manavadar, Utkarsh, Mama-Mami and I would listen to Gujarati ghazals and old Hindi love songs in the car. To a very great extent, whatever affection, pride, and emotional fluency I now possess for the Gujarati language was forged in those early years through those ghazals that permeated my heart long before I understood poetry.

My Mama possesses an uncanny ability - through intuition, interpersonal acumen, and sheer relational influence - to accomplish tasks that no one else can achieve, regardless of how much money they may offer. His physical presence - the firmness of his health, the eloquence of his eyes, the iron-like grain of his palms - gives him the stature of a strict and formidable elder. Yet I have witnessed him indulge everyone, young and old alike, especially children, with such tenderness that at the age of merely fourteen, I sent him a message seeking his help to resolve my first romantic crisis.

Even at twenty-eight, I remain astonished - while others diminish in spirit with age, my Mama continues to invest inexhaustible hours into his work. He spends almost every evening and late night reading books, yet if you sit beside him for merely two minutes, he generates such tranquillity that your mind resets instantly. For many of our worries, there exists one universal solution: "I will tell Rajoo - and it will be done."

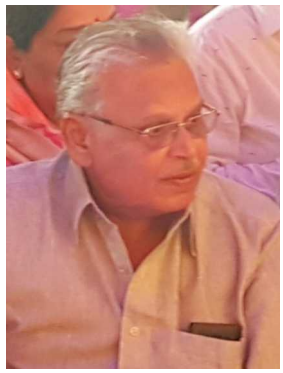
At home and at the factory, I have repeatedly seen the phrase become law: "Rajoobhai has said it; therefore it must be done exactly that way." Not explanations, not justifications - only trust. And inevitably, his way proves to be the correct way.

If one wishes to witness his aesthetic sensibilities in their purest form, one only needs to look at Rita's waadi - or at his innumerable photographic masterstrokes on Facebook (for despite persistent pleading, he refuses to send them directly!).

I have heard him remark many times, "There are people in the village far more intelligent than us - if we have money today, it is purely our good fortune." Rather than glorifying his own accomplishments and years of relentless labour, he teaches us - and especially the children - to remain grounded, humble, and free from arrogance.

To my Mama, I offer gratitude beyond what language can contain - for the countless indelible experiences he has given me, and for simply being my Mama.

Mahendra M. Panchmiya - Brother-in-law



Although Rajoobhai is the youngest among all the brother-in-laws, he stands foremost in every conceivable sphere of endeavour. In his native Manavadar, he co-founded Rajoo Engineers Limited along with his elder brothers, Chandrakantbhai and Kishorbhai. Through his entrepreneurial foresight and formidable business acumen, he earned renown both nationally and internationally. Under his leadership, the company evolved into an industry of the highest order, with nearly 80–85% of its manufactured machines being exported across the world.

Rajoobhai has always possessed an intrinsic genius for taking audacious decisions. With his familial loyalty, boundless affection, and intensely emotional disposition, he has woven the entire family into a single, unbreakable fabric. Whoever approaches him-regardless of the magnitude or complexity of their distress-finds their problem resolved. Even if he is inwardly burdened or fatigued, he greets every departing visitor with a smile, a blessing, and goodwill.

His reading is vast and eclectic. He is a veritable repository of Ayurvedic wisdom.

His intellectual pursuits are profound. His reading is vast and eclectic. He is a veritable repository of Ayurvedic wisdom. Having earned an M.D. in Naturopathy, he now serves humanity with absolute selflessness, devoting three days each week to healing patients at his Holistic Healing Medical Center. There, he treats, without charge, individuals suffering from grievous conditions-cancer, severe burns, prostate cancer, and many other afflictions. Because of his treatment, countless patients recover from their ailments and depart not only healed, but with radiant smiles and heartfelt blessings.

Service to elders emanates naturally from his inner being. In Manavadar, he established the Chandrashruti Old Age Home, endowed with extensive facilities, where he cares for the residents as though they were his own parents. He accepts no compensation, and instead receives their silent prayers and blessings in return, while gently navigating the challenges that accompany elder care.

It is our hope that others draw inspiration from his noble deeds, emulate his example, and carry forward the spirit of public service.

Ritesh Makani, Mumbai - Nephew, son-in-law

What to say about Rajoo Massa ? I have been related to him through my wife. But I interact more with him then my wife.

I have not seen such a person son who is willing to serve people without any expectations. I have very high respect and truly admire him. He will gel up so well with anyone and everyone irrespective of their gender, age, wealth and societal status.

Though I have had limited chances of having a conversation with him but whenever you need advice, he is always available. I have always received a response immediately whenever I have reached out to him. I have complete confidence on his guidance and I try to ensure that my family members follow the same.

Pl do continue this noble cause.

Bhavesh Shah, Mumbai - Nephew, son-in-law

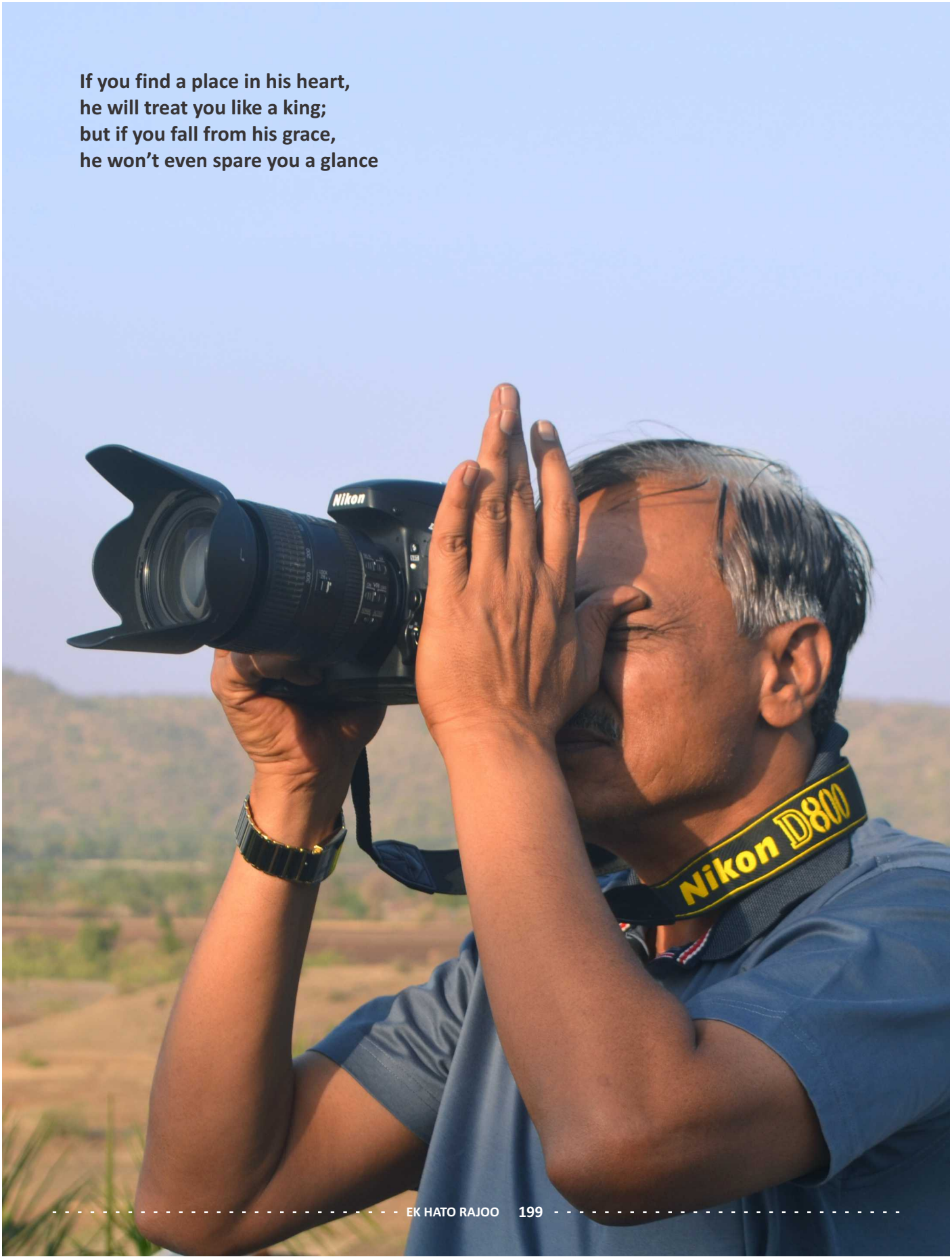
Rajoobhai Doshi - my uncle-in-law (Masaji) - a living embodiment of inspiration, and yet utterly devoid of vanity or self-importance. In today's so-called 'practical era', I consider such a persona to be a rarity on the verge of extinction. To treat countless individuals - familiar and unfamiliar alike - without remuneration, without expectation of gratitude, while continuously acquiring new knowledge and deploying it solely for the welfare of others, speaks of a constitution formed from an entirely different genetic fabric.

Yet the credit also belongs to the lineage - the spirit of philanthropy runs through the Doshi family like an ancestral inheritance. Rajoobhai serves humanity with his body, his intellect, and his wealth. And yes - when a catastrophic, thunderbolt-like grief strikes one's life, it requires a superhuman resilience to continue performing good deeds. I say this with absolute sincerity: Rajoobhai has been enduring that grief in silence - perhaps continuously attempting to conceal it from the world - but the truth is, the departure of my aunt, Ritaben, has shattered the emotional axis of our entire family. She was extraordinarily kind, affectionate, and generous - the thread of the rosary that held every bead together. Today, our family resembles pearls without the thread. If this is the emotional condition of the rest of us, it is terrifying to imagine the emotional crucifixion that Rajoobhai himself endures.

Ultimately, I can only conclude with this: 'How should a human being make the highest and noblest use of the life allotted to him?' The living answer - the exemplar - is my uncle, Rajoobhai Doshi.

Paternal-Grandson &
Daughter
Maternal-Grandson
& Daughter
Aayank, Naiera,
Durjoy, Kavit,
Yohan, Jivika

If you find a place in his heart,
he will treat you like a king;
but if you fall from his grace,
he won't even spare you a glance



Rajoo was a thinker - but never a thinker confined to the narrow walls of business or family. ■ **Rajiv Mehta** Chandrakantbhai insisted that Rajoo must become a businessman rather than an employee. ■ **Jayantibhai Zalawadia** Even in his youth he was known for an unshakeable will. Once his mind was set, no one could alter it. ■ **Rasik Dekiwadia** Whenever a factory machine malfunctioned or a new tool had to be created, Rajoo would travel all the way to Porbandar to search for the necessary technical book. ■ **Jaymin Goswami** Among all our friends, Rajoo was always a few steps ahead - in vision, in courage, in initiation. He had a different mind. ■ **Hasmukh Manavadaria** Men of such lavish generosity are exceedingly rare. In Manavadar, it has always been said that the Doshi family's 'flour' was huge- ■ **Manish Mehta** Rajoo has an unquenchable excitement for new experiences - and his planning is flawless. ■ **Rajesh Gandecha** Today, in the Rajoo Group, he plays the role of a true kingmaker. There is something rare about him - you cannot decide what to learn from him, because everything about him teaches something. ■ **J. A. Raval -** Never once have I seen even the slightest trace of arrogance or pride on his face. His identity remains that of a pure and simple human being. ■ **Paresh Dave** Rajoo is a man who built everything from nothing, and he has a lion's heart ! ■ **Vijay A. Sheth** in my forty-three-year career, I have met countless people, but I have not yet met a person like Rajoobhai - fearless, full of life, and one who goes to the very root of every subject. ■ **Gopalbhai Khirsariya** If one wishes to learn how to repay the debt of one's birthplace, there is no better example than Rajesh Doshi. ■ **Dilip Rayjada** Having money is one thing - spending it wholeheartedly for others is something completely different. That, one must learn from Rajubhai. ■ **Chiragben Gosai** Chandubhai's classic reply was, "As long as Rajoo turns ten lakhs into twelve lakhs, nothing worries me." ■ **Kirit B. Sanghvi** who lives in society yet carries the stillness of a saint - this is the open book that is the life of Rajoobhai. ■ **Yashvant Goswami** Just as the moisture of the earth clings lovingly to the roots of a tree, the warmth in Rajoobhai's words and relationships holds people close to him. ■ **Sonali Sameer Shah** Humble, fearless, affectionate, and forged from a material unlike any other. Someone worth knowing and worth remembering. ■ **Nirali Parekh**

Rajiv Mehta, Junagadh

To attempt to write about Rajoo Doshi today feels as naïve as trying to fill an ocean with a jug - a childish enterprise of containment. For to chronicle a relationship that began in 1990 and continues, unbroken and undiminished, even today - one would need to transform the forests of the earth into scribes, the oceans into ink, the planet into paper, and Lord Ganesha Himself into the writer. And even then, language would remain too small. Yet, bound by the limits of the human tongue, I attempt to clothe in words the emotions that rise from within.

1990–91 In those days - when Rajoo Engineers, which today sprints like Usain Bolt, was merely an unassuming apprentice in the industrial world - the visionary head of the family, Gurubandhu Shri Chandrakantbhai, dared to soar from a small, undeveloped village like Manavadar. Circumstances were harsh; every day was an assault with joints breaking at three points. Rajkot had barely tasted computers, yet Chandrakantbhai introduced computerised billing, accounting, and inventory management in Manavadar itself - and that is when our acquaintance began. Long days and longer nights of labour were the norm. I, too, threw myself completely into the challenge - taking a rattling vehicle from Junagadh to Manavadar, living there for days, only to return again. There were no lodges, no hotels - we ate at the homes of Chandrakantbhai or Rajoobhai, and slowly a professional association melted into deep intimacy. Shri Chandrakantbhai became Chandubhai and eventually simply, Bhai. Arguments came and went, and all that existed between us was you tell me, and I will do it; I tell you, and you will do it.

In those days, Rajoo was a "Jack of all trades" and even today, he remains just as versatile

From here begins the chapter of 'There was a Rajoo' - when he was but the second day of the lunar fortnight, a barely formed crescent of what he would one day become. What follows is the chronicle of a three-decade pilgrimage of memories... the narrative of the metamorphosis through which Rajoo has now emerged as the fully illumined full moon. It is the journey of a once-restless Rajoo evolving into a fully matured Rajoo. It is also the tale of the tender union of Rajoo and Rita - 'Do Jism Magar Ek Jaan', two bodies yet a single soul. In those early days, Rajoo was a young man with nothing - and even today, he remains a man with nothing, except the difference that once his enthusiasm surged like the waves of the sea crashing fervently upon the shore, while now his wisdom flows with the quiet, immeasurable depth of the still and silent ocean.

Soon the skies of Manavadar proved too small. A vast factory arose in Shapar, Rajkot. Research, recruitment, global markets, funding, government negotiations - the scale exploded. For years, work consumed everything: home, family, friends, even sleep. And yet, through this violent expansion, Rajoo Engineers Limited became India's eminent force in its sector - and now prepared to leap from the national to the international stage. The firm that represented Saurashtra at PlastIndia in Delhi now represented India in Germany - proudly. Machines that once were small and few became an expansive range; 80–85% of them were exported. Customer satisfaction was an absolute doctrine - entire plants were assembled, tested, disassembled, shipped abroad, and reassembled at the client site with trials and training.

Were I to narrate in detail, a separate volume would be required. Nothing about this growth was linear or effortless. Every achievement demanded a battle; every milestone exacted a toll; every solution gave birth to a new crisis.

Every new machine and every newly explored market unfailingly summoned a fresh set of challenges - and the moment one emerged victorious over them, yet another, more formidable problem stood waiting, like a silent adversary at the gates. The phrase "What They Don't Teach You at Harvard Business School" could have found its living embodiments in none other than our Rajoo and Chandubhai. From the very inception of their enterprise until this day, they learned as Eklavya learned - without a formal guru, without prior experience, without inherited industry blueprints - acquiring knowledge only through relentless trial, through error, through perseverance, through intuition. Each sunrise brought not certainty, but a new terrain of experience.

The blessings of their parents served as their invincible armor; their natural courage and tireless labour

were their weapons; their uncompromising fighting spirit, coupled with a deep inner resourcefulness and a compassionate heart - these were the Brahmāstra of this inseparable Ram–Lakshmana duo.

During this period of relentless professional ascent, the family that had lived in Manavadar for many years migrated to Rajkot. True to their ethos of treating employees as kin rather than subordinates, the Doshi Brothers arranged dignified residential accommodation and road transport for their staff. In the factory canteen, everyone - owners and workers alike - shared the same homely meals and labored together as one cohesive family.

Meanwhile, the next generation was blossoming: Kruti, Karishma, and Utkarsh were maturing under the affectionate and attentive motherhood of Rita Bhabhi. Soon Khushboo too would stand shoulder to shoulder in capability, and Utsav and Pallav were transforming into spirited young men, fierce and vibrant like youthful colts prepared for the charge. Up to that point, the narrative of life flowed in harmony with the natural order of events.

But no human life is exempt from the changing seasons of fate. The tide shifted, and an era of psychological upheaval began. First came the passing of the revered Ba. And then - whether by the relentless strain of toil or by the swiftness of destiny - Chandrakantbhai departed suddenly in early 2013.

From the very inception of their enterprise until this day, they learned as Eklavya learned

In an instant, every responsibility - home, family, business, and industry - cascaded onto the shoulders of Rajoo. And yet he bore them magnificently, first guided by the invisible presence of Chandrakantbhai's living influence, and later- after his departure-by memory alone.

In every industrial empire there exist three hierarchical strata. At the foundational tier are the Doers - the indispensable workforce, the bedrock upon which the edifice of corporate growth is constructed. In the early Manavadar era, Rajoo stood among them - labouring shoulder to shoulder, indistinguishable from the very foundation stones of the organisation.

Above them rises the second tier, the Developers - those who erect the superstructure of progress. They are the minds and hands who, through the coordinated force of sales and marketing, research and development, production units, and support architecture, preserve the quality of the company's offerings, enhance them, outperform competition, and scale one peak of achievement after another. From 1990 onward, for two unbroken decades, Rajoo embodied this role with impeccable distinction, elevating the company to an internationally celebrated stature.

At the summit of the hierarchy reside the Thinkers - those endowed with far-reaching vision, who safeguard not merely the future of tomorrow but of the next decade and the next generation. As expansion takes place, they withdraw from direct operational control, decentralise authority, and entrust power deliberately into capable hands. In this rarefied sphere, Rajoo did not merely succeed - he flourished.

Those who know him intimately will attest that Rajoo has never been enslaved by money; worldly advancement and the narcotic of fame have never swayed him. Until now, his success story has been narrated in a single linear direction - like a horse yoked to its carriage - but Rajoo's persona is profoundly multidimensional. There are facets yet unexplored, dimensions yet unrecognised.

The world knows the evolution of Rajoo Engineers, but now the inner evolution of Rajoo Doshi must be told. It is time to document the narrative of the man who maintains detachment amidst abundance; who lives in the midst of material comfort without being owned by it; who accepts failure with serenity rather than violate principle.

Everyone knows Rajoo the accomplished industrialist - but few know Rajoo the unwavering adherent of values. And so, we now turn to the unveiling of Rajoo's inner self...

To understand the next phase of the story, we must return once more to the flashback. Rajoo, whose early fascination lay with machines, harbored a deeper and more genuine interest in the management of human health. The human body - that miraculous, self-governing organism fashioned by nature - is, after all, the most extraordinary machine in existence.

Driven by an unwavering urge to innovate, around the year 2000, Rajoo established a pharmaceutical

company in Manavadar, equipped with a sophisticated plant and state-of-the-art laboratory. Fully aware of the life-threatening side effects of allopathic medicines, he introduced Ayurvedic formulations of uncompromising purity into the market. His philosophy was unequivocal: allopathy suppresses symptoms, whereas Ayurveda uproots the very cause of disease. Therefore, patients should minimize their reliance on allopathy and embrace the wisdom of our ancient medical scriptures. With this simple yet profound conviction, he founded the company.

Rajoo's experience in engineering ensured that not a single opportunity in marketing was overlooked. The quality of the formulations was exemplary. The company's internal research division operated with expertise and precision. The sales and marketing teams were seasoned professionals. Across the nation, the market potential was vast. The packaging, labeling, and pricing of the medicines were strategically impeccable. Success seemed inevitable - but sales did not follow.

After persistent and intense effort yielded no improvement, a professional survey was commissioned. The results were astonishing. With very few exceptions, no doctor was willing to prescribe the medicines. Some demanded commissions, some cash, some a car, some foreign tour tickets - a grotesque range of expectations emerged from every corner. With sharp intuition, Rajoo saw the truth: the entire industry operated on the same corrupt mechanism. Doctors, retailers, stockists, laboratories - every link was complicit. The system was rotten to its core. Only two paths remained: either become a cog in this corrupt machinery, or withdraw entirely.

Rajoo chose to shut down the company rather than compromise his integrity - absorbing a personal financial loss of one crore rupees. A marginal deviation from principle could have built an empire of staggering proportions - but Rajoo smiled and chose failure over dishonor. Later, when Manmohan Singh served as Finance Minister under the Narasimha Rao government and multinational companies began entering India, Rajoo was offered the opportunity to establish the nationwide distribution chain of Coca-Cola. Yet he refused - because then, as now, he believed such carbonated drinks to be nothing less than poison. He did not drink such beverages then; he does not drink them today. He and Chandrakantbhai forfeited the chance to become millionaires in an instant - merely to protect a principle.

Such stories - rarely known yet deeply true - illuminate why Rajoo stands apart from others and merits reverence not only for his successes, but for his values.

As has already been said, Rajoo was a thinker - but never a thinker confined to the narrow walls of business or family. His mind did not stop at profit, nor did his heart stop at personal circles. An insistent impulse to serve society began to swell within him. In 2010, the idea of establishing an old-age home arose in his mind; after a conversation with his elder brother, that idea crystallised into an irrevocable decision.

Today, in Manavadar, stands a magnificent modern complex where any elderly person can spend the latter half of life with absolute dignity - not helplessness, not dependence, but self-respect. The sanctuary is named Chandra-Shruti in sacred remembrance of the departed family elders. And what does it lack? Spread across a vast, serene expanse, the complex provides not only independent living quarters, but tea and breakfast thrice a day, two wholesome sattvic meals, milk at night, a temple, a grand satsang hall, a modern gymnasium, a dispensary, regular health camps, buses for travel, gardens, hammocks and open-air seating, and guest rooms so refined that even commercial resorts pale in comparison.

To put one's entire heart into whatever one undertakes - that is quintessentially Rajoo; Chandra-Shruti is its resplendent proof.

Rajoo, whose early fascination lay with machines, harbored a deeper and more genuine interest in the management of human health.

Yet social work alone was not his calling - it was only the beginning. During his tenure in the pharmaceutical industry, Rajoo had witnessed the darker realities embedded deep within the medical profession. He was deeply wounded by what he saw. He was not opposed to medical science itself - but he was tormented by the systemic exploitation that had become woven into the very fabric of healthcare. Doctors, hospitals, laboratories, and pharmaceutical companies - each played a role in a well-coordinated cycle of profit. A person who ascended the steps of a hospital for a minor ailment often became the prey of a meticulously orchestrated conspiracy - drowning in unbearable expenses yet receiving no guarantee of survival. The harsh truth he recognised was this: if a man is destined to live, he can live with any alternative medicine in place of

allopathy; and if he is destined to die, even the finest doctor or the most state-of-the-art hospital on earth cannot prevent it.

Ordinarily, the word resistance carries the weight of negativity - obstinacy, friction, denial. But in Rajoo's case, resistance became the opposite: a force of positive transformation. With an entirely constructive mindset, he completed a course in alternative medicine in 2017 and earned certification as a Doctor of Alternative Medicine. For years he worked at the factory throughout the day and returned home in the evening only to examine patients. In this period, he began to slowly decentralize power - transferring work, responsibility, and authority to the younger generation.

Even today he serves the company as a Mentor, yet after 2014, his time and attention increasingly gravitated toward the holistic healing centre, where he worked tirelessly for the well-being of his family and countless patients. There, he not only treated the ill but personally massaged painful swellings with gopichandran and even supplied medicines at his own cost. It was as though a devotee of Alakh had ignited an unending incense of selfless service.

During the darkest days of COVID - when the world was paralyzed by fear - Rajoo walked straight into the crisis, fearlessly treating those affected. He firmly believes that nature has created the human body to remain healthy: that unnatural living, improper diet, and emotional turbulence are the root causes of illness - and that natural living and natural healing are the only real cures.

In the lap of the majestic Girnar, he created “Rita's Garden” - a Nandanvan of healing and serenity. In the last few years of her life, he spent every possible moment with his beloved Rita amidst nature's embrace. But the year 2022 arrived like a storm. With no illness, no warning, his life companion departed suddenly. Rajoo's heart continued beating, but his life left with her.

Today, as he breathes Rita with every breath and moves through life in outward routine, he has devoted his inner world entirely to the Holistic Healing Center - and to spreading public awareness through his distinctive writings on health and wellness. Just as Saint Shiromani Shri Narsinh Mehta dedicated his entire life to devotion after the passing of his wife, my prayer is that Rajoo may spend the rest of his years advancing the mission he has embraced - bringing the fullness of his ability to the service of humanity.

And finally - if ever any child wonders why this writer addresses Rajoo in the singular despite being younger, the answer is simple: One does not call Amitabh Bachchan “Amitabhbhai”, nor does one call Sachin Tendulkar “Sachinbhai.” That is all - and this too.

Jayantibhai Tapubhai Zalawadia, Rajoo Group - CFO

I have been a colleague of Shri Chandrakantbhai Doshi since 1976. We served together in a bank. At that time, the financial circumstance of the Doshi family was far from favourable. Chandrakantbhai and Kishorbhai had just begun their careers in employment, and Rajoo had wound up the family grocery store. Even in those e arly days, Chandrakantbhai insisted that Rajoo must become a businessman rather than an employee. He asked for my opinion.

My father, Shri Tapubhai, owned a factory named Nutan Plastic in Manavadar. It was he who encouraged the entrepreneurial spirit - and thus was born Rajoo Plastic. In that sense, I too was involved, but the greater daring belonged to Chandrakantbhai and Rajoo, for unlike me, they stepped beyond the boundaries of their comfort zones.

It has nearly been a decade since ‘BHAI’ left us, but Rajoo has doubled the turnover of the enterprise.

The result of the Doshi Brothers’ entrepreneurial audacity, their indefatigable work ethic, their willingness to learn and unlearn, and their devotion to their mission is that today I work for their organisation - despite the fact that once we had a plastic factory of our own.

In 2004, I formally joined the Rajoo group and worked with them as their own man until the unexpected departure of Chandrakantbhai in 2013. All through those years, I sensed that Chandrakantbhai

carried a private anxiety - whether Rajoo and Kishorbhai would be able to shoulder everything in his absence. His concern was natural, for until the day he passed, Rajoo managed only operations (production), while Chandrakantbhai handled finance, marketing, sales, branding, and procurement.

With his sudden passing, I too feared for the future of the Rajoo Group, because overnight Rajoo had to assume every responsibility except production. But Rajoo has a rare quality - whatever he commits to, he pursues with a depth of understanding that astonishes even seasoned minds.

Take the example of the old age home in Manavadar. All of us, including Kishorbhai, felt that instead of starting a new facility, any donations should simply be given to existing ones. But Rajoo was immovable on Chandra–Shruti. Today, the success of that decision stands before our eyes like a monument.

After the departure of Chandrakantbhai, Rajoo began sitting with me regularly to comprehend the technical nuances of finance and the economic structure of the company. The far-sighted decisions he took thereafter ensured that not only Rajoo Engineers Limited but all five of our companies are now completely debt-free. It has nearly been a decade since my brother left us, and yet Rajoo has doubled the turnover of the enterprise. The Rajoo Group has become a family of over 1,500 employees. The idea of bringing an IPO of Essen Specialty Films too was Rajoo's.

Once, Rajoo's knowledge of engineering was admired. Today, he has achieved mastery over every discipline of the group. He takes decisions - some of which I cannot disclose - that relentlessly safeguard the organisation and the family. Yet the most extraordinary truth about him is this: Rajoo has never been attached to money. He will sever ties over betrayal or dishonesty, but he will never break a relationship over money. If trust exists, he can absorb any financial loss with a smile.

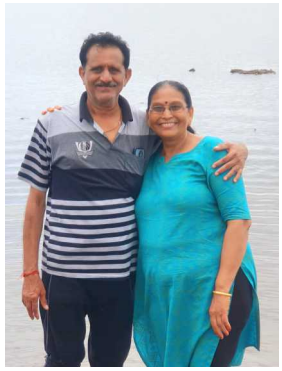
Let me narrate an incident. When Chandrakantbhai was alive, there came a day when an account of ten lakh rupees was untraceable. I was extremely distressed. While I was searching everywhere, Rajoo passed by. He instantly perceived the tension on my face. In my confusion, I blurted out helplessly, "We cannot trace the account of ten lakh rupees!"

Rajoo looked at me calmly and said, "Don't worry. Tell (Chandrakant) Bhai that it was given to me."

Later that evening, the missing account was located. Yet not for a moment did the mention of such a large sum disturb Rajoo. Instead, his instinct was to shield the team, even if it meant taking the heat himself.

That single moment revealed the generosity of his heart - a heart that does not measure human relationships with money, but money with humanity.

Rasik Harilal Dekiwadia, Childhood Friend



Rajoo and I were classmates in the first standard. Measured from that moment, our friendship completes fifty-six years in 2023. Rajoo had always been sharper in studies; he advanced to the second standard at the taluka school, while I - along with Rajoo's maternal cousin Mukesh (Desai) - failed and remained behind. Yet the divergence of classrooms never interrupted the convergence of friendship. Together we committed the countless exploits that age inspires.

In 1975, during the Navnirman reservation movement, we shut down shops and - fuelled by youthful fury - even set fire to one or two establishments using kerosene. We were arrested. Because of the riots, all fifty-seven students of our batch were mass-promoted.

Although Rajoo is six months younger than me, he has always remained ahead of me - in courage, intuition, leadership, and decision. In 1982 we formed the Youth Circle in Manavadar, organizing sales of discounted sweets, chess tournaments, carrom competitions, and musical evenings on Dussehra. Rajoo led all of them. He took the decisions. He possessed a remarkable instinct for organisation - sharp, spontaneous and fearless. But some members of the Youth Circle felt that "this Rajoo Doshi always does what he wants - and lands correct every single time."

In 1983 - 84, even I briefly joined the group that opposed him. We were determined that Rajoo should not become the president. Elections were held - and yet Rajoo won again.

Even in his youth he was known for an unshakeable will. Once his mind was set, no one could alter it.

When the Lions Club in Manavadar used to organise competitions on the nights of Navratri and Sharad Poonam, one year we decided that the Youth Circle would also hold a competition on Sharad Poonam. After Rajoo resolved it, we went to every surrounding village. We announced prizes larger than those of the Lions Club. We charged no entry fees - fifteen villages enrolled with us, while the Lions received barely one or two entries.

The entire town knew that Rajoo could not be persuaded, so they approached his elder brother, Chandrakantbhai, pleading with him to stop Rajoo. But Rajoo is Rajoo. When the matter concerns family, he will bow to the word of his elder brothers, but if the matter does not concern family, Rajoo will not bow to anyone.

Chandrakantbhai tried his best to reason with him. When the argument did not settle, he summoned us - the Youth Circle friends. Chandrakantbhai's anger was legendary. He reprimanded us mercilessly. We listened with our heads down in silence - except Rajoo, who stood up and walked away. For two days he slept in the shop of our friend Manishbhai Mehta.

In fury, Chandrakantbhai said, "If you want to compete with us, then do not set foot in this house."

But fear has never had jurisdiction over Rajoo. He has always countered threats head-on. At a time when the zakat monopoly of Manavadar was controlled by a certain man in Kutiyana, Rajoo had a dispute with him. They attempted to threaten him out of the factory with a revolver. Rajoo replied without blinking :

"I am leaving for home at seven. Do whatever you wish until then."

If Rajoo is convinced that he is right and that he has wronged no one, then he cannot be stopped. Even if he harms himself in the process, he will not stop doing what he believes. And whenever someone needs help - he is the first to appear.

He is so generous that no one who approaches him returns empty-handed. Twice he has helped me - unasked - in six-figure amounts. And I have also watched him being cheated. I will not reveal names, but once a man came with a reference through an acquaintance and sought financial support to start a house or a business, promising to repay in instalments. It has been five years - he has never repaid a rupee. Once I told Rajoo that I would take over the matter and try to recover the funds. Rajoo stopped me instantly.

The Revolver those people showed had no effect.

That is Rajoo.

He helps from the heart - and then forgets. Even when deceived, he does not brood.

Earlier he used to chew raw betel and 120-number tobacco. He began smoking bidis in the eighth standard - and later stopped. He even abandoned bidis for two or three years, but after the passing of Rita Bhabhi, he began smoking again.

I have been Rajoo's friend for six decades, so I can say with complete honesty: Rita Bhabhi transformed him deeply. Today he has become calm. He no longer becomes angry easily. The last time I saw him lose his temper was at the staff of Rajkot airport while boarding a flight to Mussoorie.

Now his anger appears rarely - perhaps because everyone who knows Rajoo also understands one fundamental truth: Rajoo will do what Rajoo has decided to do.

And when the world understands this, conflict disappears - and therefore, so does anger.

Jaymin Goswami, Childhood Friend

Rajoo is my friend - and from my own lived experience, I can testify that he carries, in his very DNA, an unshakeable instinct to do what he believes is right. Once he arrives at a decision, he neither fears anyone's authority nor recognises anyone's supremacy. To have Rajoo Doshi as a friend is one of the great blessings of my life. Our friendship is a divine arrangement; I was born in Visavadar - but Manavadar village and Rajoo Doshi must have been written into my horoscope. My going to Manavadar happened by accident: I had studied science, but after the tenth standard there was no science stream in Visavadar, so I came to my uncle's house in Manavadar to pursue the eleventh. The irony was that there was no science stream after the twelfth in Manavadar, so I had to leave again after a year - but in that single year, a friendship was born that would never end.

Rajoo was two years senior to me academically, yet every night, I, Milan Vaidya and Raju Gandecha gathered at Rajoo Doshi's house to study. It never felt like someone else's home - it was ours. Many comical moments occurred. My name is Jaymin, but everyone at home calls me "Jayu"; and Rajoo's sister Jayabala was also called "Jayoo." So if Rajoo's mother called "Jayu!" from downstairs, I would shout back from the terrace - only to realise later that she was calling her own daughter, not me.

For studying science, one needed a dissection box, which cost sixty rupees at that time. Rajoo had one because he studied science first. He simply handed it to me - one of his scalpels from that box is still in use.

I have never seen a person as unwavering as Rajoo. His "yes" or "no" is absolute. He does not dilute it. He does not hesitate. He decides immediately - and he says it immediately. Even if the whole world turns to dust after he has given his assent, he will not reverse his decision. His heart is equally strong. My life has had many rises and falls, but Rajoo has stood beside me every single time. Even when I failed, he supported me. He once established a factory for me, but when it collapsed due to my own shortcomings, Rajoo absorbed the financial blow himself - without complaint, without blame.

My friendship with Rajoo is unbreakable because it is not a friendship of convenience - it is a friendship that grew up kicking dust on the streets. We roamed together, we got scolded together, we played cricket together, we got bruised together, and we laughed endlessly together. In one prank, Rajoo's head hit my face so hard that one of my loose teeth broke - I still carry that broken tooth as a museum piece of our youth.

After I left Manavadar, I studied in Jamnagar and Porbandar - yet I continued to come to Manavadar every Sunday. My parents lived in Visavadar, but every opportunity, I returned to Manavadar; our meeting point was always Rajoo's factory - not to work, not with purpose, but simply to exist together.

I have never seen a more industrious soul than Rajoo. Whenever a factory machine malfunctioned or a new tool had to be created, Rajoo would travel all the way to Porbandar to search for the necessary technical book. I was studying at the Political Institute of Porbandar, whose library was extremely rich. We would search for the book together; Rajoo would study it on the spot and then return to the factory to fix the machine.

Rajoo is the very definition of diligence. I have seen him work nonstop for three days in the factories of Rajkot and Manavadar - without going home even once. When a machine needed testing, he remained there, monitoring every detail. Only tea and bidis flowed continuously - sleep and rest did not cross his mind until the work was complete.

Hasmukh Ambavi Manavadaria - Childhood Friend

Not only Rajoo, but the entire Doshi family excelled academically. So whenever the rest of us failed, Rajoo would pass and move ahead - effortlessly, naturally. I faltered in the tenth standard and lost a year; by the time I reached college, he had already cleared the twelfth and joined their shop in Manavadar. That is why I often say - our friendship carries the imprint of two generations. My father, Ambavibhai Kurjibhai, and Rajoo's father, Nanalaalbhai Doshi, were also dear friends. Every evening, the two of them sat together in the courtyard of our shop. And at night, all of us friends sat at the paan cabin, counting diaries and gossiping. Like me, Rajoo also once had the habit of chewing paan - except he eventually quit, while I continue my forty-five-year loyalty to it.

Among all our friends, Rajoo was always a few steps ahead - in vision, in courage, in initiation. He had a different mind. He could think differently, and - more importantly - he could execute differently. I remember an old tape recorder he wanted to dispose of in Manavadar. It might have fetched a thousand or fifteen hundred rupees, but he raised three thousand from it. He printed hundred tickets of thirty rupees each and sold them all. I was short of money at the time and told him to keep one ticket for me - I would settle it later. The draw was held; someone else won the tape recorder worth three thousand in exchange for a thirty-rupee ticket. Afterwards, I offered him my thirty rupees.

He refused. When I insisted, he got angry - and tore up the notes.

He ripped apart two ten-rupee notes, one five-rupee note, two two-rupee notes and one one-rupee note and threw the pieces away. Our friend Jitubhai Gore still has those torn fragments preserved - as a reminder. That is our Rajoo.

We have all experienced his generosity - not in words, but in action. I lived in Rajkot for seven years and was able to purchase a house only because Rajoo quietly supported me financially. When I started my factory, I did not have the money to buy all the machinery required for ISO certification. Rajoo never let me buy it - the required machines were sent directly from his factory to mine. Helping others was the nature of Chandubhai - and that same instinct flows through Rajoo, untouched and uncorrupted. The entire Doshi family understands the value of money, yet they understand even more precisely the value of helping someone. The three sons of the Doshi family may drive electric cars today, yet they are sensitive enough to fill someone else's petrol tank without a second thought. In all of this - their only irritation is that the receiver might feel embarrassed.

My wife Madhu and I were fortunate enough to go on the Char Dham pilgrimage because of Rajoo. One cannot ask him for money - he escapes instantly - yet during that trip I saw how deeply he cares about even the smallest people. He gave the doliwalas more than what he had promised, and he made sure they ate with us, not separately. That is Rajoo's humanity.

We have seen our carefree days together - we travelled in local ST buses, laughed, wandered, struggled. He was the first among us to buy an Avantika Gareli two-wheeler. Later he bought the M-50, and then the first Fiat 118NE among our group. Yet none of us ever hesitated to ask for his vehicle. We would take his car as if it were our own - even give it to someone else if needed. Once, we took his Fiat to Junagadh just to have dinner. He himself didn't come. Rajoo (and Rasik) never eat outside. Even in Rajkot during Ganesh Mahotsav - when everyone eats dinner daily at the Panchvati Hall - Rajoo always goes home to eat. That discipline, that principle - that is Rajoo.

He also possesses an extraordinary passion for photography - thousands upon thousands of photos and videos are in his personal collection. But if I were to say it in our local Manavadar language:

"I have never seen a heart as magnanimous as that of Rajoo Doshi - a man who chases his goals with relentless grit, yet embraces people with limitless love."

Manish Prabhudas Mehta - Childhood Friend

Between my father Prabhudasbhai and Rajoo's father Nanalalbhai, there existed a bond of profound intimacy-one that deepened not merely through shared village roots but also through the common mercantile ethos of the Jain lineage. My own friendship with Rajoo, meanwhile, stretches back half a century. Rajoo solemnised his marriage by taking along only a handful of people-those who could fit into two Fiat cars-and thus I was not present at his wedding. However, when I married, Rajoo did accompany the wedding procession to Lalpur. We both along with our spouse travelled together to Mussoorie for our honeymoon, a third couple joined us-Anil Savasani and his wife. This was back in 1988. At that time, Rajoo, Anil, and I were considered an inseparable triumvirate. Together we travelled not only to Mussoorie, but also to Mount Abu and Mahabaleshwar. After 1998, however, I became increasingly entangled in social obligations and responsibilities, and our shared travels waned. Nearly a decade later, Rajoo and I reunited for a Char Dham pilgrimage. Post 2020, I relocated to Rajkot, yet Manavadar-and I-were never truly absent f r om Rajoo's life. Manavadar, and the friends of Manavadar, constitute both Rajoo's vulnerability and his fortitude.

In relationship-with Rajoo-there is one immutable guideline that must be followed without exception: No sharing. No settling of accounts.

But ours is not merely friendship-it is an obligational bond of destiny. In childhood, we indulged in revelry together and chewed the same country-tobacco paan. We fought and quarrelled. Leaving aside the innocence of childhood skirmishes, the truth is that even in adulthood-after becoming parents-we have experienced serious estrangements. Whenever Rajoo feels that I have spoken incorrectly or sided with the wrong person, his withdrawal begins. During 2011–12, when a mutual friend faced grave difficulty, Rajoo extended assistance amounting to fifty lakh rupees. Later, when that friend-privately and without informing Rajoo-launched another business venture, Rajoo was deeply unsettled. He curtailed the relationship entirely. At that juncture, speaking on behalf of the mutual friend, I advised Rajoo to let go and forget. My stance

wounded him. For three to four months, he did not speak to me. Yet Rajoo's likes and dislikes are idiosyncratic. Even when he refused to speak to me, he and Ritabhabhi continued visiting my shop in Manavadar. Ritabhabhi would sit inside for half an hour, while an aggrieved Rajoo stood silently outside the shop.

Such episodes have recurred many times over our fifty-year friendship. When hurt, Rajoo ceases communication; then, quite suddenly, conversation, interaction, and friendship resume as if uninterrupted. Rajoo is affectionate-but also unyieldingly obstinate. As a child, if he decided someone would not play cricket, that person simply would not. If he lost interest in a business, he shut it down-without hesitation. He once ran a shop in Manavadar with a partner under the name R. R. Brothers-and he closed that too. He never wished to take up employment, and thus never did, at any point in his life. His obstinacy was such that despite studying B.Sc. Chemistry, and despite having no formal understanding of engineering, he rose-by sheer force of will-to become a successful industrialist.

Yet if anyone were to ask me, I would say this: Rajoo's stubbornness and his prejudices toward individuals are traits I would never wish to inherit. Because I understand how deeply such traits torment the person who carries them. What is worth inheriting from Rajoo is his magnanimity of heart. Men of such lavish generosity are exceedingly rare. In Manavadar, it has always been said that the Doshi family's 'flour' was huge-Raju has rendered that saying even more meaningful. In any relationship-with Raju-there is one immutable guideline that must be followed without exception: No sharing. No settling of accounts.

Let me explain. When Raju rose far above all of us in status and means, I initially avoided travelling with him, because I operated within fixed budgets. Our travel expenses might amount to twenty thousand, whereas Rajoo's standard had risen to the point where he would halt overnight in a twenty-thousand-rupee hotel. Later, when I joined him on the Char Dham pilgrimage, I realised that he dislikes even the suggestion of paying one's own share. Attempting to do so irritates him deeply.

And Rajoo has always been this way. Even when he was a carefree wanderer-like all of us-he was just as generous and just as reckless. In relationships and enmities alike, he never calculates profit and loss. If you enter his heart, he will treat you like royalty. But once you fall from his gaze- he will not even look at you again.

Rajesh Karshandas Gandecha - Childhood Friend

My friendship with Rajoo goes back to the days when the entire Doshi family lived in a single room in Manavadar. In these fifty years of companionship, both our lives have witnessed storms, celebrations, distances and reunions - yet one truth has remained unchanged: whenever I needed him, Rajoo was there. He has helped me when I needed lakhs of rupees, and during my son's wedding, the car that had just rolled out of the showroom was delivered straight to my home - because Rajoo had sent it. I have never seen a man with such a vast heart.

And when Rajoo does something, he does it with tradition, dignity and grandeur.

It began with the Chardham pilgrimage - when he, along with Rita Bhabhi, took five of us friends along. From that day forward, it became an unwritten rule: all six couples would travel together. Bhimashankar, Madurai, Pavapuri, Mumbai, Pune–Lavasa... we saw them all because Rajoo insisted on taking everyone together.

He even had a designer travel van built - the kind film stars own - so that all twelve of us (six friends and six wives) could travel comfortably. It wasn't luxury for himself - it was sacrifice, for the comfort of his friends.

Even now, when we were planning to visit Champaran, he insisted again: "Take our van - you will travel more comfortably."

Rajoo has an unquenchable excitement for new experiences - and his planning is flawless. His wadi (farmhouse) at the foothills of Girnar is a perfect example: every corner reflects his imagination and design.

I have travelled with Rajoo countless times - Rajkot to Manavadar, Manavadar to Junagadh. At least once a month we would go to Junagadh: dinner at Swati Restaurant, a late-night show at Jayashree or Liberty, and

driving back at 1:30 - 2 a.m. That was our ritual.

There are two coincidences between us: we share the same name, and we both have two daughters and one son.

But beyond that - there is no comparison. Rajoo is a completely different calibre of personality. Earlier, he was fiery and electrifying, always in motion - and even though he has softened a little over the last ten to twelve years, his temperament remains exactly the same.

Let me narrate two incidents - decades apart - which show how immovable Rajoo is once he has taken a decision.

After Rajoo Engineers was established in Rajkot, he sold Rajoo Cottex in Manavadar to a businessman. I was the mediator between both parties. After the ₹50 lakh payment was made, the buyer got into financial trouble and wanted the money returned. Rajoo agreed. They had spent ₹2–3 lakhs on the factory and asked to recover that as well. Rajoo agreed again. But then - they demanded interest on the ₹50 lakhs.

It was unreasonable. Rajoo refused.

They became aggressive and sent a warning through me: "If we don't get our interest, we will break Rajoo Doshi's chains."

I know Rajoo to his bones. I told them clearly that Rajoo will never bend to threats. But they were overconfident in their ability to intimidate. Like a messenger between two kingdoms, I conveyed the threat and walked away.

Months later, realizing that fear would not work, they approached me again to mediate. I brought them to Rajoo's office in Rajkot. Rajoo looked at them and said, calmly and coldly:

"Break my chains first. Then we will talk."

Their arrogance vanished instantly. They softened. Finally, Rajoo left the calculation of settlement to me. I suggested ₹2 lakhs. They still asked for more - and Rajoo's voice became firm:

"Not one rupee more, not one rupee less." The matter was settled. That is my friend, Rajoo Doshi - unshakeable.

The second incident is recent. Rajoo bought a property through a bank auction. Later, its original owner attempted to reclaim it. He approached me and I told him honestly:

"Rajoo will not sell that property to you or anyone else."

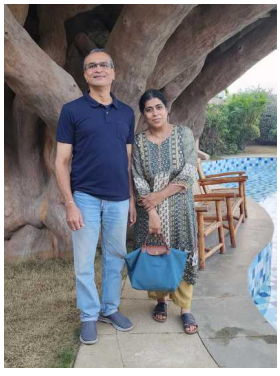
He was not satisfied and went through two or three other mutual acquaintances of Rajoo. Rajoo refused all of them. Finally, he approached a stubborn man to recommend him - someone who knew Rajoo well. That man simply made one phone call. Rajoo responded :

"I did not buy it to sell."

That is Rajoo - a spirit built of commitment, sentiment and steel.

So although I have three biological brothers, I often say without hesitation: "Rajoo is more than a brother to me." Because a brother may be born by blood... but a Rajoo is won by life.

Sonali Sameer Shah



When I first met Rajoobhai, I assumed he was stern - perhaps even intimidating. What I did not know was that behind that firmness lived a heart so exceptionally gentle and affectionate.

In a world where people run blindly after what they lack - obsessing over beauty, status and wealth - there are very few individuals whose presence instantly teaches you that appearance and money are insignificant in front of true character. Rajoobhai Doshi is one such person; beside him, everything else becomes small.

To live a life of name, success, stature and prestige, yet remain simple, grounded and uncorrupted - this is nothing short of extraordinary. One cannot live that way unless there is something godlike in their principles, some divine strength holding them from within. This is why my admiration for him is deeply personal - because through his righteousness, ethics and purity, Rajoobhai demonstrates how a life should be lived.

Rajoobhai, Ritaben and the entire Doshi family have taught us that real happiness lies in celebrating the happiness of others. And when you do something for someone, you do it without showmanship, without announcement, without self-promotion - simply out of love. At a time in life when a person needs companionship the most - an age where one wants to surrender every emotion like a child - God, as if wanting to test him, took away Rajoobhai's very "life": his Ritaben.

Like Rajoobhai, even Ritaben was a pure, graceful soul, and no one - absolutely no one - can ever fill the space she occupied in his life. Yet believing that whatever God wills is ultimately right, he swallowed the sorrow and resumed living - for his family, for his friends, and for his patients. Even when the wound inside him had not healed, the world saw only a smile - a smile that quietly absorbed agony, loss and loneliness.

There is one aspect of Rajoobhai that I still cannot decide is good or bad - but it is worth writing about: his beedi habit.

According to Ritaben, he has been smoking beedi for approximately forty-three years. When he quit for two years, Ritaben was overjoyed. But after her sudden departure, the habit returned… Whether it is good or bad, I cannot judge - because Rajoobhai is a man of rare contradictions and rare sweetness. Just as the moisture of the earth clings lovingly to the roots of a tree, the warmth in Rajoobhai's words and relationships holds people close to him. There are personalities that impress you - but very few that pull your heart toward them. Rajoobhai is one of those rare souls.

You, who are always dedicated to love
You, who share your feelings
You, who do everything for your family, wife, loved ones without asking
You, who teach the right way to live
You, who love children unconditionally
You, who respect the elders of the old age home from the small children
You, who have compassion and a sense of moderation towards all beings
You, who put principles, ideals and ethics into life
So I was able to understand you and Ritaben in eight years,
So I have been with you for years,
What will you be for them?
You, who will understand that.

Raju (Secretary) - Nirmal Singh Chauhan

Across the five decades of our friendship, one truth has become absolutely clear to me - my friend Rajoo Doshi is an astonishingly uncomplicated soul. His nature is easygoing, gentle, transparent. Yes, he is stubborn - but his stubbornness has never been a weapon against others; it has always been a boundary for himself. The entire Doshi family is extraordinary when it comes to nurturing relationships, yet among them, Rajoo stands foremost.

If there is one lesson the world should learn from Rajoo, it is the art of letting go in relationships.

Even his stubbornness is self-contained. He never forces his will upon anyone. Long ago, he had decided that he would never work under anyone in his life. But at that time, the Doshi family was not financially positioned for him to begin his own enterprise, so Chandrakantbhai arranged a job for him. And Rajoo - true to himself never took the job seriously. Eventually, things reached a point where Chandrakantbhai himself called him back. And just to draw Rajoo into the world of business, a factory named Rajoo Plastics was started. What began as a means to keep Rajoo engaged has today become an empire. But through it all…
Rajoo has remained exactly the same - as a man, as a friend, as a soul.

If the two of us sit and talk, you would immediately understand that neither of us will ever bow down. We are brothers - not by blood, but by spirit - and I often joke that I am the fourth brother of the Doshi family. I was

also the fourth brother during the Javatal Homa rituals at the weddings of Jayabala Ben and Shaili Ben.

Back in our childhood and youth, there were four or five Rajus in Manavadar. So each one had a nickname - Raju Kurkur, Raju Ghurial, Raju Tharthar. My own name is Raju Chauhan, but because my father served as the Chief Officer-cum-Secretary of the Municipality, everyone called me Raju Secretary. These nicknames made it instantly clear which Raju one was referring to.

But there is one exception - then, and even today : Only one person has always been called simply "Rajoo". No prefix. No suffix. Just the name.

Because for our group - and for everyone who knows him - his name alone is his identity.

Vijay Anil Sheth

Many years ago, when Rajoo lived in Manavadar, our association began purely through business. Yet, what started as a professional connection very quickly transformed into a bond of family. His mother, Champaba; his elder brother, Chandrakantbhai, and sister-in-law; his wife, Ritaben - all of them began visiting our home and welcoming us into theirs. What began in Manavadar has remained unbroken till today - and that continuity itself is a matter of pride, joy and gratitude.

Rajoo is a man who built everything from nothing, and he has a lion's heart. To me, the greatest gift God has given him is a vast and generous soul. Throughout his life, he has only given to others - love, help, service, support - and as far as I know, he has taken almost nothing in return. Even today, he carries two identities - an industrialist and a doctor - and even in the role of a doctor, he serves with absolute selflessness.

Rajoo and Ritaben were a couple who loved all and belonged to all. They treated every person - whether close or distant - as their own. They never displayed their happiness, but in the sorrow of others, they stood like a shield and absorbed pain on behalf of everyone. That was their love.

I wish to share only two incidents - one from Manavadar and one from Ahmedabad - that I will remember as long as I live.

Episode 1 - Manavadar

Years ago, I was in Manavadar for business and was sitting with Rajoo at the factory. When Ritaben learned that I had come to town, she immediately left home and came to the factory just to meet me. She took me from the factory to her home and fed me the adiyas she had lovingly prepared with her own hands.

Only a mother or a true sister-in-law can show affection of such purity.

Even today, I have not forgotten that plate of adiyas - thinking of it still brings tears of happiness to my eyes.

Episode 2 - Ahmedabad

This incident is one I can never forget. Around 2006, my wife Bhavana suffered a severe stroke and was admitted to the hospital. The situation was critical. According to the doctors, she was unconscious and fighting for her life. Rajoo and Ritaben were supposed to travel from Manavadar to Ahmedabad that very night, but because Utkarsh's health suddenly worsened, Ritaben could not come. Still, Rajoo came alone - all the way from Manavadar to Ahmedabad - just to stand by me and to see Bhavana. At that time, I had only ₹2,000 in my pocket. I was tense - terrified for my wife's life and helpless financially. Rajoo understood everything without me speaking a word.

He placed his hand on my shoulder and told me something that I will remember not only for this life, but perhaps for many lifetimes:

"Vijaybhai, not even a single rupee must be compromised in Bhabhi's treatment. No matter how much money it takes - do not worry. I am here. And if I ever hear that Bhavana's treatment stopped because of money, then from that moment, our relationship ends."

In that moment, tears started flowing from my eyes. I had never felt such helplessness nor such relief at the same time. People say God comes in human form when He wants to help someone. That day, Rajoo was God for me.

None of what I have written here is to flatter Rajoo or glorify him. These are my real experiences. In my relationship with him, I have always felt a personality far larger than life. I have spent many beautiful moments and collected many precious memories with Rajoo and Ritaben. Their affection, empathy and emotional intelligence are extraordinary. They have a rare ability to understand people deeply and to understand situations instantly. I have never seen these qualities in any other human being in my entire life.

There is still so much that could be written in Rajoo's biography...

because I have seen him up close, experienced him deeply, and lived many unforgettable moments in his presence.

Bhavna Vijay Sheth, Ahmedabad

Our first brush with Rajoobhai goes back nearly three decades. What began as a purely commercial acquaintance-rooted in the ball-bearing trade - slowly evolved into a lending relationship, and eventually crystallized into a bond for an entire lifetime.

In those years, Rajoobhai lived in Manavadar; the factory was also there. Vijay would often travel to Manavadar for bearing-related work. The village was modest, facilities were scarce; no lodges, no guest houses, no place for business travelers to stay. And yet, Vijay never truly needed one-because the moment his work concluded, Rajoobhai would whisk him away to his own home.

Not once did the family allow him to leave without a meal. Rita Bhabhi and Shaileben served him steaming hot phulkas with their own hands, and only after watching him eat to satiety-after hearing the relieved "shout of contentment"-was he permitted to resume work. The entire household functioned under the gentle yet commandingly gracious stewardship of Champa, the matriarch whose smile alone could dissolve fatigue. I myself have witnessed all of this before my own eyes; those scenes are etched permanently in memory.

As a sapling emerges from its seed, a mere business relationship slowly blossomed into profound intimacy-a relationship of emotional debt, rather than financial obligation. The connection extended not only to Rajoobhai but to the entire clan. Though Rajoobhai spoke sparingly in those days, whatever little he said carried the weight of volumes.

What words can possibly do justice to such a noble family?

Our bond deepened with brothers, sisters-in-law, sisters and sons-so much so that even our children became inseparably intertwined. And then there was Rita Bhabhi-whose gentle strength forms the very backbone of Rajoobhai's life. The oft-quoted proverb, "Behind every successful man stands a woman," finds its purest embodiment in her. She embraced every responsibility with capability, clarity, patience and devotion.

May he remain, for patients battling cancer and countless relentless ailments, their "Ammapiya" and their own living "Mother Teresa."

During our travels to Shimla, Kullu-Manali and Chandigarh, Rajoobhai would awaken before everyone, prepare tea himself and bring it to the room-calling affectionately, With Rita Bhabhi, too, we experienced a closeness so instinctive and immediate that it felt like the continuation of a bond from a previous lifetime. We consider those memories not merely joyful, but sacred.

Rajoobhai was born into a Jain household, yet became simultaneously a fierce lover of life and a custodian of compassion. In an age where countless physicians have transformed into mere technicians-butchers in white coats, obsessed with commerce rather than care-Rajoobhai chose a radically different path.

With tenderness, conviction and spiritual intention, he directs people away from the hell of anguish, suffering and fear, guiding them toward a life of discipline, vitality and dignified happiness.

Whether the distressed soul before him is poor, middle-class, or wealthy-he sees no distinction. Through healing those who come crumbling under the burden of illness, through restoring not just their health but their hope and laughter, he sanctifies his own life.

This radiance belongs also to Rita Bhabhi, whose grace still breathes through every act of service he now performs. May Rajoobhai continue-until his final breath-to keep aflame this luminous torch of humanity.

May he remain, for patients battling cancer and countless relentless ailments, their "Ammapiya" and their own living "Mother Teresa."

Kunjbihari Naranbhai Savani

My friendship with Rajoo stretches back half a century. In those early years, the Doshi family's financial condition was fragile, while we, by comparison, were considered affluent. But times have changed-dramatically. Today, in both economic stature and social standing, Rajoo and the Doshi family stand far above all of us. And yet, truth must be spoken: The greatest architect of Rajoo's rise was his elder brother, Chandrakantbhai.

Although, among friends, we mischievously referred to him as "Hitler"-because of his fierce temper-the Rajoo the world reveres today is the result of that elder brother's relentless discipline, uncompromising standards, and iron mentorship.

When Rajoo Plastics was established in Manavadar, we ourselves had a ginning mill and a plastic factory in Pajod. In those days, whenever he needed support, Rajoo would summon me to the factory, and in time his factory became-almost unconsciously-our second home, our permanent haunt.

During those years, I witnessed his unyielding labor with my own eyes. That ferocious work ethic has not diminished even today. We would park our tractor at the factory, and I vividly remember Rajoo sleeping on the cold factory floor with nothing but a sheet as bedding, only to rise again and throw himself back into the machines, the drawings, the tools, the endless grind.

Along with his unmatched capacity for hard work, his assimilation power-his ability to absorb knowledge, technique, machinery, and management-was extraordinary, even at a young age.

Where others required months of learning, Rajoo could understand, internalize and implement within days-sometimes hours. There are many people who dream. There are others who dare. But there are only a rare few who convert daring into destiny through sheer endurance, self-belief, and willpower.

...Rajoo was one of those rare few-even then.

Bipin Ruparelia - College Friend

Rajoo has demonstrated to the world that the journey from an ordinary man to an extraordinary industrial force is anything but ordinary. He was raised in modest financial circumstances, yet as a human being he was strikingly simple, fiercely enthusiastic, instinctively industrious, utterly fearless, and profoundly devoted to his family.

Our acquaintance began during our college years. Even then, one thing about Rajoo was unmistakably clear- he was not born to live under someone's command. He would often tell us in his typical unwavering tone: "Changing ranks is fine, but I will never work under anyone."

With that conviction firmly rooted in his spirit, Rajoo returned to his hometown, Manavadar, after graduation and entered the world of plastics-first Rajoo Plastics, then Rajoo Cottex. The path was turbulent, nothing came easily, and yet with absolute confidence and the guidance of his elders, he later established Rajoo Engineers, thereby beginning the monumental chapter of his industrial success. Those twenty years of relentless struggle carved a reputation that the business world today acknowledges with admiration.

In Rajoo's life, his elder brother Shri Chandrakantbhai was not merely a sibling-he was a mentor, guardian and guru. I recall an incident with great clarity. I attended an annual function at Shaishav School. Though many dignitaries were present, the chairmanship of the event was handed to Chandrakantbhai, as a gesture of profound respect and affection. From the stage itself, Chandrakantbhai remarked: "Rajoo presides over every program, but despite all his financial and business achievements, I have never seen pride take hold of him."

Indeed, Rajoo remained grounded, warm, and emotionally connected to society, dignitaries, friends, and family alike. A large share of credit unquestionably goes to his beloved wife, Late Smt. Rita Doshi. People often say behind every successful man stands a woman, and in Rajoo's case, this statement was lived, not merely spoken. Rita stood by him with a smile, without complaint, without expectation, and with infinite loyalty, weaving

relationships with grace wherever she went. They were so inseparable that they shared not only their lives but even their plate.

Life, however, is not immune to storms. Rajoo's soul has been repeatedly struck by the irreparable losses of his mother, his elder brother (Chandrakantbhai), and ultimately his wife (Rita)-three pillars he loved with reverence and attachment. He admits, even today, that these wounds have not healed. His writings on social media echo that silent ache.

In memory of these three divine souls, he founded the Chandra-Shruti Old Age Home in Manavadar-a sprawling, modern sanctuary for the elderly. Rajoo not only built it-he remains emotionally present there. Whenever he travels from Rajkot to Manavadar, he sits with the elderly, eats with them, talks to them, and inquires about their health with the affection of a son.

Despite being a successful businessman, a visionary leader and an extraordinarily busy man, his love for his family and compassion for society have continued to blossom without interruption. Alongside his industrial commitments, he continues to serve people through his holistic healing practice and remain deeply involved in the old age home.

Rajoo's life is not merely a journey - it is an inspiration. A living reminder that success attains its highest meaning only when it is shared with humanity.

Kishor Mandaviya - Childhood Friend

My name is Kishor. I am Rajoo's langoti-yaar, a friendship woven since the earliest breaths of childhood.

Rajoo fondly calls me "Kishor Lati" or "Kishlo," but the amusing truth is that within our circle of friends, he alone was always called simply "Rajoo." The reason was obvious even then - Rajoo possessed a pull, a magnetic presence, a natural command that could not be ignored. If someone were to ask me who Rajoo truly is, I can say without hesitation: Rajoo's brilliance was not acquired - it was inherent. He was gifted from childhood.

I vividly remember our Scrabble battles at Rajoo's home in Manavadar. If any of us stumbled over spellings, Chandubhai Doshi would immediately instruct us to keep an English dictionary at hand. "Check every spelling carefully," Chandubhai would insist. "If you make mistakes, Rajoo will make bracelets of you!" Even in those innocent days, it was clear - Rajoo was the cherished heartbeat of Nanubhai's family. Chandubhai had already sensed that his youngest brother, his beloved "laadko," would one day carry forward the pride and the name of the Doshi family. And he was right. Whether it was play, studies, business, or social work, Rajoo always emerged as the one with the natural spark. Whenever our group needed guidance - especially in matters of social responsibility - we would instinctively turn to Chandubhai, because behind every step of Rajoo's growth, Chandubhai's wisdom and shaping hand could be felt.

Vashishtha Raval - Retired Police Officer

In 2014, our revered mother Jayaba was diagnosed with intestinal cancer. The doctors pronounced, with clinical finality, that perhaps a month remained. I went to Rajoobhai Doshi, and following his course of treatment, my mother survived for another two and a half years. At that point, one is compelled to concede that there is divinity resident within this man. Soon thereafter, I myself retired from active life, and together with my wife Chhaya, devoted to this service.

To many, Rajoobhai is nothing short of God incarnate; to others, he is the protector of the poor.

There were instances when Rajubhai discovered that a patient was simultaneously consuming his medicine and another doctor's prescription- upon which Rajubhai would flare with indignation and say, "Do not administer our medicine to this patient. Tell them to take their file and stop coming here altogether." His temperament was

undeniably fiery, yet the flame extinguished almost as swiftly as it arose. At his core, he was disarmingly simple, profoundly unpretentious, and I personally heard from his own lips the account of how he rose, under what circumstances, and through what privations.

One patient arrived- a nephew of Zaverchand Meghani Saheb himself. The moment he entered the clinic, everyone instinctively pressed a handkerchief to their nose. Because of diabetes, gangrene had set into his leg, and the doctors had decreed that amputation was inevitable. While Rajoobhai dressed this woman's wound, she herself covered her nose, yet Rajoobhai never once shielded his own. He restored her leg to health. After recovering, a man from Morbi offered Rajoobhai one hundred acres of land in gratitude. Rajoobhai folded his hands and declined with humility.

Another episode remains indelibly etched in memory. A man came and sat before Rajoobhai, yet spoke not a word. When Rajoobhai called in the next patient, the man finally burst forth, confessing that he had come from Manavadar, sent by his father. His daughter aspired to become a doctor, but they lacked the means to pay the fees. Rajoobhai instructed him to collect a cheque for the fees from the factory and extended an invitation for the man's father to visit his home. After the man left, it emerged that when times were dire, Rajoobhai himself had taken groceries on credit from that man's shop, and that the father had sternly demanded repayment. Yet Rajoobhai had never forgotten that this was the very person who, in his hour of need, had extended him credit.

Aarti Odedara, USA

By the name of Rajoo, the Almighty lit a lamp of language -
and from that single flame, countless lamps continue to illuminate the world.

Simple in conduct, effortless in behavior, noble in character, generous in giving, compassionate at heart, humble in attitude, loving in relationships, deeply emotional, highly sensitive, fearless in decisions, courageous in action, patient in adversity, honest to the core, refined by nature and capable of handling multiple responsibilities with excellence - such is the personality of Rajoobhai Doshi.

Even the finest writers would fall short of words if they attempted to describe him. His character is so unique, so deeply touching and so distinct from everyone around him that language itself becomes insufficient. He is a presence that leaves an imprint on every heart.

To witness Rajoobhai Doshi is to witness the rare sight of an angel sent by God for the service of humanity.

J. A. Raval - Senior General Manager (Material), Rajoo Group

I joined Rajoo Engineers in Manavadar in 1991. At that time, the company operated with a staff of barely thirty-five people and a turnover of about fifty lakhs. Looking at the organisation today - a multi-industry, debt-free corporate group - feels extraordinary. But I have witnessed the journey right from the beginning.

In my first year after joining, despite working honestly and passionately, there came a period when I did not receive my salary for six months due to delayed payments. That phase taught me about struggle, not only mine, but also the struggle of the founders. Around that time, I received an interview letter from Videocon, a well-established company. When Chandrakantbhai came to know, he took that appointment letter from my hand and tore it - not with arrogance, but with confidence and affection. He trusted me, and I trusted Chandrakantbhai and Rajoo equally. That moment built a lifelong connection.

My personal bonding has always been extremely strong with Rajoo. Today, in the Rajoo Group, he plays the role of a true kingmaker. There is something rare about him - you cannot decide what to learn from him,

because everything about him teaches something. His lifestyle is the perfect reflection of "simple living, high thinking". I say this because I have seen his rise, step by step - from riding a red Suzuki bike to driving a BMW, with the same simplicity and humility intact.

He is a visionary, driven by an indestructible family spirit. Tireless hard work is not his quality - it is his DNA. His decision-making power is extraordinary; he decides fast and stands by his decision unwaveringly. He is a fierce worker, but he is also the first person to help friends without being asked. He works with full intensity and lives life with full intensity.

I have worked with him for over three decades, and even today, the one line that defines him best for me is:

A man who builds organisations... and builds people with equal dedication.

Sandip Bhuva, Rajoo Bausano

RAJOO BHAI - A GREAT MENTOR, A TRUE ROLE MODEL, A TRUE-LIFE SAVER (THE IMAGE OF GOD) AND A WONDERFUL PERSON

I thank almighty for giving me 'BHAI', 'GURUJI', 'FRIEND' in my life. Always inspiring. Heartfelt appreciation for his dedication to the society, company and individuals. His devotion to the company and service to the humanity is really commendable.

I am forever grateful for his guidance to manage time and energy to meet both professional and personal commitments while prioritizing self-care and well-being.

Bhai is blessed with magical powers to treat a life, to bring health into our lives and to be there with us when we have lost all the hopes. I have seen people entering in his Holistic Healing Center with sad faces and coming out with smiley faces with lots of happiness. It looks like the God has appointed him to take care of the society. His devotion and care during Covid time was incredible.

In journey of 23 years, I have never seen him tired, sick and stressed which we always try to learn from him.

His care, wisdom, and guidance have shaped many lives including mine. Thanks from the bottom of my heart for inspiring and helping me to become the best version of myself. He has made a lasting impact on my life and I will never forget his kindness.

Manish Vasavada, Executive Vice President

What I can say about Rajoobhai is that, since childhood, academics were never his area of interest. After school hours, instead of going home like other children, he would go straight to his father's shop and sit there. His father lovingly indulged him - offering ice cream and letting him spend time at the shop - and when the school's closing bell approached, Rajoobhai would return home. That was his routine.

When it came to college, the situation was similar. There were hardly any professors who recognised him as their student. Many times, when he would walk into the exam hall, the invigilator would ask, "Which college do you belong to?" and Rajoobhai would reply, "This same college." Despite his lack of interest in attending college, he was always capable enough to sit for the exams and finish his graduation. From the beginning, he was certain of one thing - he would never do a job. He had decided that his path would be business.

With that conviction, and under the guidance of his elder brother, he started a small industry. Through relentless hard work, by facing repeated failures and successes head-on, Rajoo Engineers reached the heights it stands at today. The organisation is the result of the combined dedication and perseverance of both brothers.

If I speak about his nature, Rajoobhai appears strong as stone on the outside, but on the inside he is soft as wax. I have seen this dual nature closely. Many customers, aware of this emotional side, would speak to him in a certain way and touch his heart - and Rajoobhai would give them a good price on machines purely out of

emotional connection. That is who he is - he feels deeply, and acts from the heart.

Another characteristic I have witnessed repeatedly is his innocence. In meetings, if something offends him or goes against his values, he gets up and leaves abruptly - like a child who does not wish to continue in a room that does not feel right. After ten or fifteen minutes, he returns calmly, as if nothing happened. It is not drama - it is honesty. He reacts immediately in the moment, but he does not hold grudges.

Even when I was younger, I used to admire the late Rita Bhabhi standing beside him - a beautiful, complementary couple. Her presence balanced him. Today, even in her absence, he continues to remain a protective umbrella over the younger generation - never letting the boys feel hurt, unsupported or sidelined.

I consider myself fortunate that such a straightforward, naive, transparent and pure-hearted person came into my life. Till today, I continue to learn from Rajoobhai every single day.

Masuma Bharmal, Journalist

I met Rajoobhai some three and a half years back – not as a businessman but as a doctor at his Holistic Healing Centre 'Shrutina Foundation' which he runs near Panchvati Hall during evening hours. Owner of Rajoo Engineers Limited – a very renowned name - I have not met a person of his stature so far. A businessman in morning and a doctor of alternative medicine in evening, his passion and devotion to cure patients see huge rush at his healing Centre.

Rajesh Doshi fondly known as Rajoobhai became a doctor by chance after a personal incident probably when he was in his fifty's. Along with a will to cure by heart, he provides free medicines to every patient no matter how costly it is. His selfless devotion to treat some of the worst rejected cases (especially gangrene and cancer that has rotten the body parts) is a blessing which no amount of money can buy. The only condition, follow his rules! Else bear. A simple human being wants to live with humanity'. Are not just his Facebook lines for the little I know, I have seen this man much beyond his words, thoughts and action in a world where health is major issue.

Philanthropist might not be an apt word for him because he is much above that mark. A learner for life, at age of 63, he is learning astrology, Sanskrit, harmonium, writing (this is what little I know) and probably much more which I am unaware. A one man army who has been curing thousands of helpless (with health) he is nothing less a messiah for those who have faith, trust and a will to recover because there is ***'Ek Hi Rajoo'.***

Paresh Dave, Editor, Voice of The Day

A few days ago, I received a message from respected Rajoobhai Doshi informing me that he is writing his autobiography under the title Ek Hato Rajoo. I found the idea excellent. There are countless aspects of Rajoobhai's life that remain unknown to the world, and if those facets are documented through an autobiography, society will be introduced to a different and deeper Rajoobhai. However, the title made me think for a moment - the words "Ek Hato Rajoo" imply "There was a Rajoo." Since Rajoobhai is a living, impactful personality whose presence continues to guide and influence people, the word "was" does not feel appropriate in front of his name.

My first meeting with Rajoobhai took place in 2009. Although I had heard a lot about him beforehand, I had never met him in person until I visited Rajoo Engineers in Shapar for a program. After that, our meetings continued, and communication has remained constant through WhatsApp ever since. Along with a big business, Rajoobhai has a big heart. Helping people with a smile has been his natural instinct, and perhaps that is why God has granted him extraordinary prosperity - and he uses that prosperity not for display, but for service. Never once have I seen even the slightest trace of arrogance or pride on his face. His identity remains that of a pure and simple human being.

Despite managing an extremely demanding business schedule throughout the day, Rajoobhai treats patients free of charge for three to four hours in the evening, four days a week, and also provides medicines. In the midst of all this, he still makes time for his family. Everyone loves their family, but for Rajoobhai, his family is not a part of life - it is the centre of his life.

I cannot forget one particular incident. Some time ago, Rajoobhai's wife, the late Ritaben - whom he loved more than life - passed away. It was a loss that shattered him. He did everything possible for her, completed every ritual with dignity and observed her death anniversary as society requires. Gradually, he was trying to settle back into routine. Around January 23, during one of our interactions, I asked him a casual question, and his reply left me speechless. He said:

"Society may believe that I have observed the ritual anniversary of my wife's departure... but my heart refuses to acknowledge that unbearable separation. The calendar has accepted her absence - my soul has not."

That one sentence revealed how deeply he feels, how intensely he loves and how loyal he is to relationships. Beneath the simplicity that the world sees, there is a man with extraordinary emotional depth, sincerity and sensitivity.

Nilay Upadhyay, Journalist

About ten years ago, a reporter friend suddenly called me early in the morning and said, "Are you free? We have to go to Shapar to visit Rajoo Engineers. We have to leave by afternoon." I told him, "Let's not go today - it's too hot, and travelling by bike will be difficult." The call ended. A little later he phoned again: "Forget the bike - the company will send a car. We'll go in that." The car arrived, and we reached Rajoo Engineers.

Khushbooben escorted the two of us to the cabin of Rajoobhai Doshi. Salt-and-pepper hair, dressed in a half-sleeve shirt, seated in the chamber, a beedi in his right hand; with that very hand he gestured for us to sit. At that time, the storm over the plastic industry was at its height - environmental damage due to plastic had pushed the Government to enforce severe regulations. We asked a few questions on the matter. Tea was served. We visited the factory. After about an hour and a half, we departed.

This was my first meeting with Rajoobhai Doshi. Over time, whenever a plastic-industry related issue surfaced, I would consult him and publish the updates in the newspaper. As I came closer to him, I came to know of his cordial nature, his compassion, and, above all, his deep inclination towards social service. I was profoundly moved by his persona. I knew of industrialists who fund charitable activities - but here was an industrialist who personally performed service; who ran a clinic by his own experiential knowledge and relentless reading; who met the patients himself and treated them with selflessness. It astonished me - and delighted me.

The first time I was invited to attend a family wedding of his, I was surprised. Our acquaintance wasn't even old, yet he invited me so warmly that I attended. He hosted me like an old friend - insisted that I eat, introduced me to everyone, ensured not a single friend felt like an outsider. It was astonishing to me, yet that is simply his nature.

During the Ganesh festival celebrated at Panchvati, I received a call from him - "You should come and perform one day." Since he came to know that I sing, perhaps that is why he phoned. I agreed, sang Hindi songs in a professional tone, and the program was a success. Gradually, his entire circle - relatives, friends, associates - became familiar with me. But what kept standing out was Rajoobhai's innate warmth and inclusiveness.

On several occasions afterward, he invited me to his retreat - Rita-ni Wadi, that exquisite estate nestled in the hills, the kind of place that would make resorts pale in comparison. I have been there two or three times; now it has become routine for him to message - "Let's go to Rita-ni Wadi." Even today, although I am not privy to the intimacies of his personal routine, one thing is irrefutable: he derives true happiness from service - philanthropy, community work, and most of all, tending to suffering patients.

A whole generation of elders has been given a new sanctuary in his hometown Manavadar through Chandra-Shruti, an old-age home built with modern comfort and deep humanity. This is yet another wing of his

social commitment. He personally visits the elders frequently, inquires about their health, and shows up whenever there is a family occasion - arranging transportation, ensuring everyone is looked after, taking them on outings… Where else does one find such a servant-of-humanity?

His principle is unwavering: If you improve your health, you improve your life. He himself eats the simplest of foods, avoids indulgence in sweets, and sets an example of discipline. He writes tirelessly on nutrition, Ayurveda, and healthy living - constantly guiding others to keep away from excessive allopathy and to bring the kitchen and Ayurveda closer. His insistence on staying away from doctors - as far as possible - is not stubbornness; it is wisdom.

He remembers his childhood comrades and junior friends alike, always finds time for them, and is forever ready to do anything for them without hesitation.

Jayesh Dave, Journalist

My association with Rajoobhai began about seven years ago, around 2014–15. It was the then Deputy Collector of Dhoraji, Tushar Joshi, who first tied the knot of our acquaintance and brought us close.

Although I have always been closely connected with Jain brothers from my village and from other cities, and most of my dearest friends have been Jains (traders), throughout my life I had never met a trader cast in such a different soil. The sons of merchants usually limit themselves to business and, at most, to making donations to schools, colleges or institutional causes. Rarely have I found them in deep public engagement - except a few political ones. But this man is made of an absolutely different grain. Raised on the raw, rugged land of Manavadar–Junagadh–Sorath, Rajoobhai is a trader with temperament, essence and fire.

When I first heard the title of his autobiography - "Ek Tha Rajoo" - it reminded me of a Dev Anand–style cinematic story of a college boy. But I know very well that this is not "Ek Tha Rajoo"; it is actually "Lakhs Mein Ek Hai Rajoo."

For the poor, he is a guardian; for society, he is a reformer; for the needy, he is a BhamaShah-like benefactor. But if we must describe him in his own philosophical language: "A Common Man - that is Rajoo."

By birth, he belongs to the merchant caste - the caste known proverbially in Gujarat as calm, composed, and conflict-averse. They prefer to stay away from quarrels, disputes and antisocial elements. But Rajoobhai is a man of another mould entirely. Along with the poetic heart that comes naturally from drinking the soil-water of Sorath like Zaverchand Meghani, he also carries the lion's heart of unflinching courage.

In the machine-manufacturing line, he once sold a machine worth crores to a client. Over time, he built a familial bond with that man. But some people are slaves to their nature - that man slowly began to perceive Rajoobhai as nothing but "a wealthy merchant who can easily be exploited." Years later, without justification, he tried to show false faults in the machine and demanded a refund of crores - and even attempted to intimidate Rajoobhai with weapons. When I learned that an armed man had entered the office without permission, I rushed from Sultanpur to Shapar with fear and urgency. But the matter unfolded in the reverse direction - before I could reach, that thug was already running away in utter humiliation. Before he could attempt coercion, Rajoobhai had cut him down with words so sharp and fearless that the fellow fled with his tail between his legs. When I suggested filing a police complaint, Rajoobhai simply replied: "Those who are afraid run to the police for justice. As for me - I can deal with two or three such men with my own hands." This is the temperament of this merchant.

But that fellow did not stop. He returned again - this time backed by notorious criminals and police officers of questionable repute. Had it been any other courageous man sitting in Rajoobhai's position, even he might have trembled and chosen to settle by paying large sums just to stay safe. But this fearless merchant of Sorath turned those so-called 'big men' into dust only with word-bullets - piercing them through their pride and sending them running for their lives. Such is Rajoobhai's intellectual and emotional sovereignty over fear. In relationships, he never falls short. Old friends from decades ago, officers from Rajkot-Junagadh-Gondal who once served as Mamlatdar, Deputy Collector, Police Inspectors - today many of them are retired, yet he maintains the same warmth, the same fondness, the same attachment. That is the signature of Rajoobhai.

By nature, he has never lived like the “owner of a company” but like the guardian of a company. His courage and his deep affection for poor and suffering patients - the greatest contribution to shaping these qualities is Ritaben.

The pair of Rajoobhai and Ritaben was like Radha–Krishna - she stood behind him as a shadow in every circumstance, guiding, balancing and grounding him. Whatever heights he reached, her presence was the soft force that kept him aligned.

Nirali Parekh, Journalist

In general, nature bestows one or two virtues upon every individual - but in the case of Rajoobhai, nature seems to have poured virtues into him by the handfuls, repeatedly and abundantly. One can understand the true magnitude of these virtues only after meeting him in person.

In 2019, Swami Shivkrupanandji had arrived in Rajkot and a press conference was organized at Patria Suites. I had gone there to cover the event, and coincidentally Rajoobhai Doshi had also come to meet Swamiji. That was the first time we met. I mentioned the idea of an interview, and later in 2019, I conducted his interview at his clinic. Ritaben, his wife, was present as well. Both of them together gave a remarkable interview - gracefully, thoughtfully, and sincerely. That happened to be my first and last meeting with Ritaben. Gradually, the interaction expanded and evolved into a warm familial bond. In all the time that I have known Rajoobhai, I have felt that he is like a coconut: externally firm - and internally extraordinarily soft. The reason is simple - he is never afraid of speaking the truth. Whenever the subject of medical science arises, he presents the truth fearlessly, without filters and without hesitation. Whatever truth he believes in, he places it before the world through his social-media articles. Many times, during discussions in our group, I have said that very few people possess the courage to express the truth the way Rajoobhai does.

Despite being an industrialist of a very high stature, ego has never touched him - not even remotely. In 2021, when my father’s health deteriorated, I contacted him over the phone. To my astonishment, the very next day at precisely 10 a.m., Rajoobhai came to my home himself and even asked for the necessary medicine to be brought from his clinic. It was during that moment that I realized with complete clarity - for Rajoobhai, relationships stand above everything else.

There is another incident that deserves mention. During the wedding celebrations of his son, Utkarsh, I observed something striking - Rajoobhai was dressed in a simple shirt, trousers and slippers. If someone had seen him without context, they would never have guessed that it was his own son’s wedding. His simplicity is not occasional - it is his identity.

On one occasion, we journalists had gone to Junagadh. Nearby lies the extraordinarily beautiful “Rita’s Wadi (Farm)”. We - along with other invited guests - were hosted there. The hospitality extended to us was memorable, warm, and flawless. We spent a wonderful day together. If I were to summarize Rajoobhai in a few words: A straightforward and transparent human being. Humble, fearless, affectionate, and forged from a material unlike any other. Someone worth knowing and worth remembering.

Mital Vora, Journalist

To write about Rajoobhai is not merely to write - it is to struggle with the vastness of language itself. The moment I sat down to describe him, time slipped away while I wondered what to write and where to begin… Because writing about him does not demand a pond of words - it demands an ocean. Yet, I will say this - meeting Rajoobhai feels like the reward of some extraordinary karma; as if destiny wished to gift me an elder brother, a role model, and a source of lifelong inspiration. Perhaps this is a bond carried from a previous birth. Almost fifteen years ago, when I had just taken my first hesitant steps in journalism, my editor asked me to interview a "towering personality" for my column Success Story.

With anxiety and uncertainty I dialed the number - and the very first response from the other side was, "Yes, of course. No problem, girl. Come to the factory - I'll send a car for you." Before I even met him, his modesty touched me. And when I finally sat across from him, there was not a single moment where I felt I was speaking to the king of a multinational enterprise with a turnover of crores of rupees. His demeanor conveyed one striking realization - as sandalwood is cooler than the forest around it, his humility was greater than his success. Where others dream of becoming saints, he has become useful - that is the poetry of his life. It was my first meeting with him, yet it gave a new address and a new meaning to a relationship of warmth and affection. There cannot be a fixed definition for a man like him - but I can say one undeniable truth: Here is a man who once carried the pain of losing seventy rupees in business, yet today has built an empire of unimaginable magnitude… and despite this towering success, there is not an ounce of false pride in him - only simplicity, tenderness, and overflowing emotion. For him, family is everything. Right beside that are his employees and society, both held in equal reverence. With his generous and empathetic nature, he has touched the hearts of hundreds - that is who our Ritabhabhi's "Rajbha" truly is. All I can pray for is this - May life, in every birth to come, grant us a brother like him… a fearless, extraordinary man whose heart burns like a sacred flame of love.

Vinod Patira, Kolkata

My beloved friend, Rajoobhai...

Really when I meet you at very first time, I felt too much happy n pleasent. Your behaviour was unforgettable. You are judicious mixture of kind hearted, simple, jovial, social, cheerful, pleasentful, creative, wonderful, pity, curative, labouries, philanthropic, spiritual, benefits of humanity, humanistic, active, self perfection, service to the mankind, prolific thinker, progressive n very gentle nature. You are an avid reader in a wide range of subjects. It includes various aspects of physical n mental health. You are known for your prodigious memory and ability to speed Texting n seminars. You are an influential personality with very simple nature.

I stunned to see at your office at 2nd floor where you kept all of memories of your beloved elder brother. Which is still vivid in my mind n my heart. Only I viewed at reel life or say silver screen... You have noble value such as manhood honor and sense of human integrity. Lastly I praying Lord Mahaveer for your good health ahead. And always keep your social services to mankind. Words are least to write anything more about you. It's my words evolving from my heart. Not from my mind or my mouth. Thank you. Jai Jinendra. Michhami Dukkaram.

Anil Hadvani, Agriculturist

I am incredibly grateful to include the chapter about the remarkable chairperson who has been both an elder brother and an invaluable mentor in my life. His having and caring nature, coupled with his down-to-earth demeanor, have made him an exceptional figure to look up to. His ability to truly listen and his big-hearted approach to every situation have left an indelible mark on me. A dedicated family man, he has effortlessly balanced his responsibilities, setting an inspiring example. His grounded business acumen and spontaneous decision-making skills have shaped not only the organization but also my own perspectives. His calm and composed demeanor in the face of challenges has been a guiding light. As a brotherly figure, he not only imparted wisdom but also taught me invaluable lessons in team management and equal time distribution. His unwavering support and trust in my work have been pivotal, and I am truly fortunate to have had him as a guiding presence in my journey. His exceptional individual's presence in my life is akin to a guiding light, illuminating even the darkest of paths. Their unwavering support, compassion, I and unspoken understanding painted a portrait of Brotherhood that surpassed the boundaries of blood relations. He is brother-like friend who exuded qualities of empathy, kindness, and selflessness that might have inspired all who crossed their path. The impact you may left on the lives you touched is truly a testament to the profound ripple effect of goodness. All your actions reflected a genuine concern for the well-being of others, leaving an indelible mark on the world and instilling a legacy of compassion that will be felt for generations to come.

Paras Buddhadev, Tax Advisor

Rajesh Doshi... Rajoo Kaka... its not just a name... its an ocean of emotions a human can carry, includes every bit of it... having a heart full of compassion, patience and a sense to do everything in his possibility for any human being, No matter known or unknown. The most successful enterpreneur, the most affectionate elder, the most precise advisor/guide... A soul who voraciously imbibes every conceivable flavour of existence and, through unwavering and indefatigable endeavour, transmits those very exquisite sensations to the lives of others, I at times feel he is to be a man of utmost maturity and understanding and same time he turns out to be a man carrying all the fun for life and his all beloved ones.

I wont be exaggerating if I say, I or I am too sure none could have ever come across to the personality, such phenomenal and remarkable like him... he is whole in himself and when it comes to getting his love and care, The Sky seems to be very short...

I have been asked to write few lines about The Rajoo Kaka but honestly speaking its impossible to narrate him in lines you just need series of books to actually understand deeply and actually what it means to be Rajesh Doshi. I have been in direct touch with him since last 3 years but the warmth I have received from him is I ever used to feel is of my own father and I am sure many more people must have felt the same.

Without mentioning the name of My Kaki Maa here, everything written about this man is always incomplete since Rita Doshi, My Kaki Maa is the one who played an actual role in making of Rajesh Doshi with all her love, care, affection, completeness Rajesh Doshi could be the one he is today... And... Without her what we have of this man today is literally not half of it... such an inspirational life partner and companion he is... the bond I witness of this couple is in word I can say is "DIVINE" with a corner of my eyes lil wet, in short Mr. Rajesh Doshi is ....

Not a solitary personality, but a symphonic convergence of a thousand interwoven personas in perfect equilibrium.

Yashvant Goswami, Professor

The title “Ek Tha Rajoo” appears deceptively simple at first glance, yet it immediately invites a deeper question: Does it imply that “Rajoo” has changed? The answer is both yes and no. To justify each side, one could write two separate books. But if I were asked to express both answers in a single sentence, it would be this: Rajoo was a gentleman, Rajoo is a gentleman, and Rajoo shall remain a gentleman for as long as he walks this earth. When I heard that the title “Ek Tha Rajoo” was chosen by Rajoobhai himself, a strange sensation passed through me - as if I were turning page after page of an ancient oceanic manuscript, reading the autobiography of saltwater and storms. And then, one day, during a merciless cyclone of fate, a page tore away from that ocean-manuscript - a page that should never have been lost. From that day onward, it felt as if silence had become an echoing cavern in his heart, calling endlessly to the life-companion it had lost: “My life has become like a bird without its nest, simply because your letter no longer comes to it.”

Ritaben took her final breath in Haridwar, during the Himalayan pilgrimage, right before the eyes of Rajoobhai and in the cradle of his arms. Holding the mortal body of one’s soulmate is a grief few can comprehend. His heart cried in the way Shiva must have cried in the agony of losing Sati. And yet, I would not say that the pair of Shiva–Parvati, or in their worldly form, Rajoo–Rita, has been shattered. Where the relationship is between two souls, nothing is ever broken. But in the eyes of the world, to borrow the words of Suresh Dalal: a tree suddenly collapsed in the middle of the road. If it had fallen in a storm, it would have made sense - but this one fell in broad daylight, when even the breeze was barely present. Shock, astonishment, disbelief - all arose, all died down, and then between them was placed a permanent full stop.

For years, the family lived safely under the cool shade of that tree. And when the tree fell, time will erase the pain for the world - life moves on for others anyway. But for the one who lived anchored to it, the soul wanders like Ram searching for Sita in the forest; that is how Rajoobhai’s spirit still calls out to the fallen tree’s branches and leaves: “Jeev, where are you? Jeev, where are you?” And Rajoobhai changed. One day, there was “Ek Tha Rajoo”... and in the wind, it feels as if Ritaben whispers to him, “Do not search for me around you - you will find me in every breath you take.”

Rajoobhai is an industrialist, he is a healer, and he has now become a poet. Such a confluence of abilities is rare in one human being. In the morning he is the industrialist, in the evening he is the doctor, and in the solitude of night he becomes the poet. Rajoobhai, you live beyond the word; you have lived fiercely; you have lived nobly; you have lived flawlessly like Mahadev in turbulence; you have lived like the sun blazing at full strength; you have rained and you have burned; you have lived abundantly and you have lived intensely. Today you are a wounded man and a poet, yet you have lived magnificently.

Rajoobhai, the “Jeev” that you lost has now become Shiv. That life-force still remembers you, still breathes inside you, still sinks into your heart, melts within you, spreads throughout you. That “Jeev” floats in your eyes and stirs in every cell of your being. That “Jeev” still runs in your bloodstream. Whenever you fall empty, it is that “Jeev” that fills you again.

During the Kailash–Mansarovar pilgrimage, my heart prayed that Rajoobhai should not join the journey - not because of anything negative, but because I was apprehensive about adjusting with someone I did not yet know. But when he joined the pilgrimage along with his family and friends, I witnessed the presence of Mahadev stamped across his personality. We later travelled together on the Char Dham Yatra as well. In those days I experienced a different dimension of his warmth. We stayed together for four days at his heavenly farmstead at the foothills of Girnar. As familiarity deepened and affection grew, I came to know Rajoobhai, Ritaben, and their entire family intimately.

I saw a man who worked endlessly for the happiness of his family, who silently fought every difficulty and challenge alone without burdening anyone, who stayed awake half the night worrying about the security of his family’s future, who buried his own dreams to protect the dreams of others, who put the preferences of loved ones above his own, who willingly endured discomfort so that others could have comfort, who - even as a

successful industrialist - lived a life rooted in simplicity, service, truth, spirituality, and remembrance. There is only one Rajoobhai, yet there are a thousand qualities in him. This is why I say I have seen Mahadev in the form of a man.

Mahadev's abode is not only Kailash. Every family has a Mahadev - the one whose strength keeps the family alive. He who earns wealth only through pure means, who constantly experiences the divine within, who accepts the truth of life and the world without bitterness, who lives in society yet carries the stillness of a saint - this is the open book that is the life of Rajoobhai. In that book there is no pretence, no display, no arrogance, no narrowness, no selfishness, no envy, no hostility, no unspoken expectations, no grudges. His heart flows with an uninterrupted current of love, affection, and compassion - that embraces all beings, nature, and the Creator Himself.

His personality is evergreen because:

- He never expects anything from anyone; instead, he gives freely and considers whatever he receives - even if little - as the very best
- If there is disagreement, he does not erupt in anger; he remains calm and patient
- His circle consists of humble, wise, peaceful, intelligent, and cheerful people
- He does not pay emotional attention to those who do not value him
- He does not worry about the past or the future - he gives his full consciousness to planning and living the present
- Even in the most devastating situations, he retains emotional equilibrium
- He does not crave praise for his work
- His speech carries warmth, and his nature is humorous, affectionate, and approachable
- The most extraordinary quality in his character is his sportsmanship: when he makes a mistake, he accepts it openly and honestly without hesitation

Borisaniya Saheb, Manavadar Highschool

When I write about my friend Rajoobhai, I am immediately transported back to my days at Manavadar High School, where I taught and where Rajoobhai and his elder brother were students. At that time, none of us imagined that this young boy - who seemed no different from the rest - would one day rise to become an industrialist whose name would bring honour not only to our village but to the nation as well. Life did not give him the privilege of being "born with a golden spoon," but fate and perseverance had already written an extraordinary chapter for him.

After completing his education, he began with a small industrial unit in Rajkot. Time passed, challenges came and went, and success grew - but what remained unchanged was his dedication to service. Serving people was not an activity for him; it was the purpose of his life. He received a medical degree, opened a dispensary not for business but purely for humanitarian service, and devoted his time to treating people without taking a single rupee in return. Even the most ordinary person was welcomed with affection, and he always asked about their well-being with genuine concern.

He later established an educational institute in his native place, and throughout his life he has given himself wholeheartedly to the development of his homeland. Whenever there is any good work to be done for Manavadar, he is always the first to step forward and contribute - not only financially, but also with presence, involvement, and responsibility.

Even after the passing of his beloved wife, he continued his path of service. For him, helping the poor and the suffering is not charity - it is a sacred duty. He has always lived a simple life, free from arrogance, staying grounded despite success and wealth.

My blessings and message to him are these: Life is a struggle. Live it fully. Show the world what it truly means to live a meaningful life.

Every year during the month of Bhadarva, he installs Ganpati at his home. Friends, relatives,

neighbours, and members of surrounding societies are warmly welcomed. He celebrates the festival not as a ritual, but as a gathering of hearts - with affection and togetherness. This socially graceful and humane nature is the reason he is deeply loved by everyone around him.

In his industrial units too, he maintains the same approach. He speaks to his employees about their joys and sorrows, standing beside them not merely as an employer but as a well-wisher. If any personal issue troubles them, he tries his best to resolve it. His humanity is not selective - it extends equally to every person whose life crosses his.

Mandaliya Saheb

I truly feel that I do not possess enough words to describe Rajoobhai, because the virtues within him are immeasurable. In the truest sense of the term, he is a “great man.” And by “great,” I do not mean only his financial achievements, but the largeness of his heart - a greatness that constantly thinks about and cares for the smallest and simplest of people. Undoubtedly, Rajoobhai Doshi is an industrialist of very high stature, yet, to me, he is the “Nagar Sheth” of Manavadar. His affection, attachment, and compassion for his hometown and its people are unmatched. Many may say that by establishing Chandra Shruti he has repaid his debt to his birthplace - but that would be only half the truth. For Rajoobhai, not only the people of Manavadar, but any person in need, any individual facing hardship, is his responsibility. Whoever reaches him for support can rest assured that he will stand with them in every way - with his body, with his heart, and with his resources. What more can I add? For all of us from Manavadar, he is not just a respected figure - he is like a member of our own family!

Madhusudan Sanghavi, Teacher

I would like to present the personality of Rajoobhai point-by-point.

- Like a coconut - firm, tough, and seemingly unapproachable from the outside, yet gentle, soft-hearted, and filled with sweetness and compassion within.
- Reserved and measured in speech, yet possessing a remarkable trait: the ability to express his viewpoint or opinion in the least number of words, and with absolute clarity. For him, articulation is not a struggle but a natural ease.
- His commitment to his beliefs and principles is unwavering. Even if standing firm on his convictions results in personal loss, his loyalty toward what he believes to be right does not bend.
- He has an exceptional ability to assess a person. His eyes function almost like an X-ray - seeing through layers and reaching the core of the individual in front of him.
- His business acumen, administrative ability, and organizational skills need no introduction. The growth and reputation of Raju Engineers stand as living evidence.
- His intention to serve society in new and meaningful ways is both thoughtful and practical. "Chandra Shruti" is the visible and physical symbol of that spirit, but beyond that, there is also a world of charitable contributions that almost no one knows about - contributions done quietly, without publicity, where only he and the beneficiary are aware.

Dilip Rayjada, Retired Principal

I firmly believe that every incident in life is ordained. It was in 2009 that I first came in contact with Rajesh Doshi, and from that day until today, his kindness has continuously showered upon me. He is a person whose purpose is to bring meaningful and transformative changes to the lives of people in society. If one wishes to learn how to repay the debt of one's birthplace, there is no better example than Rajesh Doshi.

With the noble intention that the children of Manavadar should receive excellent and modern education, he established Shaishav School - English and Gujarati medium - so that the children of the town and surrounding villages could receive education of metropolitan standards within their own hometown. I consider his commitment to three areas - education, healthcare, and service to the elderly - combined with his ability to listen patiently and attentively, to be his finest qualities.

Despite being a major industrialist, his ability to remain grounded and connected to the soil is the most remarkable indicator of his character. A person who constantly seeks to learn new things, and uses both his knowledge and wealth for the welfare of others, can rightly be called a "24×7 helpline." Always enthusiastic and overflowing with positive energy, he is - in the truest sense - a saintly soul. When people face hardship or illness, he invests his complete strength and resources to help them. Very few individuals of such nature exist; calling him a gem of society would still not be enough.

What makes him even more exceptional is that he expects neither recognition nor praise. Despite having wealth, only a rare few remain free from attachment; Rajesh Doshi is one of them. Even while carrying the responsibilities of senior leadership within his company, he consistently finds time to guide and treat patients, providing medicine, support, courage, and reassurance - all at once, continuously, and with ease - and considers it his duty.

God carries out the work of human welfare through special messengers. To do so, God chooses individuals blessed with extraordinary talent, a vast heart, and an abundance of virtues, and sends them to this world to fulfil a divine purpose. When I look at Rajesh Doshi, I do not consider it an exaggeration to say that he, too, is one such messenger.

Gopal Khirsariya, Viztech Computers Pvt. Ltd.

About five to seven years ago, I had requested that you publish your life journey in the form of a book. It gives me immense joy to know that the book titled "Ek Tha Rajoo" is now on its way to publication, and I am confident that readers will get a rare opportunity to look deeply into your life.

Friends, I have known Rajoobhai for the last fifteen years and have spent countless quality moments with him. In my view, God must have taken an exceptionally long time to shape him. Because a person like this is not created in lakhs, but in crores - someone who carries so many remarkable qualities together in one personality.

To justify my statement, let me say this: Rajoobhai is an unmatched friend. Even though he occupies the position of Chairman of a multi-thousand-crore company, Rajoo Engineers Ltd., he is the kind of person whose childhood friend can arrive from Manavadar wearing casual clothes and still call out, "Ayy... Rajiya!" without hesitation. This friendship is no less than the legendary bond of Krishna and Sudama.

Rajoobhai completed his B.Sc. degree, built a global reputation in the field of plastic extrusion machinery, and if he talks about photography, he discusses its technicalities with astonishing depth. By day, he is a businessman; by evening, he becomes a doctor. He provides free treatment for severe diseases like cancer. His knowledge of Ayurveda runs deep. At one time, he even produced Ayurvedic medicines himself, but because his working style did not align with the modern medical system, he withdrew from that field.

He purchased the best technology in machinery and started a modern ginning and pressing unit under

the name Rajoo Cottex, but he was ahead of his time. Alongside his professional commitments, he always reserves time for his passions. For example, his love for old Hindi film songs - I have seen his massive archive of vinyl discs - and during holidays, he immerses himself in that music. Once or twice a year, he invites all his friends for a live music evening of classic songs, and it always feels like a memorable concert.

In short, I can say this with certainty: in my forty-three-year career, I have met countless people, but I have not yet met a person like Rajoobhai - fearless, full of life, and one who goes to the very root of every subject. I hope that the new generation will learn a great deal from "Ek Tha Rajoo."

Chiragben Gosai - Principal Zoology College, Veraval

I have visited "Rita ni Wadi" - the farmhouse that Rajubhai lovingly named after Ritaben - many times. Once, he had arranged a complete naturopathy camp there for his close friends. The organization of the camp was meticulous. Every necessary item was sourced from outside, and most of the treatments were performed by Rajubhai himself for everyone - Ritaben, the entire circle of friends, and every participant. Watching him, one question arises instantly: What kind of person does all of this for everyone with such sincerity? It is difficult to understand how someone can be so selfless, so hands-on, and still so down to earth. Remaining this humble while doing so much is not something an ordinary person is capable of.

There is a line I once read: "When you descend from the pedestal of your ego and touch the ground, do you feel pain like a stone? Only when you stand as a human - not above the world, but among people - do you truly resemble the divine."

When we look at the service side of Rajubhai, these words become absolutely true. He is living on this earth in an entirely different form, dedicating himself to the wellbeing of people in a way that very few can even imagine. Having money is one thing - spending it wholeheartedly for others is something completely different. That, one must learn from Rajubhai. He has proven the old saying to be true:

"Names remain carved, riches do not stay - The fort of goodwill and legacy stands for generations."

Kirit B. Sanghvi, Advocate

If we removed the chapter of "businessman" from his life, what remains is still the complete biography of a great human being. That is why, modifying the spirit of poet Ramesh Parekh's famous line, one can say :

Show the entire world the direction to find someone
if the name is "Rajoo", the surname must simply be "Rajoo".

My connection with this family began through Chandrakantbhai Doshi. In those days I did not have direct personal contact with Rajoobhai. The Doshi family had started an English school in Manavadar, and although Rajoobhai handled most of the administration, we met occasionally at annual functions. Even back then, when the digital era was not common in schools, modernity was already visible in that institution - that was my first impression of Rajoobhai.

Rajoobhai has always had the spirit to experiment. Although he had already established Rajoo Engineers - first in Manavadar and later as a major industrial group in Shapar-Veraval - he imported machinery from abroad and started the "White Gold" Rajoo Kotex ginning and pressing unit. It was the first fully automatic unit of its kind in India. The business was unfamiliar and the competition ruthless, yet Rajoobhai fearlessly took the leap. Someone once expressed concern to Chandubhai - "Doesn't it seem that Rajoobhai takes risks beyond limits?" Chandubhai's classic reply was, "As long as Rajoo turns ten lakhs into twelve lakhs, nothing worries me." As our personal connection grew stronger, several other dimensions of Rajoobhai's personality came to light.

Years ago, under the NGO Prakruti Mitra run by my sister Dr. Chiragben Gosai, a project was launched

during the Girnar Parikrama - distributing cloth bags to replace plastic bags in the pilgrimage route. Volunteers approached donors across towns, but in our society people donate generously for temples and old age homes, not usually for environmental causes. Chiragben visited Rajoobhai at his Shapar factory. As soon as he heard that the purpose was environmental protection, he simply asked, “How many bags do you need?” And within days, nearly one lakh bags - printed with Prakruti Mitra’s logo - were delivered, without publicity, without conditions, without even discussion. Since that year, these bags continue to arrive every year - quietly.

This is just one example of the kind of actions that make one feel he deserves to be called a “Maha-Manav” - an extraordinary human being. Then comes perhaps the most impactful phase - the medical research and selfless treatment service. What began modestly in Manavadar has now spread into a huge banyan tree. Without charging even a single rupee, using his time, energy, and expertise, he treats patients with sincerity, empathy, and dedication. Sant Morari Bapu said “Dardi Devo Bhav” - see God in the patient. Rajoobhai has turned this principle into a living reality.

Recently, the Chandra-Shruti Home for the Elderly was inaugurated in Manavadar. After visiting it, one is reminded of the incident where Morari Bapu said, after seeing the renovation and cleanliness of the TB Hospital in Akshaygadh - “It almost feels as if one would be happy to fall ill here.” Similarly, Chandra-Shruti feels like a place where, if life ever demands a sanctuary in the final phase, this is the kind of home one would dream of. It is clean, beautiful, well-organized, comforting, and - most importantly - filled with dignity, not abandonment.

Many modern old-age homes can take care of elders, but very few can nurture them with love. Between tears of sorrow and tears of love, there is a vast difference. Chandra-Shruti gives elders the latter.

In today’s changing social fabric, many elderly have become emotionally displaced - neither needed nor understood by their own families. In that backdrop, Chandra-Shruti is indeed a “home for those without their own, and a family for those without family.” In his presence there, one can clearly see Rajoobhai’s understanding of social responsibility and emotional duty - expressed not through speeches, but through actions. In Rajoobhai’s personality, transparency is total - sometimes his blunt truthfulness sounds sharp, but it is never impure. It comes from absolute sincerity. Much more can be written in his autobiography - the material is endless - but before pausing, one thought remains relevant. Makarand Dave once wrote :

“Do not throw coins and notes into the river -
walk your path with a clean heart.
The bank managed by the One above
is already holding our wealth.”

Gaurang Mehta, Ex- Rajoo

It's my pleasure to write few words for the autobiography of respected Shree Rajoobhai Doshi. I really don't have to think much to pen down anything about him as it comes naturally from my heart.

The first thing comes to my mind while taking his name is "a man with rock solid determination". I believe myself very fortunate and I thank to almighty for providing me an opportunity to work under him for a span of 6 ½ years. In this period, I have learned many life lessons in both fronts – personal and professional. I have very high regards for him.

Two of the greatest traits which make him so special & unique are leadership and visionary. He always listens to you very carefully with empathy. He always thinks beyond boundaries considering short term and long term effects. Whenever we go to him to seek a solution for the problem, he used to handle it with patience & calmness which boost your confidence. You will feel that solution is few steps ahead. Rock-solid problems melt to ice when we enter in to his cabin for discussion. There are many incidents which I will remember for a lifetime. I would like to narrate one of them here:

We had developed one very high end technology machine and the trials were planned in the evening. Rajoobhai has spent sleepless nights and days to build it. Due to underground power cable, we were struggling to find out the problem. It was very important moment for the company as very important machine was on the floor

after 4 months of hard work and we were all eagerly waiting to see the performance. It was one of the dream project of our Chairman and our team was curious to see the machine running. Being plant head, I was under lot of pressure. Rajoobhai was watching us running around and he used to visit the floor every half an hour without asking a single question to anyone, without any signs of irritation or annoyance. This is his unique way of working!!

After 4 AM, finally I went to him and explained - "Very sorry sir, there is a fault in underground cable and we will not be able to fix this quickly". I was wondered to see his reaction. With very pleasant smile on his face, he said "no problem, may be destiny doesn't want the machine to start today, we will start it tomorrow". He was so calm and cool! He was there with our team full night and I can imagine what will be going through his mind but he remained extremely cool and motivated us entire night, demonstrated his leadership quality leading from the front. This lifted our enthusiasm and we could start the machine at around 6.30 AM. It was great success, machine performed very well and he wrote an encouraging email in the morning congratulating the team. This is his way to handle complex situations, what a personality!!

When I was hit by corona in the second wave, everyone was avoiding to go near the patient, he was the one who came to my house with Ritabhabhi with no mask. He sat very next to me and said "tamne kai nathi thavanu". He is the person full of affection, love and care for you, most importantly he always carries a lot of positive vibes with him.

Rajoobhai is unbeatable and incomparable when it comes to energy level and passion. I think no one can ever match his enthusiasm. He is very passionate about whatever he decides to do. After working for 10 long hours in the company, he used to spend 3-4 hours to treat the patients with acute illnesses like cancer, diabetes, BP, thyroid etc. free of cost. This is unbelievable! Patients come to him when expert doctors say “NO” to them and there are many cases of complete recovery with his natural allopathic treatment it's a new system of treatment. Special thing reflecting him as a person with great soul is - giving his valuable time for the society without any expectations.

This is humanity at its best. Truly unconditional contribution!

Rajoobhai is a person with great determination and excellent mind-set. This is the reason why a company started 3 decades ago with borrowing of Rs.45,000 turned in to a group of companies having net worth of around Rs.700 crores and annual turnover of Rs.450 crores. His family bonding is also exceptional. It's very rare to see 3 generations living together with outstanding sense of responsibility, care, love and affection. That shows his leadership quality on a family front.

I really feel proud to be associated with unique person like him. I wish you all the best sir for your autobiography. I will always remember and miss your voice on phone "saheb, chalo coffee piva"

Deepak Narbheshankar Joshi - Jamjodhpur

To fulfil the divine assurance of “Sambhavāmi Yuge Yuge”, the Supreme Creator periodically sends to this world a rare human being - someone gentle, gifted, selfless, compassionate, simple yet resolute - to comfort the suffering, lift the distressed, and free people from the afflictions of illness and hardship. Such a soul becomes worthy of the heartfelt blessings of thousands, and the fragrance of his service spreads across horizons.
Among such extraordinary personalities stands Rajoobhai Doshi, born in the soil of Manavadar in Saurashtra. I can say with absolute certainty that once someone comes into his proximity, they can never forget him or remain untouched by the inspiration of his affectionate and selfless deeds.

Through divine grace, elders’ blessings and countless well-wishers, Rajoobhai began his business - and through brilliance, hard work, sharp foresight and unwavering ethical values - Rajoo Engineers has today grown into a globally respected industrial enterprise. Yet, alongside managing this massive business, Rajoobhai personally handles innumerable acts of service. A vivid memory comes to mind: Imagine a traveller, dehydrated and exhausted, walking endlessly through the scorching desert heat. Suddenly, he comes across a gigantic banyan tree offering

cool shade, and beside it a vessel filled with crystal-clear nectarous water. One can only imagine the bliss, peace and renewed vitality he would feel. That is exactly - in fact, even more - the effect that meeting Rajoobhai has on any weary soul.

There was a time when our youngest and dearest sister - a mother of two children - began to suffer from fatigue and unexplained weakness. Her body felt unusually stiff. The next day she underwent several tests in Rajkot, and the diagnosis shattered us: Leukaemia.

Within moments our world collapsed. What should we do? How could we possibly afford the endless investigations, costly medicines, specialised doctors and repeated hospitalisations?

In that darkest hour, like a divine guardian, Rajoobhai came forward. He personally recommended her case to the best doctors with a single instruction: "Treat her immediately and treat her with the best possible care." Expensive medicines were arranged regularly; when required, even extremely costly drugs were imported from abroad - all provided seamlessly and without us spending a single rupee. Hospitalisation, blood transfusions, everything was handled with dignity and affection. His comforting words constantly renewed our hope. And not only him - his beloved wife and sister-in-law were always present in the hospital, preparing delicious food for our sister with their own hands and feeding her lovingly. How can such tenderness ever be expressed in words?

During the COVID-19 pandemic, when many companies dismissed workers, Rajoobhai refused to abandon even a single employee. He motivated them, protected them, and upheld their livelihoods even though his industry could not operate remotely. He turned the impossible into possible.

Meanwhile, he continued running his Holistic Healing Centre, treating patients with alternative natural minerals - cancer, diabetes, blood pressure, gangrene and several serious conditions - with humility, humour and compassion, without expecting anything in return. Of thousands of patients, nearly 98% recovered with positive results.

Today many doctors have reduced the sacred word "doctor" into a business - but Rajoobhai has revived its original divine meaning. Modern doctors could learn much from him - if they did, society would once again regard doctors as embodiments of God.

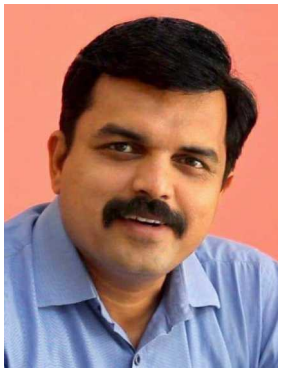
In this era, many parents spend their lives building wealth for their children, only to be abandoned by those very children. Rajoobhai understood this painful reality too. In Manavadar, he built "Chandra-Shruti" - a Five-Star Home for the Elderly, costing more than one crore rupees. It houses abandoned elders free of charge - with beautiful accommodation, nutritious meals, clothing, a satsang hall, dining hall, music room, library, clinic, landscaped garden, temple, and vast stone courtyards.

Old-age homes can "take care" of elders - but very few can love elders. Chandra-Shruti is not an institution - it is a home for those without a home, and a family for those without a family. Another recent incident speaks volumes about relationships in today's world. Our niece and nephew - two children raised with values, affection and sacrifice - suddenly lost their father after years of struggle. Within moments, without hesitation, Rajoobhai assumed lifelong responsibility for both children.

His words were unforgettable: "Do not worry at all. Soon these children will stand so strong that even you will not recognize them. I will also get them married one day and send them to you for blessings." Today, the elder nephew has been offered a job in Rajoobhai's organisation, and the younger - a teacher in Vadodara - was given ₹3 lakhs to repay his home loan in one instalment. In this age of selfishness and pretence, hearing such things awakens the inner voice: Humanity still lives.

Thus, to this multi-talented, humble, selfless and extraordinary human being - Rajoobhai Doshi - I offer infinite reverence and blessings. May God grant him long life, robust health, and continued expansion of both his business and his legacy of service.

Shital Badshah - Leadership Coach



Everyone calls him by Rajubhai.

I met him first time somewhere in 2018. It was a small interaction which helped me know more of Rajoo as company than as a person. As time passed, my interaction with him increased, and now we discussed many facets of life apart from business.

As a student and practitioner of leadership, I work with many businessmen and be part of their professional and personal life.

In the first couple of years of my association with Rajoo Group, I knew him more through others. There are many seniors who have been working with him for more than 20 years. They have seen him growing as businessman, developing the group, taking the group to the next orbit, and helping children to enhance their professional journey.

He has evolved over a period of time. Since he and his elder brother Chandrakantbhai started the business in Manavadar, the journey has given many ups and downs as a group, as family, and as a person. Today's Rajoo is certainly a different person than what he was when he started the business.

Based on my conversation with him, and with seniors, let me share three different versions of him.

Being straight forward, no-nonsense person and up-front, his leadership style projected him as an angry and autocratic leader. People working directly under him would think twice before approaching him. They would prefer to meet him in case of unavoidable circumstances only. At the same time, there were set of people who would match up his frequency enjoyed being a part of the team. They appreciated and valued his expectations as technical expert and enjoyed association with him.

Another version of him evolved in next six years after his elder brother left for heavenly abode. The group's needs made him more sensitive to the flow, and helped him to fine tune his leadership style. Subsequently, the orientation of children gave him another perspective in running the business.

The third, and current version of him is more interesting. A sense of achievement, a feeling of accomplishment, fearlessness, dweller of spirituality, a practitioner of parallel medicine, quest for larger purpose, a lone ranger of life. These are few words which can describe him.

Working in technical field, and trying to search for larger objective through rational mind requires lots of courage, and efforts. He is enjoying that struggle these days, trying to accomplish un-accomplished. Believing in higher almighty, by being humble, and acknowledging his support for all achievements. Knowing what he is and what he is not, without any mask, approachable, amicable, at the same time less sociable.

Life is an experiment for him.

Chandresh Savjani, Rajkot

Whatever I write or say about Rajoobhai will always remain incomplete, yet I shall try.

It has been nearly 32 years since I first came to know him, and these three decades hold countless memories of his courage, his resoluteness, his unwavering sense of family, and his magnanimous heart. To speak about this ajaat-shatru - a man without enemies - is like attempting to pour the ocean into a tiny vessel.

In the beginning, to me, Rajoobhai was simply the younger brother of my revered elder Kishorbhai. In those early years I met him occasionally, but I often heard about him from Kishorbhai and other family members. When Rajoo Engineers began in Shapar, he travelled back and forth from Manavadar, and during the annual functions of Shaishav School he would invite not only Kishorbhai and family but all of Kishorbhai's friends with heartfelt warmth - never as outsiders, always as his own.

I have personally witnessed many chapters of his unmatched devotion to family, but one moment remains carved in my memory forever.

On 5 January 2013, when his elder brother departed this world, both Shri Kishorbhai and Rajoobhai

brought his mortal remains home at 9:45 AM. One sat on each side of the body - without a single drop of water touching their lips. I saw in their eyes the storm of grief, the hollow darkness of a life suddenly without the pillar who held everything together.

Till evening, until the cremation procession began, they sat unmoving in silent devastation. That day I understood the depth of their bond - and the unimaginable burden now resting on Rajoobhai's shoulders: to shoulder the responsibility of the factory without the elder brother who once handled everything. Yet he did it.

It may take just one sentence to say, "He took charge of the factory", but the reality was far from simple. Every responsibility his elder brother fulfilled, every decision he took, every long-term vision he designed - Rajoobhai absorbed and carried forward with courage, determination and self-discipline. A task harder than chewing steel, yet he rose to it with relentless will and turned adversity into triumph - leading the company beyond every expectation and making his children proud.

His love for his hometown is equally legendary. Chandra-Shruti, the dignified home for the elderly in Manavadar, is not a project - it is a pilgrimage of compassion. Every need of the elders, every comfort, every tiny request - he fulfills with sensitivity and respect. One constantly wonders how he manages it all.

And then there is Rita ni Wadi, the exquisite estate near Junagadh, lovingly nurtured since 2006. Every visit reveals something new - surprising, breathtaking and magical. Whenever I visited with Kishorbhai, I eagerly wondered: What new gem will be waiting this time? And there always was.

Despite running a constantly growing industrial empire, every evening Rajoobhai walks into the Holistic Healing Centre with renewed energy - listening to each patient with affection, helping them fight illness and sorrow, never once showing fatigue.

And year after year, he continues the Shree Ganesh Utsav in Panchavati Society - started originally at the wish of Ritaben. Although the festival stands on his efforts, he never claims credit - placing others at the forefront while silently keeping the celebration glowing.

To watch how he lives with his family is itself a delight. Every celebration - birthdays, weddings, anniversaries - is planned with thought, surprise and emotion, turning imagination into reality with love.

For me, Rajoo is Ritaben, and Ritaben is Rajoo. Their marriage was not merely companionship - it was oneness. They lived not for their own comfort, but for the happiness of everyone around them.

Even in travel - pilgrimages and vacations - those who accompanied them never described it as a trip, but as a privilege.

And then fate struck.

In April 2021, while returning from Mussoorie and stopping in Rishikesh, Ritaben's health deteriorated suddenly and she passed away. The friends travelling with them - and their wives - were devastated and speechless. Yet even in that unimaginable thunderbolt, Rajoobhai held his mind steady, deciding to return home immediately.

To maintain composure while one's life partner lies lifeless beside them - such endurance belongs only to destiny-tempered souls.

On the way back to Rajkot, his mind was consumed by one worry - how to break the news to the family without shattering them. He knew Khushbu and Utsav were in Delhi; he knew his beloved elder sister-in-law, his adored Kishorbhai, nieces, nephews - the whole family - would be destroyed by the news. So before reaching home, even in that hour of personal collapse, he arranged that the children be brought to Rajkot on the pretext of urgent business work so the family could be together before hearing the truth.

He called me - and in his voice there was no tremor.

He instructed me to be at Shrutina at 2 PM with Kiritbhai and to call him from there. When I asked what had happened, he calmly replied:

"Rita's health is not well; we are bringing her home."

Later he requested that a doctor be present at the house - so that if shock overwhelmed the family, medical support would be immediate.

Only after every precaution for his family was in place did he finally say to Kishorbhai on the phone:

"Rita is no longer with us."

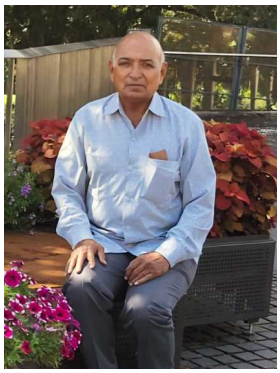
This - only this - is something only Rajoobhai could have done.

Even today - though time has passed - he has never lived a single moment separate from her in his heart.

Every morning begins with her memories; every task is performed while holding her presence within. We all know how deeply he carries that emptiness, how silently he suffers, how quietly he endures - smiling, laughing, keeping everyone around him happy while swallowing his pain in silence.

For me personally, my greatest fortune is that although I was only the friend of his elder brother, Rajoobhai treats me as family, giving me the same affection, warmth and belonging that he gives his own.

Kalyanjibhai Tilva - Childhood Friend of Chandrakantbhai



I have known Rajoobhai Doshi from a time when, to me, he was simply "Rajoo." Our families lived together in the same shared corridor of a rented house. Rajoo was eleven years younger than me, yet from the time he was a little boy, I had immense affection for him. His silky hair and smart clothes always drew my admiration. I would often lift him on my shoulders and play with him, and during those moments both my grandmother and Rajoo's grandmother would scold me playfully saying, "You'll drop Rajoo, stop carrying him like that!"

Even today, I remember how much Rajoo enjoyed being with me in childhood because I would be the one to involve him in all the mischievous fun.

Later, in Manavadar, our families moved into separate rented houses, but the love and connection between us never weakened. From that perspective, my relationship with Rajoobhai is now over six decades old - and those memories still remain crystal clear to me.

After finishing college, when the Rajoo Plastics factory was established, Chandrakantbhai once said to me: "You must now stay with Rajoo - and stay close to the factory."

The early days of Rajoo Plastics had their share of highs and lows, but those years shaped Rajoo deeply. His learning from those struggles is visible today in the extraordinary journey and success of the "Rajoo Group."

But what I want to emphasize the most is this - despite everything he has achieved, Rajoobhai has not changed at all.He remains: just as affectionate, just as warm-hearted, just as eager to help others.

Success and prosperity have not distanced him from people - in fact, they have made him even more alert, sensitive and responsible toward Manavadar and society. He offers help generously, almost with his eyes closed, without calculations, without expectations, and without ever looking back.

To the world he may be an industrialist; to Manavadar he is a guardian; to those who know him closely, he is family.

Prakash Daga - C.F.O. Rajoo Group

Shri Rajeshbhai Doshi is a personality of remarkable influence and warmth - a living example of philanthropy, simplicity, relentless hard work, foresight, and deep commitment to social service. His lifestyle has become an inspiration for many. Despite being a resourceful and extremely busy industrialist, he remains constantly available for the service of society. Without any discrimination or expectations, he continues to contribute tirelessly to human welfare. Whatever praise is offered for such dedication will always fall short. Even with such immense devotion to society, he remains equally devoted and emotionally invested in his family. His family is his world, and yet the world outside never becomes less important to him. Through profound study and extensive experience in alternative medical science, he has successfully treated countless patients suffering from critical illnesses - including cancer. His contribution to humanitarian healthcare is invaluable and immeasurable. I consider myself extremely fortunate to have had the opportunity to join his industrial empire as the Chief Financial Officer and to work under his guidance. Professional association soon evolved into emotional attachment, because learning from him was not limited to business - it was learning about life. With pride, and with deep gratitude in my heart, I say this openly: After my parents, the most valuable and inspiring figure in my life is Shri Rajeshbhai Doshi. And with affection and reverence, we address him as "Kaka."

Sunil Jain - Family Member

Raju Bhai embodies a rare amalgamation of talents and virtues that transcend conventional labels. As an engineer, his proficiency is unmatched, while his philanthropic endeavours, visionary mind-set, and holistic healing abilities underscore his multifaceted nature. He seamlessly transitions between roles as a patriarch, business leader, entrepreneur, and financial wizard, each facet adding depth to his character.

Attempting to encapsulate Raju Bhai's essence proves challenging, as his insatiable thirst for knowledge permeates every facet of life and business, leaving a lasting impact on those around him. My journey with Raju Bhai commenced in 1988 when Paharpur procured blown film lines from Rajoo Engineers. From the outset, his down-to-earth demeanour and technical prowess left an indelible impression, showcasing his humility amidst expertise.

A memory from 1993-94 resurfaces, during his visit to Nairobi where I was employed at General Printers. Despite my invitation to stay with us, Raju Bhai opted for an ordinary hotel alongside company engineers-a testament to his inclusive leadership style, bridging the gap between ownership and camaraderie.

The passing of Chanderkant Bhai brought profound grief to both family and business. However, Raju Bhai's unwavering composure and decisive leadership steered the company through turbulent waters, elevating it to new heights despite his limited experience in market dynamics and finance. His resilience and clarity of vision exemplify his indomitable spirit and fortitude.

While my association with the RAJOO Group was initiated by Chandrakant Bhai decades ago, it was Raju Bhai who nurtured and strengthened our bonds, fostering mutual respect and admiration. His values resonate through generations, shaping the behavior and attitudes of his children, who emulate his ethos of employee appreciation and support.

Raju Bhai's altruism knows no bounds, extending beyond financial assistance to offer unwavering support and blessings to all who seek his guidance. His age-defying energy, risk-taking propensity, and creative ingenuity inspire not only the immediate family but also friends and acquaintances to embrace challenges fearlessly.

Raju Bhai, I find not just a mentor but also a brother-a unique blend of wisdom and camaraderie. As I extend heartfelt wishes for his continued well-being and longevity, I am grateful for the privilege of his guidance and companionship, both personally and professionally. Wishing him a long and healthy life ahead.

Sheela Menon, Ex-Rajoo

The fondly called Rajubhai, the dedicated CMD of Rajoo group of Industries, is not only an unmatched energetic, business magnate with an excellent entrepreneurial spirit. but also a passionate leader with an unwavering determination, an extraordinary motivator, compassionate healer, remarkable family man, an amiable friend and above all an affectionate person.

He has touched uncountable number of lives and brought a smile on their face. And he is a great hearted benevolent person to each and everyone to whomsoever he is associated with. Weather the person is a business tycoon or an indigent humble person, he values all of them equally. My association with this incredible person in the journey of my life was from 1999. I was a fresher then with literally no experience at all. I hardly had seen him as he was in Manavadar those days. Once in a while he used to come to Rajkot, and I knew nothing about him.

I got close to him during in the isle of PlastIndia 2000, It was my first time attending an industrial fair. I was super excited as I was part of the sales team, I was attending inquiries with lot of dedication, motivation, affirmation and all kind of ations my joy knew no bounds when an inquiry which I was attending

turned into an order, When the customer asked for the quotation I tried to approach my seniors and all them were busy with other customers. So I went to take the help of the marketing manager. He advised me to quote him a certain price and I did the same.

After that customer left with an impressive advance payment cheque, I was jumping around from ground to sky I couldn't believe anything. I was on cloud nine. I handed over the cheque and was walking with lot of confidence and feeling proud through out my veins and attending other inquires, Suddenly I heard some one calling

"Sheela, you are called", I said, "I am with the inquiry"

"No just leave everything and come right now" the other person whispered. I excused my self and I got up quickly. And headed to the office chamber.

I understood the urgency, when I heard the word "right now" my heart thundered and was almost jumping out of my chest. The walk seemed a never ending distance and I was trying all my permutations and combinations to figure out as what has gone wrong.

As I neared I heard loud discussions at heated voices coming out of the office.

When entered I understood that the quotation which I gave the customer was a wrong one. I was scolded for the same. I had no words other than to apologize, and that too words were not coming out of my mouth but only uncontrollable tears were rolling down and I was engulfed by guilt. shame, embarrassments and had no words or no way to repay the loss I incurred. I was all broken down into pieces and not knowing how to gather myself.

From somewhere Rajoobhai appeared at that spot and he asked in the cool way " come lets have an ice-cream as if nothing had happened. His empathetic voice made me feel so. I said "Thank you Sir, but I have no mood and shook my head out of my guilt. but he would not listen and dragged me to a stall where there was ice cream. I was still sobbing. He insisted me

"Calm down. Things happens " he said in a tender voice after all these. But no words were going to my ears.

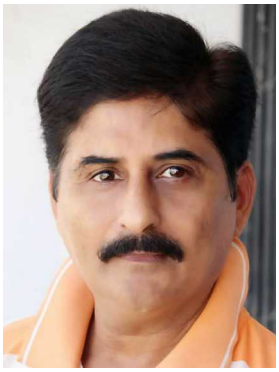
Then he said firmly "look, when we do things there will be lot of falls, breakdowns, failures, but that should not destroy us.". Are you getting what I said. These words were like pulling me out of the ocean of remorse that I was sinking. These words worked like miracles instantly I was out of it.

I said his words to myself and I I smiled to him and I said, I am very sorry but we will earn this loss, He said" yes, that is the sprit "Sheeladi, billadi" the way he calls, and by the time the ice cream melted my sprit became back to normal and even more strong, energetic and bold and once again I walked like a hunting lioness for attending inquiries.

Beyond the boardroom, Rajubhai's commitment to his family is equally inspiring. He exemplifies the delicate balance between professional success and personal bonds. Despite his demanding responsibilities, Rajubhai ensures that he churn out quality time for his family and friends, demonstrating his belief in the power of love and companionship. His ability to nurture both his business empire and his family life showcases his exceptional prowess not just as a CEO, but as a well-rounded individual dedicated to enriching every facet of his life.

I am truly blessed to be associated with such a benevolent person. Words run out when I try to appreciate enough and remain incomplete in my heart. He has extended his support in every possible way in every aspects of life. Let it be education of a budding child or the ailing elders in their declining age we all seek his guidance, Because of these amazing rare qualities, we are the honeybees around this beehive.

Milan Vaidya, Mumbai



Raju and I became friends when I came to Manavadar from Nawabandar (Una) in the sixth standard to study. Manavadar is our hometown, and our grandfather owned a large house with a spacious plot of land. Raju and his family lived opposite our house, and that is how our friendship began. My first friend in Manavadar was Raju Doshi. Later, in high school, I made five or seven more friends - all of them also named Raju.

But this Raju's story is different.

Since childhood, I have seen leadership qualities and abilities in him. Whenever we played cricket, Raju was the captain of our team. Apart from that, he has many exceptional qualities: he is courageous, sincere, truthful, and never afraid of any person or any task. He never gets tired of working. Perhaps that is why his elder brother, Chandubhai, trusted him and started Rajoo Engineering in his name. With dedication and hard work, he built a huge empire. At the same time, we cannot forget the immense support he received from his family, especially from Rita Bhabhi.

One of Raju's special qualities is that once he decides to do something, he completes it with full determination, without caring about day or night, food or rest. His vision is extraordinary. He completes every task he undertakes, and if he faces obstacles, he has the courage to leave that work aside and start something new. I have personally witnessed this many times.

After completing my 12th standard, I shifted to Jamnagar, but our friendship remained as strong as ever. Whenever I came back to Manavadar, I spent time with Raju — whether it was at the bag making factory, the cotton factory, or the Ayurvedic factory.

Later, when I moved to Mumbai, we continued to meet there as well. Whenever he came from Rajkot, he would call and inform me about his flight, and we would meet. We often spent entire nights traveling in a taxi to places such as the Gateway of India and Juhu Beach. Early in the morning, he would take his flight abroad for work. A sincere and easy going friend like him is truly found only by the grace of God. He helps people without expecting anything in return, supports those in need, and gives genuine advice to anyone seeking guidance.

I consider myself fortunate to have such a friend. No matter how much I write about him, it will always feel too little.

My friend Raju Doshi - who believes in his work, considers work as God, and believes deeply in helping others - salute.

With Friend at Rita's Wadi

Never have I...

Never have I allowed myself to be psychologically dominated or overawed by any individual - that is I.

Never have I surrendered my autonomy to someone else's counsel or directives - that is I.

Never have I entered into any informal, ambiguous, or convenience-based pacts - that is I.

Never have I submitted my intellect or decisions under the guardianship of any so-called spiritual mentor - that is I.

Never have I relinquished or diluted the obstinacy of my convictions - that is I.

Never have I compromised the doctrine of family-centric responsibility - that is I.

Never have I entertained even a fleeting thought based on selfish gratification - that is I.

Never have I defrauded, betrayed, or manipulated another soul - that is I.

Never have I succumbed to the global hysteria or existential fear of Corona - that is I.

Never have I been hypnotized by the theatrics, charisma, or influence of any religious authority - that is I.

Never have I been intellectually seduced by fame, legacy, status, or celebrity aura of anyone - that is I.

Never have I worshipped wealth, nor allowed money to occupy emotional supremacy - that is I.

Never have I bowed to sycophancy or resorted to flattery for personal gain - that is I.

Never have I been ensnared by the bait of greed, opportunity, or undeserved advantage - that is I.

Never have I engaged in the security of personal insurance or self-protection policies - that is I.

- Rajesh Doshi

Such was Rajoo .....

RUDABAPA (AD 1705)
SIMANTBAPA (AD 1720)
KALYANBAPA (AD 1734)
HANSRAJBAPA (AD 1750)
OGHABAPA (AD 1765)
RAGHAVJIBAPA (AD 1780)
JASRAJBAPA (AD 1796)
TRIKAMJIBAPA (AD 1812)
MONJIBAPA (AD 1829)
BOGHABAPA (AD 1849)

KESHAVJIBAPA (AD 1869)

HIRACHAND DADA (AD 1890)

KALIDASBAPA (AD 1886)

CHHAGANLAL (AD 1905)

KANTILAL

RATILAL

DEVCHAND (AD 1907)

RAJNIKANT

NANALALBHAI
19-08-1911
04-04-1984

LABHUBEN
11-10-1914
16-02-2008

DHIRAJLAL	BHIKHUBHAI	NEMCHAND	BHARATBHAI	ASHWINBHAI	SHANTABEN	SURAJBEN	GITABEN	JYOTIBEN
04-09-1930 25-07-2016	14-03-1943	10-02-1946	14-05-1953	03-10-1958	09-05-1917 20-10-1999	20-10-1923 14-12-2019	11-07-1941 08-08-2021	11-03-1949
DIPAK PRAKASH ANIL ATUL	RUPAL ALOK PRIYANKA	HIMANSHU NITIN CHIRAG	GUNJAN AMIT SIMA	HARDIK EKTA	VASANT DIPTI SEJAL HINA NAVIN PRAFUL	RAMABEN BHARTIBEN	ILA BHAVESH RAJESH SONAL	MEGHNA DARSHNA VINIT

CHANDRAKANT
28-11-1953
05-01-2013

KISHOR
16-04-1956

RAJOO
07-03-1961

JAYBALA
20-12-1963

SHAILI
28-05-1970

KHUSHBOO
24-07-1982

UTSAV
25-12-1985

PALLAV
18-08-1988

KRUTI
25-11-1988

KARISHMA
28-02-1992

UTKARSH
24-07-1995

PRERIT
11-10-1988

PULKIT
11-08-1994

UNNATI
30-08-1994

TANMAY
26-01-2003

AAYANK
24-02-2016

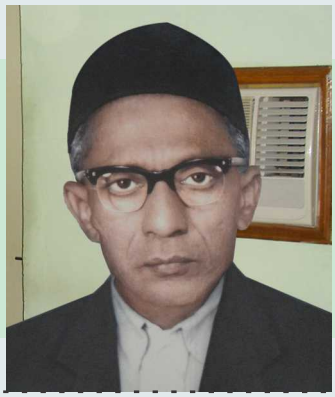
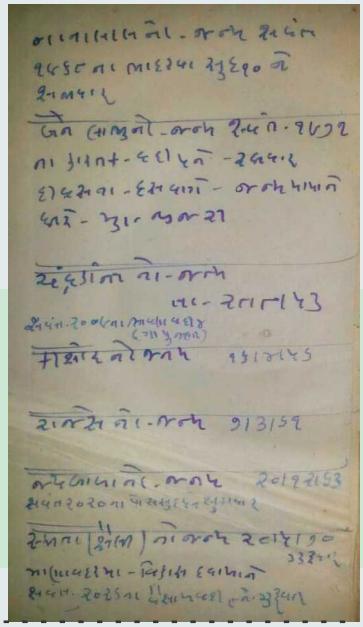
DURJOY
21-03-2023

YOHAAN
27-04-2024

NAERA
01-03-2016

JEEVIKA
24-06-2024

KAVIT
03-11-2023



A note made by my father Nanalalbhai
in his own handwriting 54 years ago,
documenting our birthdays
as well as his own